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John Richie Schultz



Styll am I besy bokes assemblynge  
For to have plenty it is a plesaunt thyng

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SONGS AND BALLADS  
OF  
GREATER BRITAIN

The grand power of poetry is the interpretative power; by which I mean its power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them.

M. ARNOLD.

Poetry is that which expands, rarefies, raises our whole being: without it man's life is poor as beast's.

HAZLITT.

It lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world—makes familiar effects to be as if they were not familiar.

SHELLEY.

It raises the mind and hurries it into sublimity by confusing the shapes of things to the desires of the soul.

BACON.

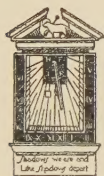
# SONGS AND BALLADS OF GREATER BRITAIN

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COMPILED BY

E. A. HELPS

FORMERLY ONE OF H.M. INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS



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## P R E F A C E

THIS volume, in which poems are literally brought together from the ends of the earth, contains a selection of poetry from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and the Crown Colonies descriptive of nature, life, and incident in these parts of the empire.

Several motives have inspired it. It is an attempt to bring into closer touch the Dominions, with a view to their better understanding of each other's trials, difficulties, and successes. It is an attempt also to make us at home realise more fully the great qualities and strenuous lives of those who have played so large a part in building up the empire—we may have written better poetry, they have lived it—and also “lest we forget” to keep alive, both at home and abroad, memories of the courage, endurance, and heroic deeds of the pioneers, and ignore the debt we owe to those who have proved worthy sons of the empire, and have opened up so many avenues for our sons and daughters to a wider, freer life, to health and wealth.

Lastly, I hope this book will introduce readers at home to poetry which has a charm of its own, due to its freshness, originality, virility, and variety of subject, and incidentally it can scarcely fail to give its readers some notion of the wealth, beauty, and resources of various parts of the empire.

It may be said, too, that the cultivation of poetry and the imagination are never more to be desired than when the material needs of growing civilisation tend to deaden the higher feelings. It is then that the inspiration of the poet is needed.

In designing the lines which I should follow in making this selection, I determined to omit poetry of the passions as being outside the aims and scope of this selection. For the same reasons I omit poetry of a sacred or devotional character. I have, however, brought together much patriotic, legendary, and historical verse, as well as descriptive lyrics

and ballads, and poems of the imagination; but I have admitted but little verse of a humorous character. So far as religious poetry is concerned apparently but little has been written: however, much of the poetry to be found herein breathes a spirit of true religion.

In each section I have grouped the poems according to subject as far as possible.

In thus confining the scope of my field of selection I have no doubt sacrificed some poems of merit; and I need scarcely say that I have failed to cull all the flowers of poetry from the field of my research. I fear, too, that, partly owing to my field of choice being limited, and partly to consideration of the length of a poem, I may not always have done justice to those who have so kindly given me permission to include their poems in this volume.

Nor can I lay claim to completeness; (unfortunately in the cases of a few writers in Australia and South Africa, several examples of whose work I particularly wished to give, I have been unable to obtain permission); doubtless, also, good work has escaped my notice. Indeed, this volume must be regarded as giving only a fairly comprehensive foretaste of our kinsfolk's work in the field of poetry.

The kindness and generosity of Canadian authors and publishers is a happy memory, and on the whole Australia and South Africa have been very liberal and helpful to me.

I greatly regret that from want of space I am unable to include any of the charming poetry of the French Canadians, Frech  tte, Chapman, and others.

As regards some of the poetry included in this selection, it cannot be said to be of the highest order. Poetry is an art, as well as an inspiration, and demands study of quantity, accents, metres, etc., and in the case of some of the writers of verse in this volume such study has been impossible, but perhaps, as Horne says: "He who can give a form and expression to these lofty or these noble manifestations in a way that shall be most intelligible to the majority, is he who best accomplishes the mission of a poet."

That there should be some shortcomings is not a matter for surprise. Canada has been in existence for only about 150 years, if we put out of consideration the French occupation, and the greater part, the North-West Territory, has been settled only in recent years. Australia has had a much

shorter life, and, until comparatively recently, the conditions of life of her people have been unfavourable to reflection and literary expression. South Africa has a life-history still more unfavourable, torn as she has been by the conflict of races, the struggles for ascendancy, the greed of those who exploited her in the past, and finally the disruption caused by the war. Also, it has to be remembered that its white population is relatively small.

But notwithstanding all these circumstances, poems showing keen appreciation of the beauties of nature and spiritual apprehension of its meaning are to be found even in the verse of the earliest pioneers of civilisation, for instance, in that of Charles Mair, Sangster, and McLachlan in Canada, of Harpur and Gordon in Australia, of Pringle in South Africa. Indeed, nearly every early settler of mind and education seems to have been potentially a poet. No doubt the solitary life and his environment conduced to this. Shelley speaks of "the nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet song."

The imperial idea evidently permeates the consciousness of all the great parts of the empire. Romance, as Rudyard Kipling has abundantly shown, is not confined to moving stories and legends of the past, and a wide field is opened to the imagination in the birth of a nation.

There is abundant evidence of the influence of Wordsworth, Shelley, Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, and Kipling, whose influence has appealed perhaps rather too strongly to the virile minds of those engaged in struggling with the forces of nature or man. Bret Harte, Gordon, and others also have a following, but in every age the poet has often modelled his work more or less on that of his predecessors which has most appealed to him.

Most of the poems, as might be expected coming from those dealing with the stern realities of life in overcoming difficulties, are objective in character. And the reader must not look for any highly finished productions of the boudoir type. Those from Australia and New Zealand are suggestive of bush life, life in the saddle, sheep or cattle farming: they present vivid pictures of the trials, pleasures, and humours of those who have "gone through the mill." As A. B. Paterson says of his poems in a preface, they "are the records of wandering years, just the rude stories one hears."

The physical features of these countries may easily be visualised from these poems; and it is noticeable that whilst much of the New Zealand poetry rhapsodises over the grandeur, variety, and beauty of its scenery, the Australian poetry often, as in Kendall's, touches on the dread and mystery of those barren wastes lying outside the settled parts; though the majority of the hush poets strike a free and joyful note. Something of Wordsworth's greatness, which Matthew Arnold attributed to "the extraordinary power with which he feels the joy offered to us in nature," may, I think, be found.

The Canadian poets, a maturer people, with great variety and spaciousness in their surroundings, naturally strike more strings, and some with greater sureness than the other Dominions; also there is perhaps a more strident and insistent note of pride in their country and patriotism than is to be found elsewhere. Their lyrics mostly treat of farming, lumbering, trapping, and forest clearing: they, too, have a picturesqueness and humour all their own, and the grandeur and beauty of their scenery naturally leads to lofty flights and patriotic fervour. Then, too, the French element undoubtedly has informed and infused picturesqueness and brightness into much of Canadian literature.

In South Africa the dominant note the poets sing and dwell upon is the veld, its vastness, mystery, and compelling fascination, and the feelings inspired by the degraded, half-civilised natives.

As a rule what may be called the humour of the poetry of the strenuous life is dry, and caustic to a fault, though now and then a little sentiment crops up.

All the poetry is redolent of open-air life. Many whose poems are found herein are men who have led a strenuous life, and their themes are familiar ones—the gold fields, the cattle, the camp, etc. Their verse comes straight from the heart and deals with homely tragedy and comedy. It is often of the soil racy, and shows us the colonists "in their habit as they live." To me, as I hope to others, any lack of "form," of grace, of the power of perfect expression or felicitous language is generally compensated by the freshness of the themes and the virility of their treatment. Its simplicity is often that of youth, its pathos that of those who learn "in suffering what they teach in song," and some



of the poems are the results of "the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." There is remarkably little of the modern restless pessimistic spirit, or of philosophic doubt, lack of faith, or disbelief in the goodness of God's final purpose. The solitary life of the settler seems to engender a calmness of soul and a spirit of trust and resignation. Above all the poetry is sincere. One feels that the poet's images have come to him; that he has not been striving from any vanity to call them forth.

I do not propose to attempt to weigh or contrast the merits of the various writers. In the first place, I do not feel competent to do so, and, secondly, it would be ungracious. I may say, however, that among the Australian poets it appears to me Alfred Domett should rank very high—I believe he is called the Australian Pope—but he seems to me to have the feeling for inanimate nature and insight of Wordsworth with the romanticism and expression of Scott; he was Browning's "Waring." After him I should place Kendall, the spirit of whose muse is rather brooding and melancholy. Gordon's poems must always deservedly rank high, both from their wide range of thought, and for his sympathy with the horse, and power of expressing the joys of the saddle. Some recent writers, however, run him very close on the latter ground. The ring of Paterson's, Ogilvie's, and Henry Lawson's verse is full of vigour and humanity and true to the core, and that of Essex Evans is distinguished. It seems there are few women among the poets of Australia, or else I have not been fortunate in discovering them; some charming poems by Miss Mackellar, however, have been granted me. New Zealand is well to the fore with the work of W. Pember Reeves, Kelly, and the pure and delicate verse of Margaret N. Sinclair.

Canada, the big brother, bulks large in the collection, and the earliest poetry is by no means the weakest. The more modern examples reflect the majesty and glow of its grand scenery and its exhilarating winter, and show a finer perception of the moods of Nature, more sympathy for decaying native races, and more subtlety and finish. It would be invidious to consider the rival claims of its numerous band of poets, from which the Celtic spirit and imagination are not absent. Among the moderns recognised for distinction are W. H. Drummond, examples of whose delightful dialect poetry I have been fortunate enough to secure; J. D. Edgar,

Duncan Campbell Scott (whose work seems to me to possess a peculiarly strong quality), C. G. D. Roberts, Dr. A. Watson, R. W. Kenningham, A. W. H. Eaton, J. N. Baylis, W. Wye Smith, W. W. Campbell, R. W. Service, R. Stead, and many others.

Among the women the names of Helena Coleman, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Mrs. Jean Blewett, Agnes M. Machar, and Pauline Johnson stand out. One of the youngest, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, is of great promise.

Among the South African poets the work of John Runcie, Kingsley Fairbridge, and W. Scully is distinguished for its insight and fidelity to nature. I regret I have not been successful in obtaining more of Lance Fallaw's poems.

I have experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining poetry suitable for the purpose of this selection from India and the Crown Colonies. Many highly gifted civil servants have wooed the Muse, but their best energies not unnaturally have been devoted to the rendering into English of native poems and legends. As regards the lighter verse there is a tendency—perhaps adopted as a relief to the onerous duties of office—to treat of the humorous side of their lives and of the natives with whom they are brought into contact.

I am glad to be able to give a few poems written in our language by natives of India, Ceylon, and the West Indies, and among the poems by Indians I would call attention to those of Sarojini Naidu which are distinguished for their tender grace, subtlety, and insight.

If, as I hope it may, this volume makes known to each other kindred spirits at the poles apart; brings home to my countrymen a clearer idea of the conditions of life, the character, and aims of their kinsfolk in the Great Dominions, and tends to knit closer the bonds of brotherhood throughout the empire, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble in compiling this selection, the shortcomings of which I trust all who have so kindly contributed poems will overlook.

I tender the most sincere and grateful thanks to the many authors whose names are given in the Table of Contents, for the permission so kindly and generously accorded to me to include some of their poems in this volume.

Several South African poems included in this book are taken from the little volume *Veldsingers' Verse* by the courtesy of the Veldsingers' Club, Johannesburg.

I am also greatly indebted to the following-mentioned, for permission to include poems of which they hold the copyrights.

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E. A. HELPS.

LONDON, 1912.



## THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

*Take up the White Man's burden—  
Send forth the best ye breed—  
Go bind your sons to exile  
To serve your captive's need ;  
To wait in heavy harness  
On fluttered folk and wild—  
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.*

*Take up the White Man's burden—  
In patience to abide,  
To veil the threat of terror  
And check the show of pride ;  
By open speech and simple,  
An hundred times made plain,  
To seek another's profit,  
And work another's gain.*

*Take up the White Man's burden—  
The savage wars of peace—  
Fill full the mouth of Famine  
And bid the sickness cease ;  
And when your goal is nearest  
The end for others sought,  
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly  
Bring all your hope to nought.*

*Take up the White Man's burden—  
No tawdry rule of kings,  
But toil of serf and sweeper—  
The tale of common things,  
The ports ye shall not enter,  
The roads ye shall not tread,  
Go make them with your living,  
And mark them with your dead.*

## The White Man's Burden

*Take up the White Man's burden—  
And reap his old reward :  
The blame of those ye better,  
The hate of those ye guard—  
The cry of hosts ye humour  
(Ah slowly !) towards the light :—  
“ Why brought ye us from bondage,  
Our loved Egyptian night ? ”*

*Take up the White Man's burden—  
Ye dare not stoop to less—  
Nor call too loud on Freedom  
To cloak from weariness ;  
By all ye cry or whisper,  
By all ye leave or do,  
The silent, sullen peoples  
Shall weigh your god and you.*

*Take up the White Man's burden—  
Have done with childish days—  
The lightly proffered laurel,  
The easy ungrudged praise.  
Comes now, to search from manhood  
Through all the thankless years,  
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,  
The judgment of your peers !*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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# CANADIAN POETRY



# CANADIAN POETRY

## A HYMN OF EMPIRE

LORD, by whose might the Heavens stand,  
The source from whom they came,  
Who holdeth nations in Thy hand,  
And call'st the stars by name,  
Thine ageless forces do not cease  
To mould us as of yore—  
The chiselling of the arts of peace,  
The anvil strokes of war.

Then bind our realms in brotherhood,  
Firm laws and equal rights,  
Let each uphold the Empire's good  
In freedom that unites;  
And make that speech whose thunders roll  
Down the broad stream of time,  
The harbinger from pole to pole  
Of love and peace sublime.

Lord, turn the hearts of cowards who prate,  
Afraid to dare or spend,  
The doctrine of a narrower state  
More easy to defend;  
Not this the watchword of our sires  
Who breathed with Ocean's breath,  
Not this our spirit's ancient fires  
Which naught could quench but death.

Strong are we? Make us stronger yet;  
Great? Make us greater far.  
Our feet Antarctic Oceans fret,  
Our crown the polar star;  
Round Earth's wild coasts our batteries speak,  
Our highway is the main,  
We stand as guardian of the weak,  
We burst the oppressor's chain.



## A Song of Canada

Great God, uphold us in our task,  
 Keep firm and clear our rule,  
 Silence the honeyed words which mask  
 The wisdom of the fool.  
 The pillars of the world are thine;  
 Pour down thy bounteous grace,  
 And make illustrious and divine  
 The sceptre of our race.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

## A SONG OF CANADA

SING me a song of the Great Dominion!  
 Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear!  
 Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,  
 Voicing your notes that the world may hear;  
 Here is no starveling—heaven forsaken—  
 Shrinking aside where the nations throng;  
 Proud as the proudest moves she among them—  
 Worthy is she of a noble song!

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,  
 Baring their brows in the dazzling blue;  
 Changeless alone, when all else changes,  
 Emblems of all that is grand and true:  
 Free as the eagle around them soaring;  
 Fair as they rose from their Maker's hand;  
 Shout till the snow-caps catch the chorus—  
 The white-tipped peaks of our mountain land!

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,  
 Silence eternal, and peace profound,  
 Into whose great heart's deep recesses  
 Breaks no tempest and comes no sound;  
 Face to face with the deathlike stillness,  
 There, if at all, a man's soul might quail:  
 Nay! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us  
 Thither, where solace will never fail!

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,  
 Cleaving their way to the far-off sea;

Glory of strength in their deep-mouthed music—  
Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.  
Hark! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids;  
Deep unto deep through the dead night calls;  
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom  
Shouting her name from her fortress walls!

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,  
League upon league of the golden grain:  
Comfort housed in the smiling homestead—  
Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.  
Land of Contentment! May no strife vex you,  
Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd  
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—  
Finding the food for a hungry world!

Sing me the charm of her blazing camp-fires;  
Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,  
Whether afar 'neath the forest arches,  
Or in the shade of the city's domes;  
Sing me her life, her loves, her labours,  
All of a mother a son would hear;  
For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding,  
Sweet are the strains to a lover's ear!

Sing me the worth of each Canadian,  
Roamer in wilderness, toiler in town—  
Search earth over you'll find no stauncher,  
Whether his hands be white or brown;  
Come of a right good stock to start with,  
Best of the world's blood in each vein;  
Lords of ourselves, and slaves to no one,  
For us, or from us, you'll find we're—MEN.

Sing me the song, then; sing it bravely;  
Put your soul in the words you sing;  
Sing me the praise of this glorious country—  
Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring.  
Here is no starveling—heaven-forsaken—  
Crouching apart where the nations throng;  
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—  
Well is she worthy a noble song!

ROBERT REID.

## DOMINION DAY

With *feu-de-joie*, and merry bells, and cannons' thundering peal,  
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of  
steel,

We greet, again, the birthday morn of our young giant's land,  
From the Atlantic stretching wide to far Pacific strand;

With flashing river, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,  
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;  
A country on whose birth-hour smiled the genius of romance,  
Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lily-cross of

France;

Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain, and woe;  
Where gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian  
snow;

Where savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress,  
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless  
French noblesse;

When her dim trackless forest lured, again, and yet again,  
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave  
Champlain.

And now her proud traditions boast from blazoned rolls of  
fame—

Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes our ancestors we claim;  
Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,  
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning hooks their  
spears;

Four nations welded into one—with long historic past,  
Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life at  
last;

Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from  
sea to sea,

There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy.  
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore,  
She wakes—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,  
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,  
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.

Heir to the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains  
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins;  
The English honour, nerve, and pluck—the Scotsman's love  
of right—

The grace and courtesy of France,—the Irish fancy bright,—  
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections  
blest;

And chief of all our holy faith—of all our treasures best.  
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,  
Holding that righteousness exalts the people it leads.  
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;  
It rests with those who rule us now to leave the impress there,  
The stamp of true nobility, high honour, stainless truth;  
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;  
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife;  
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of  
life;

The love of science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways;  
The love and fear of Nature's God—a nation's highest praise.  
So in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be  
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty;  
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,  
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds,  
True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory  
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;  
Strong in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore  
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

## MOTHER AND SON

THE mother was rich and gracious, and the son was strong  
and bold,  
And the bond that was fixed between them was not the bond  
of gold;  
And they dwelt in sweet co-union, while the world looked on  
in awe,  
For they lived and wrought by the Law of Love, and not by  
the Love of Law.

The mother was old in the years of man, but young in the  
years of time,  
And her face was fair and her arm was strong as a strong man  
in his prime;

And some who said, "She weakens, her day is nearly done,"

So spake because they wished it; her day was scarce begun.  
And the mother said, "I have given you much, good gifts of honest worth,

A name that is known and honoured in the corners of the earth;

A tongue that is strong and elastic, a law that is just and sound,

And the right of a man to be a man wherever my flag is found.

"The paths go down to the future, and the paths are yours to choose,

There's all for you to profit, there's all for you to lose—

For the eye of the race is onward, nor yet is the law recast,

That youth shall live in the future, and age shall live in the past."

On the swarthy cheek of the stalwart son there deepened a dye of shame—

"Mother, were I so base I should belie my mother's name.

The road may lead to the mountain-tops, or the nethermost depths of hell;

Even so; and if so you travel it, I travel the road as well.

"Ere yet I had learned in a foreign tongue to babble your name with pride,

They thought in the guise of a common cause to wheedle me from your side,

But I scorned the bribe of lust and power—for I read the rogues aright—

And I fought for you in my swaddling-clothes, as only a child can fight!

"'Twas not for my own existence—I had no fear for that—

For I was lean and unlikely, and they were full of fat;

But the blood—and the sense of honour—and the duty of the son—

'Twas these that clutched at a weapon and battled them ten to one!

“ Think not because life is rosy that I know not what it cost—  
I knew when I fell to the Ridgeway fiends, or lay in the North-  
shore frost;  
I knew in the flush of triumph—I knew when I fought in  
vain—  
And the blood that was spilled at Paardeberg was the blood  
of Lundy’s Lane!

“ Then lead, and your son will follow, or follow and he will  
lead,  
And side by side, though the world deride, we will show by  
word and deed,  
That you share with me my youthfulness, and I with you  
your prime,  
And so it shall be till the sun shall set on the uttermost edge  
of time.”

R. C. STEAD.

### JACQUES CARTIER

In the seaport of Saint Malo ’twas a smiling morn in May,  
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed  
away;

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees  
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;  
And every autumn blast that swept o’er pinnacle and pier  
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o’er Saint Malo—again came round the day  
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed  
away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,  
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;  
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts  
with fear

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,  
And the captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing in his pride  
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned  
his loss,



He was rearing on Mount Royal the *Fleur-de-lis* and Cross;  
And when the months were over, and added to the year,  
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard iron-bound and cold,  
Nor seas of pearls abounded, nor mines of shining gold,  
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,  
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;  
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,  
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make them better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon is cast  
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;  
How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,  
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the  
free;  
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his  
eyes,  
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in paradise.

He told them of the Alonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,  
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;  
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing;  
A spirit good or evil that claims their worshipping;  
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to  
breathe upon,  
And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the gospel of  
St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave  
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;  
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,  
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's  
height,  
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key:  
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over  
sea.

HON. T. D. MCGEE.

## CARTIER ARRIVES AT STADACONA

At Stadacona half the sky  
Was crimsoned with the sunset's dye;  
The river streaked with gold,  
The broad St. Lawrence, in the pride  
Of countless forests by his tide,  
Out to the ocean rolled.

They stood on Stadacona's steep  
And gazed towards the boundless deep,  
Did Donnacona's braves;  
In awe they looked, these savage men,  
To where within their piercing ken  
White wings flew o'er the wave.

In wonderment they peered, and still  
The sea's strange pinions came, until  
They flung full on the view,  
Then Donnacona, he, the wise,  
Said these are spirits from the skies  
Sent by the Manitou.

The night crouched in the flapping sails,  
The wind roared down the forest trails,  
The river dirged amain.  
And Donnacona dreamed that night  
The world through all the year was white—  
In sleep he sobbed for pain.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

PURITAN PLANTERS, 1760<sup>1</sup>

THE rocky slopes for emerald had changed their garb of gray  
When the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the Bay,  
There were diamonds on every wave that drew the strangers on,  
And bands of sapphire mist about the brows of Blomidon.

<sup>1</sup> To commemorate the settlement by New England people of the French lands, after the Acadians had been driven away.

Five years in desolation the Acadian land had lain,  
Five golden harvest moons had wooed the fallow fields in  
vain,  
Five times the winter snows had slept and summer sunsets  
smiled  
On lonely clumps of willow, and fruit trees growing wild.

There was silence in the forest and along the Minas Shore,  
And not a habitation from Canard to Beau Séjour,  
But many a blackened rafter and many a broken wall  
Told the story of Acadia's prosperity and fall;

And even in Nature's gladness in the matchless month of  
June,  
When every day she swept her harp and found the strings  
in tune,  
The land seemed calling wildly for its owners far away,  
The exiles scattered on the coast, from Maine to Charlestown  
Bay.

Where, with many bitter longings for their fair homes and  
their dead,  
They bowed their heads in anguish and would not be  
comforted,  
And like the Jewish exiles, long ago, beyond the sea,  
Refused to sing the songs of home in their captivity.

But the simple Norman peasant-folk shall till the land no  
more,  
For the vessels from Connecticut have anchored by the shore,  
And many a sturdy Puritan, his mind with scripture stored,  
Rejoices he has found at last "the garden of the Lord."

There are families from Tolland, from Killingworth and  
Lyme,  
Gentle mothers, tender maidens, and strong men in their  
prime;  
There are lovers who have plighted their vows in Coventry,  
And sweet, confiding children, born in Newport by the sea.

They come as came the Hebrews into their promised land,  
Not as to rough New England shores came first the Pilgrim  
band;

The Minas fields were fruitful, and the Gaspereau had borne  
To seaward many a vessel with its freight of yellow corn.

They came with hearts as true as are their manners blunt  
and cold,  
To found a race of noble men of Calvinistic mould,  
A race of earnest people whom the coming years shall teach  
The broader ways of knowledge, and the gentler forms of  
speech.

They come as Puritans, but who shall say their hearts are  
blind  
To the subtle charms of nature, and the love of human kind?  
The rigorous New England laws have shaped their thought,  
'tis true,  
But human laws can never wholly Heaven's work undo.

And tears fall fast from many an eye, long time unused to  
weep,  
For o'er the fields lie whitening the bones of cows and sheep,  
The faithful cows that used to feed upon the broad Grand Pré,  
And, with their tinkling bells, come slowly home at close of  
day.

And where the Acadian village stood, its roofs o'ergrown  
with moss,  
And the simple wooden chapel, with its altar and its cross,  
And where the forge of Basil sent its sparks toward the sky,  
The purple thistle blossoms, and the pink fireweed grows high.

. . . . .  
The broken dykes have been rebuilt, a century and more,  
The cornfields stretch their furrows from Canard to Beau  
Séjour,  
Five generations have been reared beside the broad Grand Pré,  
Since the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the Bay.

And now across the meadows, while the farmers reap and sow,  
The engine shrieks its discord to the bells of Gaspereau,  
And ever onward to the sea, the restless Fundy tide  
Bears playful pleasure yachts and busy trade ships side by  
side.

And the Puritan has yielded to the softening hand of time,  
 Like him, who still content, remained in Killingworth and  
     Lyme,  
 And graceful homes of prosperous men make all the landscape  
     fair,  
 And mellow creeds and ways of life are rooted everywhere.

And churches nestle lovingly on many a glad hillside,  
 And holy bells ring out their music in the eventide;  
 But here and there on untilled ground, apart from glebe or  
     town,  
 Some lone surviving apple-tree stands blossomless and brown,

And many a traveller has found in summer, as he strayed,  
 Some long forgotten cellar in the deepest thicket's shade,  
 And clumps of willows by the dykes, sweet scented, fair, and  
     green,  
 That seemed to tell again the story of Evangeline.

### L'ISLE SAINT CROIX

The first French settlement in America was made here in 1604.

With tangle branches overgrown,  
 And here and there a lofty pine,  
 Among whose forms strange creepers twine,  
 And crags that mock the wild seas' moan,

And little bays where no ships come,  
 Though many a white sail passes by,  
 And many a drifting cloud on high,  
 Looks down and shames the sleeping foam.

Unconscious on the waves it lies  
 While mid the golden reeds and sedge  
 That southward line the water's edge  
 The thrush sings his shrill melodies.

No human dwelling now is seen  
 Upon its rude, unfertile slopes,

Though many a summer traveller gropes  
For ruins mid the tangled green,

And seeks upon the northern shore  
The graves of that adventurous band  
That followed to the Acadian land  
Champlain, De Monts, and Poutrincourt.

There stood the ancient fort that sent  
Fierce cannon echoes through the wold,  
There waved the Bourbon flag that told  
The mastery of a continent;

There through the pines the echoing wail  
Of ghostly winds was heard at eve,  
And hoarse, deep sounds like those that heave  
The breasts of stricken warriors pale.

There Huguenots and cassocked priests  
And noble-born and sons of toil,  
Together worked the barren soil,  
And shared each other's frugal feasts.

And dreamed beneath the yellow moon  
Of golden reapings that should be,  
Conjuring from the sailless sea  
A glad, prophetic harvest tune.

Till stealthy winter through the reeds  
Crept, crystal-footed, to the shore,  
And to the little hamlet bore  
His hidden freight of deathly seeds.

Spring came at last, and o'er the waves,  
The welcome sail of Pontgravé  
But half the number silent lay,  
Death's pale first fruits, in western graves.

Sing on, wild sea, your sad refrain  
For all the gallant sons of France,  
Whose songs and sufferings enhance  
The witchery of the western main.



Keep kindly watch upon the strand  
 Where lie in hidden mounds, secure,  
 The men De Monts and Poutrincourt  
 First led to the Acadian land.

## PORT ROYAL

ABOUT this ancient earth-work and this wall,  
 Where rude spiked gates on heavy hinges hung,  
 The shouts of armies many a time have rung,  
 And thunderous cannon sounded loud o'er all.  
 Here night and morn the echoing bugle call  
 Close to the farthest wooded hill-tops clung,  
 Here with her lilies to the breezes flung,  
 France held Acadia in romantic thrall.  
 Here Bourbon nobles carved the *fleur-de-lis*,  
 And waved the white flag of the Bourbon kings;  
 Here Acadie's first convert, Membertou,  
 The aged Micmac chieftain, bent the knee  
 To Christ; and here on wide-expanded wings  
 The hostile fleets of British sovereigns flew.

## OLD WHARVES (OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA).

HALF a century ago,  
 On the tides that shoreward swept,  
 Merchant vessels, swift or slow,  
 To the harbour leapt or crept.

From the fertile Indian Isles  
 In hot Southern seas they came,  
 Over Ocean's countless miles,  
 With red sunset fires aflame.

Fruited cargoes here they brought,  
 Guava, ginger, fig, and prune,  
 Rice and spice and rare birds caught  
 In the sluggish tropic noon.

These old wharves re-echoed then  
All the sounds of seaport trade,  
Pulleys plied by strong-armed men,  
Noisy anchors cast and weighed;

Crashing, carrying, cheering loud,  
Wild discordant bawl and brawl,  
Black and white, a motley crowd—  
Ah, but how men loved it all!

And the masts that hedged the town  
How they creaked in every breeze,  
Standing bold and bare and brown,  
Like unnumbered forest trees.

Proud old wharves, so silent now,  
Haughtier in your grim decay  
Than when many a princely prow  
Sought you from the lower bay.

Symbols of dead dreams are ye,  
Figures of the phantom piers  
Where we made so buoyantly  
Anchor in our earlier years.

Yet the barren tides that creep  
Up the harbour night and morn,  
Plunge and splash and laugh and leap  
Round your bases old and worn.

Nothing now of sadness bear,  
For our barks have found since youth  
Roomier wharves, in harbours where  
They may anchor fast to truth,

Till Time's petty traffic done,  
All the bawl and brawl and strife,  
Happier voyages are begun  
To the shores of endless life.

ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON.

## MONTREAL

HAIL to thee, Royal city! Like a queen  
Thou sittest on thy throne in royal state,  
Ruling thy servitors that on thee wait,  
With courtly dignity and noble mien.  
Under thy canopy of maple green  
Thou takest tribute at thy castle's gate,  
Borne in by white-winged messengers, and great  
Their golden store; but richer far I ween  
Thou art in loyal hearts that beat for thee;  
That turn to thee as pilgrim to a shrine,  
Or wanderer in foreign lands toward home.  
Wealthy in memories; thou hast the key  
To treasures of a storied past, a mine  
Of riches for thy sons in time to come.

S. M. BAYLIS.

## AT QUEBEC

QUEBEC, the grey old city on the hill,  
Lies with a golden glory on her head,  
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,  
Of other days and all her mighty dead.  
The white doves perch upon the cannons grim,  
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide  
Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and dim  
Above the battlefield so grim and wide.  
Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow  
Of pride, of tenderness—her stormy past—  
The strife, the valour, of the long ago  
Feels at her heartstrings. Strong, and tall, and vast,  
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,  
A wondrous softness in her grey old face.

JEAN BLEWETT.

VANCOUVER

SEA-ROOM! Sea-room! Out of the forest gloom  
She hath hewn her way to the light of day, where the  
peaceful gardens bloom,  
And the toils and tears of her pioneers, from Fraser to  
Nicolum,  
O'er the trail they blazed this monument raised to last till  
the crash of doom—  
Vancouver, mart of the nations,  
A city of sure foundations,  
Quest of the generations!  
Sea-Room! Sea-Room! for the vessel's close-packed hold,  
Flying the flag of England, is freighted with wealth untold.  
We were nursed on the breast of our Middle West, and the  
fruit of their husbandry,  
Hoard upon hoard, is laid aboard at the wharves by the  
Western Sea.

Sea-Room! Sea-room! for the vessel is under way,  
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day:  
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to  
be—  
Star of the night, flung far from light, Vancouver, Star  
of the Sea!

A. N. ST. JOHN MILDMAY.

I'VE WANDERED IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

I'VE wandered in the sunny South,  
Beneath its purple skies;  
And roamed through many a far-off land,  
Where cloudless beauty lies;  
I've breathed the balm of tropic eves,  
Upon the Southern sea;  
And watched the glorious sunset form  
Its radiance far and free.

## How They Died at Thansi

But give me still my Northern home—  
 Her islands and her lakes;  
 And her forests old, where not a sound  
 The tomb-like silence breaks.  
 More lovely in her snowy dress,  
 Or in her vesture green,  
 Than all the pride of Europe's lands,  
 Or Asia's glittering sheen.

I've basked beneath Italian suns,  
 When flowers were in their bloom;  
 And I've wandered o'er the hills of Greece  
 By ruined shrine and tomb;  
 Oh, sweet it was to gaze upon  
 The Arno's silver tide—  
 And dearer still, the ruins grey  
 Of Athens' fallen pride.

But dearer unto me that land  
 Which the mighty waters lave,  
 Where the spreading maple's glorious hues  
 Are mirrored in the wave;  
 Where music from the dark, old woods  
 Ascends to heaven's dome—  
 Like angel hymns of peace and love—  
 Around my Northern home.

JOHN F. McDONNELL.

### HOW THEY DIED AT THANSI <sup>1</sup>

O SCOTLAND! Mother of brave men,  
 Who battled for the right,  
 Whose glory gilds thy wildest glen,  
 And sternest mountain height,  
 And shines o'er many a distant land,  
 Where Scottish lays proclaim

<sup>1</sup> When the Indian insurrection took place at Thansi, Captain Alexander Skene and his wife took refuge in a tower and made a brave and protracted defence, Mrs. Skene loading her husband's rifle. He fired till he had shot thirty-nine rebels, when finding it impossible to keep them out any longer, he kissed his wife, shot her, and then shot himself.

The worth of that immortal band  
Which thou hast given to fame.

Men of free thought and lofty deed,  
Firm, steadfast, strong, and true,  
Who never in the hour of need  
A craven terror knew,  
For liberty and thee they fought,  
They struggled, suffered, died;  
And left the noble deeds they wrought  
To crown thy brows with pride.

A proud, glad mother thou should'st be,  
For still each gallant son  
That glory safely guards for thee  
Their elder brothers won.  
The free and fearless blood that flamed  
Of old in Scottish veins,  
By no fierce tyrant ever tamed,  
Its ancient fire retains.

Not theirs the limbs that fly or yield;  
That dauntless hardihood,  
Which once on Bannockburn's red field  
An English host withstood,  
Held firm on that Crimean plain,  
Where Russian horse assailed  
Brave Campbell's iron men in vain—  
In valour triple mailed.

Still these fought by their comrades' side  
Against an equal foe,  
With all those aids to manly pride  
Brothers-in-arms bestow;  
But he whose sad, heroic fate  
Thrills all who hear it told;  
Whose death in grandeur well may mate  
Some hero's death of old,

A hopeless strife could calmly dare  
With one slight hand to aid,

## How They Died at Thansi

One tender woman's heart to share  
 The gallant stand he made,  
 And bravely did she bear her part,  
 What woman ever fails  
 When love has strung and nerved her heart?  
 Love over death prevails.

But there are evils worse than death!  
 Insult and outrage dread,  
 The writhing, yelling fiends beneath  
 May wreak upon her head:  
 "No, never! we know how to die!"  
 He turned to her and caught  
 A radiant flash from her bright eye  
 That answered to his thought.

"Yes! let us die unsullied, free,  
 O Father, hear our cry!  
 Save these two souls that trust in thee,  
 To thee for refuge fly!"  
 He kissed her with a fonder kiss,  
 A truer, nobler pride,  
 Than ever in hours of peaceful bliss  
 A bridegroom kissed his bride.

"True heart! so tender and so brave,  
 My faithful, loving wife,  
 This hand, though powerless now to save,  
 Still guards thy better life.  
 Our souls shall find a home in heaven;  
 My rifle still rings true;  
 I murmur not, since God has given  
 A brave death shared with you!"

In his firm hand his rifle good  
 Had failed not once that day,  
 Its dreaded aim that demon brood  
 Still kept at furious bay.  
 It failed not now—without a pang  
 Her pure, brave spirit fled.  
 Again the unerring bullet rang—  
 He too had joined the dead.



Give honour to these noble hearts;  
 Bravely and well they died;  
 The tear that to their memory starts  
 In proud content is dried.  
 With Scotland's bravest and her best  
 She'll give them place, I ween,  
 And deep within her granite breast  
 She'll grave the name of Skene!

MISS MURRAY.

# LAURA SECORD

During the so-called war of 1812-14 between England and the United States, Laura Secord, the wife of a crippled British veteran, saved the British forces from a surprise and possible destruction by the heroic action narrated in the ballad. Her home lay near the celebrated Queenston Heights, a few miles from the Falls of Niagara.

SOFTLY the spell of moonlight fell  
 On the swift river's flow,  
 On the gray crags of Queenston Height,  
 And the green waves below.

Alone the whip-poor-will's sad cry  
 Blent with the murmuring pines,  
 Save where the sentry paced his rounds  
 Along th' invading lines.

But in one lowly cottage home  
 Were trouble and dismay;  
 The anxious watchers could not sleep  
 For tidings heard that day.

Brave James Secord, with troubled heart,  
 And weary, crippled frame,  
 That bore the scars of Queenston Heights,  
 Back to his cottage came.

For he had learned a dark design  
 Fitzgibbon to surprise,  
 As with a handful of brave men  
 At Beaver Dam he lies.

“ And Boerstler, with eight hundred men,  
Is moving from the shore  
To steal upon our outpost there,  
Guarded by scarce two score!

“ Then wiping out, as well he may,  
That gallant little band,  
The foe will sweep his onward way  
O’er the defenceless land.

“ Then noble Brock had died in vain—  
If but Fitzgibbon knew! ”  
And the poor cripple’s heart is fain  
To press the journey through.

But Laura, bending o’er her babes,  
Said, smiling through her tears:  
“ These are not times for brave men’s wives  
To yield to craven fears.

“ *You* cannot go to warn our men,  
Or slip the outpost through;  
But if perchance they let *me* pass,  
This errand I will do.”

She soothed his anxious doubts and fears;  
She knew the forest way;  
She put her trust in Him who hears  
His children when they pray!

Soon as the rosy flush of dawn  
Glanced through the purple air,  
She rose to household tasks—and kissed  
Her babes with whispered prayer.

To milk her grazing cow she went;  
The sentry at the lines  
Forgot to watch, as both were lost  
Amid the sheltering pines.

The rising sun’s first golden rays  
Gleamed through the forest dim,

And through its leafy arches rang  
The bird's sweet morning hymn.

The fragrant odour of the pines,  
The carols gay and sweet,  
Gave courage to the fluttering heart,  
And strength to faltering feet.

And on she pressed, with steadfast tread,  
Her solitary way  
O'er tangled brake and sodden swamp  
Through all the sultry day.

Though, for the morning songs of birds  
She heard the wolf's hoarse cry,  
And saw the rattlesnake glide forth,  
As swift she hurried by.

Nor dark morass nor rushing stream  
Could balk the steadfast will,  
Nor pleading voice of anxious friends  
Where stood St. David's Hill.

The British sentry heard her tale,  
And cheered her on her way;  
But bade her 'ware the Indian scouts  
Who in the covert lay.

Anon, as crushed a rotten bough  
Beneath her wary feet,  
She heard their war-whoop through the gloom,  
Their steps advancing fleet.

But quickly to the questioning chief  
She told her errand grave  
How she had walked the live-long day  
Fitzgibbon's men to save!

The redskin heard, and kindly gazed  
Upon the pale-faced squaw;  
Her faithful courage touched his heart,  
Her weary look he saw.

“ Me go with you ” was all he said,  
And through the forest gray  
He led her safe to Beaver Dam  
Where brave Fitzgibbon lay.

With throbbing heart she told her tale;  
They heard with anxious heed,  
And knew how grave the crisis was,  
How urgent was the need!

Then there was riding far and near,  
And mustering to and fro  
Of troops and Indians from the rear  
To meet the coming foe;

And such the bold determined stand  
Those few brave soldiers made—  
So fiercely fought the Indian band  
From forest ambuscade—

That Boerstler in the first surprise  
Surrendered in despair,  
To force so small it scarce could serve  
To keep the prisoners there!

While the brave, weary messenger  
In dreamless slumber lay  
And woke to find her gallant friends  
Were masters of the fray.

If e'er Canadian courage fail,  
Or loyalty grow cold,  
Or nerveless grow Canadian hearts,  
Then be the story told—

How British gallantry and skill  
There played their noblest part,  
Yet scarce had won if there had failed  
One woman's dauntless heart.

AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

MADELEINE DE VERCHERES

I

“OH, my country, bowed in anguish 'neath a weight of bitter  
 woe,  
 Who shall save thee from the vengeance of the desolating  
 foe?  
 They have sworn a heathen oath that every Christian soul  
 must die—  
 God of heaven, in mercy shield us! Father, hear thy children's  
 cry.”

II

Thus prayed Madeleine, the daughter of an old heroic line—  
 Grecian poet had he seen her must have deemed her face  
 divine,  
 But as the golden sun transcends the beauty of the brightest  
 star,  
 Than all the charms of face and form her maiden heart was  
 lovelier far.

III

We can see her now in fancy, through the dim years gazing  
 back  
 To those stirring days of old, the days of valiant Frontenac,  
 When the thinly settled land was sadly wasted far and near,  
 And before the savage foe the people fled like stricken deer.

IV

'Tis the season when the forest wears its many-coloured  
 dress,  
 And a strange foreboding whisper answers back the wind's  
 caress,  
 As the swaying pines repeat the murmurs of the distant  
 waves,  
 While the children of the Summer flutter softly to their  
 graves.

V

But was that another whisper warning her of ill to come,  
 As she stands beside the river, near her father's fortress  
 home?

Hark! the sound of stealthy footsteps creeps upon the  
throbbing ear—  
Maiden, fly! the foe approaches, and no human aid is near.

## VI

Surely He who decked with beauty this fair earth on which  
we dwell,  
Never meant that men should change it by their madness  
into hell!  
He who gave the trees their glory, gave the birds their gift of  
song,  
Cannot smile from out yon heavens at the sight of human  
wrong.

## VII

But those savage hearts no beauty wins to thoughts of tender  
ruth—  
Mother fond, or gentle maid, or innocence of youth.  
See with fierce exulting yells the flying maiden they pursue—  
Hear her prayer, O God, and save her from that wild  
vindictive crew.

## VIII

Never ere that day or since was such a race by maiden run,  
Never 'gainst such fearful odds was wished-for-goal so  
swiftly won;  
Fifty foes are on her track, the bullets graze her floating  
hair—  
But worse than vain is all their rage, for God has heard her  
prayer.

## IX

Madeleine has reached the fort, the gates are closed against  
the foe,  
But now a stricken throng sends up to heaven a wail of woe—  
Feeble men, and fainting women, without heart or hope or  
plan—  
Then it was that God gave courage to a maid to act the man.

## X

Then it was that Madeleine bethought her of her father's  
name;  
“Never shall a soldier's daughter die the coward's death of  
shame,

Never, in the days to come, when Canada is great and proud,  
Be it said a Christian maiden by a heathen's threat was cowed.

XI

"He is but a craven wretch would bid me yield in such an  
hour—  
Never yet my country's sons in peril's face were known to  
cower!  
No, my people! God is with us; 'tis our homes that we  
defend—  
Let the savage do his worst, we will oppose him to the end.

XII

"Women, I am but a girl, but hero's blood is in my veins,  
And I will shed it drop by drop before I see my land in chains;  
Let them tear me limb from limb, or strew my ashes to the  
wind,  
Ere I disgrace the name I bear, or leave a coward's fame  
behind.

XIII

"Brothers mine, though young in years you are old enough  
to know  
That to shed your blood is noble, fighting with your country's  
foe!  
Be the lesson unforgotten that our noble father gave,  
Whether glory be its guerdon, or it wins us but a grave.

XIV

"Come, my people, take your places, every one as duty calls;  
Death to every foe who ventures to approach these fortress  
walls!  
Let no point be unprotected, leave the rest to God on high,  
Then we shall have done our duty, even if we have to die."

XV

Thus she braced their drooping courage, matchless maiden,  
Madeleine;  
And the cry, "to arms!" re-echoed, till the roof-trees rang  
again;  
Cannons thundered, muskets rattled, and the clank of steel  
was heard,  
Till the baffled foe retreated, like a wolf untimely scared.



## XVI

Seven days and seven nights, with sleepless eye and bated  
 breath,  
 They held the fort against the foe that lurked around them  
 plotting death!  
 At last a joyous challenge came, it was the brave La Momerie,  
 And up to heaven rose a shout, "The foe has fled and we are  
 free!"

J. READE.

## KHARTOUM

Set in the fierce red desert for a sword,  
 Drawn and deep driven implacably! The tide  
 Of scorching sand that chafes thy landward side  
 Storming thy palms; and past thy front out-poured  
 The Nile's vast dread and wonder! Late there roared  
 (While far off paused the long war, long defied)  
 Mad tumult thro' thy streets; and Gordon died.  
 Slaughtered amid the yelling rebel horde!  
 Yet spite of shame and wrathful tears, Khartoum,  
 We owe thee certain thanks, for thou hast shown  
 How still the one a thousand crowds outweighs—  
 Still one man's mood sways millions—one man's doom  
 Smites nations—and our burning spirits own  
 Not sordid these nor unheroic days!

C. G. D. ROBERTS.

## DARGAI RIDGE

THANK God, I have in my laggard blood  
 The vim of the Englishman,  
 Which is second to none, from North to South,  
 Save the fire of the Scottish clan—  
 Save the blood of the lads who died  
 On the rocky mountain-side,  
 And went to the hell of the heated guns  
 As a lover goes to his bride.

The Ghoorkas laughed at the whining balls—  
And they were of alien race,  
The English drave at the smoking rocks  
And their subalterns set the pace.  
Oh, the blood of the lads who fell  
When the valley lay a hell;  
Thank God, that the men in the East and West  
Cheer at the tale they tell.

The Ghoorkas lay in the slaughter place,  
Save a few that had battled through—  
Their brown brave faces raised to the steep  
Where the flags of the marksmen flew—  
Their great souls cheering still  
(Souls that no ball could kill)  
Unto the ears of the few, who crouched  
Under the crooked hill.

The English went as maids to a dance  
Or hounds to the huntsman's call,  
And the English lay in the valley-lap  
And smeared their blood on the wall.  
Oh, the blood that knows no shame  
And the valour clear of blame,  
Thank God that the world is girt about  
With the gold of an English name.

Then the men of the Gordon Highlanders  
With their bagpipes shrilling free—  
The lads of the heather pasture-side,  
The lads of the unclad knee,  
Charged—where their friends lay dead—  
Over the green and red  
To the cry of the regimental pipes  
And the flip of the killing lead.

They passed the level of sprawling shapes  
And the valley of reeking death,  
They struck the rocks of the mountain pass  
Where the smoke blew up like breath.  
Little they thought of fame  
Or the lifting of a name;

They only thought of the mountain crest  
And the circle of spitting flame.

Thank God, I find in my laggard blood,  
Deep down, the fire of a man,  
And the heart that shakes with a mad delight  
At the name of a Highland clan,  
At the name of the lads who died  
On the rocky mountain-side  
And went to the hell of the heated guns  
As a lover goes to his bride.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

### THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE

O, THE East is but the West, with the sun a little hotter;  
And the pine becomes a palm by the dark Egyptian water;  
And the Nile's like many a stream we know that fills its  
brimming cup;  
We'll think it is the Ottawa as we haul the bateaux up!  
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!  
It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top.

O, the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian river;  
But the thirsty dale is here where the sultry sunbeams quiver;  
And the mocking mirage spreads its view afar on either hand;  
But strong we bend the sturdy oar towards the southern land!  
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!  
Its easy shooting homeward when we're at the top.

O, we've tracked the Rapids up, and o'er many a portage  
crossing;  
And its often such we've seen, though so loud the waves are  
tossing!  
Then its homeward when the run is o'er! o'er stream and  
ocean deep—  
To bring the memory of the Nile, where the maple shadows  
sleep!  
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!  
Its easy shooting homeward when we're at the top!

And it yet may come to pass that the hearts and hands so  
ready

May be sought again to help when some poise is off the steady!  
And the maple and the pine be matched with British oak  
the while,

As once beneath Egyptian suns the Canadians on the Nile!

Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!

It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top.

W. WYE SMITH.

## THE WOMAN'S PART

GONE! brother, lover, son!

Gone forth to certain peril, toil, and pain,

And chance of death—for country counted gain.

Our part to let them go; "Not one

Would we hold back," to give

Our heart's best treasures to our mother-land

Though the gift break them; firm of lip and hand

To bid farewell; to say, "Be strong and live

Victors or die deserving." Who shall deem

Our part the easier? or the place we hold

Patience for courage—for the deed the dream—

Waiting for action—service slight or cold?

What shall we give them? Words?

To them, obedient to the bonds of faith,

To them, enduring danger, facing death,

Words were as stones for bread. Were our speech swords,

And were our frail hopes shields,

Then might we give them; but how frame our thought

Nor mar the harvest gift their truth has brought

With the poor fruit a woman's nature yields

When love sows seeds? Hush! let us keep our souls

In silence—Words of comfort, words of cheer,

But mock the senses when the war-cloud rolls

Black 'twixt the eyes and all the heart holds dear.

What can we give them? Prayers?

Shall not the God of battles work His will?

He guards, He smiles, Our strength is to be still  
 And wait His word; to cast aside our cares  
 And trust His justice; strife  
 And peace are in His hand. They who shall see  
 Victorious days, and in the time to be  
 Shall share again the toils and joys of life  
 Are His—but not less His are they who fall  
 (Sealing their soul's devotion with their breath),  
 And not less loved that, true to duty's call,  
 Their crown of honour comes to them in death.

What shall we give them? Tears?  
 Tears least of all! Shame not their valour so—  
 Honour and manhood call them; let them go,  
 Nor make farewell twice parting by your tears,  
 O woman-heart, be strong!  
 Too full for words—too humble for a prayer—  
 Too faithful to be fearful—offer here  
 Your sacrifice of patience. Not for long  
 The darkness. When the dawn of peace breaks bright  
 Blessed she who welcomes whom her God shall save,  
 But honoured in her God's and country's sight  
 She who lifts empty arms to cry, "I gave!"

ANNIE ROTHWELL CHRISTIE.

### MISSIPOWISTIC <sup>1</sup>

*(Written at the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan)*

HERE in this howling torrent ends  
 The rushing river named  
 By savage man  
 Saskatchewan—  
 In dark tradition famed.

His source, Creation's dread abyss,  
 Or in the glacier's cell;  
 His way the sweep  
 Of canyons deep,  
 And clefts and chasms fell.

<sup>1</sup> The Grand Rapids by which it discharges into Lake Winnipeg are called Missipowistic.

And forth from many a mountain side  
He leaps with laughter grim;  
Their spurs are slit,  
Their walls are split,  
To make a path for him.

And down into the plains he raves  
With dusky torrent cold,  
And lines his bed  
With treasure shred  
From unknown reefs of gold.

And monster-like, devours his shores,  
Or writhing through the plain,  
Casts up the while  
Full many an isle,  
And swallows them again.

For though, betimes he seems to sink  
Amidst the prairies pale,  
He swells with pride  
In summer-tide,  
When low-born rivers fail.

And knits traditions to his shores  
Of savage fights and fame,  
When poaching Cree  
The Blackfoot free  
With magic arms o'ercame.<sup>1</sup>

Of Wapiti and Spanish horse,<sup>2</sup>  
And of the bison horde,  
A transverse stream,  
As in a dream,  
Which flowed at every ford.

And of the whites who first espied  
His course, their toils and cares;

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the dispossession of the Blackfoot Indians by the Crees who obtained magic arms, *i.e.* fire-arms, from the English at Hudson Bay.

<sup>2</sup> The Spanish horse was the progenitor of the Indian ponies.

Of brave Varennes,<sup>1</sup>  
The boast of men,  
And prince of Voyageurs.

Of him who once his waters churned—  
The bluff fur-trader king—  
Mackenzie bold,  
Renowned of old  
For his far wandering.

Of later days, when to his shores  
The dauntless Franklin came:  
Ere science lost,  
In Arctic frost,  
The life, the lofty aim.

Or of the old Bois-Brûlé town,  
Whose huts of log and earth  
Rang winter-long  
With jest and song,  
And wild plain-hunter's mirth.

And of the nearer, darker days,  
Which saw their offspring leap  
To arms, and wake  
With frenzied shake,  
Dull Justice from her sleep.

Or, turning to the future, dreams  
On Time, and prophesies  
The human tide  
When, by his side,  
Great cities shall arise.

The sordid tide, the weltering sea,  
Of lusts and cares and strife;  
The dreaded things  
The worldling brings—  
The rush and roar of life.

<sup>1</sup> A son of Varennes Sieur de la Verandrye (known as "The Chevalier")—a most adventurous spirit—credited with the discovery of the Saskatchewan.



And onwards tears his torrent still,  
A hundred leagues withdrawn,  
Beyond the capes  
And sylvan shapes  
And wilds of Chimahawn.

Down through the silent forest land,  
Beyond the endless marge  
Of swale and brake,  
And lingering lake  
Beyond the *Demi-charge*.

Till at the Landing-place he lifts  
His crest of foam, and quick  
As lightning leaps  
Adown the steeps  
Of Missipowistic!

Whilst o'er him wheels the osprey's wing—  
And in the tamarac glades  
Near by, the bear  
And mooswa share  
Their matchless mossy shades.

Whilst echoes of the huskie's yells <sup>1</sup>  
From yonder woods are flung  
At midnight dim,  
A chorus grim,  
As if by demons sung!

But see! here comes a birch canoe!  
Two wiry forms it bears,  
In quaintest guise,  
With wrinkled eyes—  
Two smoke-dried voyageurs.

“We'll take you down! Embarquez donc—  
Embarquez donc, Monsieur!  
We'll steer you through  
The channel true,”  
Cries each old voyageur.

<sup>1</sup> A corruption of the word Esquimaux used of the trained dogs summered in large numbers at the fishing posts in the interior.

"Nay look ye, men—those walls of foam,  
Yon swirling 'cellars' fell!"

"Fear not to pass,  
Thou Moniyas!<sup>1</sup>  
We know the torrent well."

"I've roamed this river from my youth—  
I know its every fork."

"And I have made,"  
The other said,  
"Full many a trip to York!"<sup>2</sup>

So ho! I'll go! the Rapids call!  
With hamper at my wing  
We sally down  
The foaming crown  
Like arrow from the string—

Into the yeast of waters wild,  
Where winds and eddies rave!  
Into the fume  
And raging spume  
And tempest of the wave!

Past rocky points, with bays between,  
Where pelicans, bright-hued,  
Are flushed to flight  
With birds like night—  
The cormorant's impish brood.

And madly now our frail craft leaps  
Adown the billows' strife,  
And cleaves their crests  
And seething breasts  
As 'twere a thing of life.

As dips the pandion<sup>3</sup> for his prey  
So dips our bark amain,

<sup>1</sup> The Cree word for Canadian: it means as well, new comer, green-horn: still used among the whites in Saskatchewan.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* York factory on Hudson Bay.

<sup>3</sup> The American osprey.

We sink and soar,  
And sink and soar,  
And sink and soar again.

Till, following the foaming fall  
Of one long throbbing wave,  
Enrapt we glide,  
And seem to slide  
Down, down into its grave!

“ O break! O break! sweet balm, soft air!”  
“ No, no, we mount! we rise!”  
Once more the dash  
And deafening clash  
Of billows flout the skies.

Till swept o’er many a whirling swell,  
The final surge is past,  
And like the strife  
Of human life,  
We reach calm floods at last.

Now thanks, ye grim old voyageurs!  
No man has flinched in fear—  
Yet in earth’s round  
I’ve seldom found  
This life and death so near.

Thanks, thanks to you, good men and true!  
Here we shall rest awhile,  
And toast the bold  
Coureurs of old  
Upon the Prisoner’s isle.<sup>1</sup>

CHARLES MAIR.

<sup>1</sup> An isle at the first of the rapids—sometimes in former days used for the keeping of prisoners.

## THE THOUSAND ISLES

HERE the Spirit of beauty keepeth  
Jubilee for evermore,  
Here the voice of gladness leapeth,  
Echoing from shore to shore.  
O'er the hidden watery valley,  
O'er each buried wood and glade,  
Dances our delighted galley,  
Through the sunlight and the shade—  
Dances o'er the granite cells,  
Where the soul of beauty dwells.

Here the flowers are ever springing,  
While the summer breezes blow;  
Here the hours are ever clinging,  
Loitering before they go;  
Playing around each beauteous islet,  
Loath to leave the sunny shore,  
Where, upon her couch of violet,  
Beauty sits for evermore—  
Sits, and smiles by day and night,  
Hand in hand with pure delight.

Here the Spirit of beauty dwelleth  
In each palpitating tree,  
In each amber wave that wellet  
From its home beneath the sea;  
In the moss upon the granite,  
In each calm secluded bay,  
With the zephyr winds that fan it  
With their sweet breaths all the day—  
On the waters, on the shore,  
Beauty dwelleth evermore!

CHARLES SANGSTER.

NIGHT AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLES

MYSTERIOUS falls the moon's transforming light  
On lichen covered rock and granite wall,  
Comes piercing through the hollows of the night  
The loon's weird, plaintive call.

Like some great regiment upon the shore  
The stalwart pines go trooping up the hill,  
And faintly in the distance o'er and o'er  
Echoes the whip-poor-will.

Like silhouettes the dreaming islands keep  
Their silent watches, mirrored in the tide,  
While in their labyrinthine aisles some deep,  
Still mystery seems to hide.

From out the shadows dim against the sky  
Come stealing shadow-ships not made of men,  
Faint phantom barques that slowly drifting by  
Are swallowed up again.

While silently beneath, the river flows,  
Unfathomed, dark, a great resistless tide,  
Within its bosom deep the virgin snows  
From many a mountain side.

And, drifting with the current, how we feel  
The haunting witchery of Beauty's spell!  
The world we left behind seems all unreal,  
Where such enchantments dwell.

The vexing cares that overflow our days  
Slip stealthily away, and we are wooed  
Back to the healing, half-forgotten ways  
Of peace and solitude.

HELENA COLEMAN.

## VAPOUR AND BLUE

DOMED with the azure of heaven,  
Floored with a pavement of pearl,  
Clothed all about with a brightness  
Soft as the eyes of a girl,

Girt with a magic girdle,  
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—  
These are the inland waters,  
These are the lakes of the west.

Voices of slumberous music,  
Spirits of mist and flame,  
Moonlit memories, left here  
By gods who long ago came,

And vanishing left but an echo  
In silence of moon-dim caves,  
Where haze-wrapt the August night slumbers  
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here where the jewels of Nature  
Are set in the light of God's smile,  
Far from the world's wild throbbing,  
I will stay me and rest awhile.

And store in my heart old music,  
Melodies gathered and sung  
By the genies of love and beauty  
When the heart of the world was young.

## LAKE HURON

*(October)*

MILES and miles of lake and forest,  
Miles and miles of sky and mist,  
Marsh and shoreland, where the rushes  
Rustle, wind and water kissed;  
Where the lake's great face is driving,  
Driving, drifting into mist.

Miles and miles of crimson glories,  
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;  
Miles of shoreland, red and golden,  
Drifting into dream and haze;  
Dreaming where the woods and vapours  
Melt in myriad misty ways.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,  
Miles and miles of sky and mist;  
Wild birds calling, where the rushes  
Rustle, wind and water kissed;  
Where the lake's great face is driving,  
Driving, drifting into mist.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

### LAKE SCENE IN WESTERN CANADA

*(Drowned land by the Lake Shore—An autumnal twilight scene)*

THE dead trees stand around—gaunt, bleach'd, and bare—  
Like skeletons of strange weird things that were—  
The black ooze trailing at their tangled roots:  
Far off a solitary owlet hoots,  
And, all beyond, the great grey waters lie  
Pale in the gleam of stars. The night's faint sigh  
Floats o'er the pine-plumed islets, looking now  
Like phantom ships that come with silent prow  
And shadowy sails from some forgotten shore  
Lost in the haze of years that come no more,  
Save in the semblance of a memory  
Re-born in summer dreams—

E. J. CHAPMAN.

### THE SECRET OF THE SANGUENAY

LIKE a fragment of torn sea-kale,  
Or a wraith of mist in a gale,  
There comes a mysterious tale  
Out of the stormy past;  
How a fleet with a living freight,  
Once sailed through the rocky gate



## The Secret of the Sanguenay

Of the river so desolate,  
This chasm so black and vast.

'Twas Cartier, the sailor bold,  
Whose credulous lips had told  
How glittering gems and gold  
Were found in that lonely land;  
How out of the priceless hoard  
Within their rough bosoms stored,  
These towering mountains poured  
Their treasures upon the strand.

Allured by the greed of gain  
Sieur Roberval turned again,  
And, sailing across the main,  
Passed up the St. Lawrence tide;  
He sailed by the frowning shape  
Of Jacques Cartier's Devil's Cape,  
Till the Sanguenay stood agape  
With hills upon either side.

Around him the sunbeams fell  
On the gentle St. Lawrence swell,  
As though by some mystic spell  
The water was turned to gold;  
But as he pursued, they fled,  
Till his vessels at last were led  
Where, cold and sullen and dead,  
The Sanguenay river rolled.

Chill blew the wind in his face,  
As, still on his treasure chase,  
He entered that gloomy place  
Whose mountains in stony pride,  
Still, soulless, merciless, sheer,  
Their adamant sides uprear,  
Naked and brown and drear,  
High over the murky tide.

No longer the sun shone bright  
On the sails that, full and white,  
Like sea-gulls winging their flight  
Dipped in the silent wave;

But shadows fell thick around,  
Till feeling and sight and sound  
In their awful gloom were drowned,  
And sank in a depthless grave.

Far over the topmost height  
Great eagles had wheeled in flight,  
But, wrapped in the gloom of night,  
They ceased to circle and soar;  
Grim silence reigned over all,  
Save that from a rocky wall  
A murmuring waterfall  
Leapt down to the river shore.

O! merciless wall of stone,  
What happened that night is known  
By you, and by you alone;  
Though the eagles unceasing scream;  
How once through that midnight air,  
For an instant a trumpet's blare,  
And the voices of men in prayer,  
Arose from the murky stream.

ARTHUR WEIR.

## NIAGARA

A THOUSAND streams all gather into one  
And in thy thunders sink;  
Four mighty seas to thy dread margin run,  
And dare thy awful brink.

The shock of cavalry in battle-sweep,  
The might of war's impact,  
Are whispers to the thunder o'er the steep  
Of thy great cataract.

While yet there was no ear to hear thy moan  
And all the earth was young,  
Out on the lonely air thy monotone  
Its deep vibrations flung.

The sun was painting rainbows on the mist  
That veiled thy watery crown,  
When fierce Cambyses staggered all the East  
And trampled Egypt down.

Still boomed thy flood in ceaseless cannonade,  
And seethed in yeasty foam,  
When Goth and Vandal in destruction laid  
The towers of ancient Rome.

Thy torrent breaks the adamantine rock  
And hurls it from the height;  
The firm-knit earth cannot withstand the shock  
Of thy propulsive might.

How wild the storm that ever downward sweeps  
The whirlwind of thy foam,  
How still the sky that all thy water weeps  
The raindrops from its dome.

Sublime and silent is that mighty force  
That dwells within these forms  
Whose wings of mist soar upward in their course  
And veil thy breast in storms.

Howe'er resistlessly thy fury sweeps,  
How vast soe'er thy powers,  
In gravitation all thy glory sleeps,  
Thy substance in the showers.

DR. ALBERT D. WATSON.

### THE TEMPLE OF THE AGES

THESE mountains sleep, white winter's mantle round them,  
The thunder's voice no longer breaks their rest;  
From bluest heights the sun beholds with rapture  
The noble pose of each gigantic crest.

The Generations of the clouds have vanished  
Which lingered idly here through autumn days;  
The leaves have gone, the voices of the tempest  
No longer roll to heaven their hymn of praise.

Deep hid in snow the streams with muffled murmurs  
 Pour down dark caverns to the infinite sea;  
 The awful peace has vexed their restless childhood;  
 They hurry from its solemnity.

Even the climbing woods are mute and spellbound,  
 And, halting midway on the steep ascent,  
 The patient spruces hold their breath for wonder,  
 Nor shake the snow with which their boughs are bent.

Now as the sun goes down with all his shining,  
 Huge shadows creep among these mighty walls,  
 And on the haunting ghosts of by-gone ages  
 The dreamy splendour of the starlight falls.

Not Nineveh, nor Babylon, nor Egypt,  
 In all their treasures 'neath the hungry sand  
 Can show a sight so awful or majestic  
 As this waste temple in this newer land.

The king that reared these mighty courts was Chaos,  
 His servants, fire and elemental war;  
 The Titan hands of Earthquake and of Ocean  
 These granite slabs and pillars laid in store.

And, lauding here the vast and loving Father,  
 The ages one by one have knelt and prayed,  
 Until the ghostly echoes of their worship  
 Come back and make man's puny heart afraid.  
F. G. SCOTT.

## THE PIONEERS

ALL you who in your acres broad  
 Know Nature in its charms,  
 With pictured dale and fruitful sod,  
 And herds on verdant farms,  
 Remember those who fought the trees  
 And early hardships braved,  
 And so for us of all degrees  
 All from the forest saved.

And you who stroll in leisured ease  
Along your city squares,  
Thank those who there have fought the trees  
And howling wolves and bears.  
They met the proud woods in the face,  
Those gloomy shades and stern;  
Withstood and conquered, and your race  
Supplants the pine and fern.

Where'er we look their work is there,  
Now land and man are free:  
On every side the view grows fair,  
And perfect yet shall be.  
The credit their's, who all day fought  
The stubborn giant hosts;  
We have but built on what they wrought,  
Their's were the honour-posts.

Though plain their lives and rude their dress,  
No common men were they;  
Some came for scorn of slavishness  
That ruled lands far away;  
And some came here for conscience's sake,  
For Empire and for King;  
And some for Love a home to make,  
Their dear ones here to bring.

First staunch men left, for Britain's name,  
The South's prosperity;  
And Highland clans from Scotland came—  
Their sires had aye been free;  
And England oft her legions gave  
To found a race of pluck;  
And ever came the poor and brave  
And took the axe and struck.

Each hewed, and saw a dream-like home!  
Hewed on—a settlement!  
Struck hard—through mists the spire and dome  
The distance rim indent!  
So honoured be they midst your ease,  
And give them well their due;  
Honour to those who fought the trees,  
And made a land for you!

WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL.

COMPANIONS IN SOLITUDE, OR REMINISCENCES OF  
THE BUSH

THIS generation ne'er can know  
The toils we had to undergo,  
While laying the great forests low.

For many a weary year I wrought,  
With poverty and hardship fought,  
And hardly had I time for thought.

In every stroke, in every blow,  
In every towering pine laid low,  
I felt a triumph o'er a foe.

Each knotty hemlock old and brown,  
Each elm in thunder hurling down,  
A jewel added to my crown.

If e'er my heart within me died,  
Then up would start my stubborn pride,  
And dash the coward thoughts aside!

And hope kept ringing in my ear,  
"Be brave; for what hast thou to fear—  
The heavens are watching o'er thee here!"

But still some wandering sympathy,  
Some song learned on my mother's knee—  
Came with the bread of life to me.

Save for those rain drops from on high—  
Those fountains opened in the sky—  
My life streams would have all gone dry.

Until that time I little knew  
What books for lonely hearts can do,  
Till spirits round my hearth they drew.

My cabin seemed a whole world wide!  
Kings entered in without their pride,  
And warriors laid their swords aside!

There came the Saxon, there the Celt,  
And all had knelt where I had knelt,  
For all had felt what I had felt.

I saw—from clime and creed apart—  
Still heaving 'neath their robes of art—  
The universal human heart.

And Homer and Sir Walter Scott—  
They entered in my humble cot  
And cheered with tales my lonely lot.

And Burns came singing songs divine,  
His heart and soul in every line;  
A glorious company was mine.

I was a brother to the great!  
Shakespeare himself on me did wait,  
With leaves torn from the book of fate.

They asked me not of rank or creed,  
And yet supplied my spirit's need;  
O, they were comforters indeed!

And showed me by their magic art,  
Those awful things at which we start—  
That hover round the human heart.

Fate, ever watching with her shears!  
And mixing all our hope with fears,  
And drenching all our joys in tears.

They showed how contradictions throng;  
How by our weakness we are strong;  
And how we're righted by the wrong:

Unveiled new regions to my sight,  
And made the weary winter's night,  
A perfect revel of delight.

## ACRES OF YOUR OWN

HERE's the road to independence,  
Who would bow and dance attendance!  
Who with e'er a spark of pride,  
While the bush is wild and wide,  
Would be but a hanger-on,  
Begging favours from a throne;  
While beneath yon smiling sun,  
Farms by labour can be won.  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne,  
Who has acres of his own!

Tho' the cabin's walls are bare,  
What of that, if love is there?  
What, although your back is bent,  
There are none to hound for rent;  
What, tho' you must chop and plough,  
None dare ask, "What doest thou?"  
What, tho' homespun be your coat,  
Kings might envy you your lot.  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne,  
Who has acres of his own!

Honest labour thou would'st shirk—  
Thou art far too good for work;  
Such gentility's a fudge,  
True men all must toil and drudge.  
Nature's true nobility  
Scorns such mock gentility;  
Fools but talk of blood and birth—  
Every man must prove his worth.  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne  
Who has acres of his own!

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.



## SONG OF THE AXE

HIGH grew the snow beneath the low hung sky,  
And all was silent in the wilderness;  
In trance of stillness Nature heard her God  
Rebuilding her spent fires, and veil'd her face  
While the Great Worker brooded o'er His work.

" Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,  
What doth thy bold voice promise me? "

" I promise thee all joyous things,  
That furnish forth the lives of Kings! "

" For every silver ringing blow,  
Cities and palaces shall grow! "

" Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,  
Tell wider prophecies to me."

" When rust hath gnaw'd me deep and red,  
A nation strong shall lift her head! "

" His crown the very Heavens shall smite,  
Æons shall build him in his might! "

" Bite wide and deep, O Axe, the tree;  
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy! "

Max smote the snow-weight'd tree, and lightly laughed.  
" See friend," he cried to one that look'd and smil'd,  
" My axe and I—we do immortal tasks—  
We build up nations, this my axe and I! "

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

## CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

A WHITE tent pitched by a glassy lake,  
Well under a shady tree,  
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,  
Is the summer home for me.  
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,  
For the woodland glades are mine,  
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare  
The odour of forest pine.

*Chorus*

The wild woods, the wild woods,  
The wild woods give me;  
The wild woods of Canada,  
The boundless and free!

A cooling plunge at the break of day,  
A paddle, a row, or sail,  
With always a fish for a mid-day dish,  
And plenty of Adam's ale.  
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,  
We glide through the pleasant days;  
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,  
We kindle the camp fire's blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,  
O'er forests dark and still,  
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,  
Comes the plaint of the whip-poor-will;  
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,  
We startle the birds above,  
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,  
To dream of the ones we love.

J. D. EDGAR.

## VOYAGEUR'S SONG

OUR mother is the good, green earth,  
Our seat her bosom broad;  
And sure in plenty and in dearth  
Of our six feet of sod,  
We welcome fate with careless mirth  
And dangerous paths have trod,  
Holding our lives of little worth,  
And fearing none but God.

When ankle deep, bright streamlets slide  
Above the fretted sand,  
Our frail canoes, like shadows, glide  
Swift through the silent land;  
Nor should, broad-shouldered, in some tide  
Rocks rise on every hand,  
Our path will we confess denied,  
Nor cowardly seek the strand.

The foam may leap like frightened cloud  
That hears the tempest scream,  
The waves may fold their whitened shroud  
Where ghastly ledges gleam;  
With muscles strained and backs well bowed  
And poles that breaking seem,  
We shoot the sault, whose torrents proud  
Itself our lord did deem.

The broad traverse is cold and deep,  
And treacherous smiles it hath,  
And with its sickle of death doth reap,  
With woe for aftermath:  
But though the wind-vexed waves may leap,  
Like cougars, in our path,  
Still forward on our way we keep,  
Nor heed their futile wrath.

Where glitter trackless wastes of snow  
Beneath the Northern light,

On netted shoes we noiseless go,  
Nor heed though keen winds bite.  
The shaggy bears our prowess know,  
The white fox fears our might,  
And wolves, when warm our camp fires glow,  
With angry snarls take flight.

Where forest fastnesses extend,  
Ne'er trod by man before,  
Where cries of loon and wild duck blend  
With some dark torrent's roar,  
And timid deer, unawed, descend  
Along the lake's still shore,  
We blaze the trees and onward wend  
To ravish nature's store.

*Leve, Leve*, and *Couche*, at morn and eve  
These calls the echoes wake.  
We rise and forward fare, nor grieve  
Though long portage we make,  
Until the sky the sun gleams leave  
And shadows cowl the lake;  
And then we rest and fancies weave  
For wife or sweetheart's sake.

ARTHUR WEIR.

### AT THE CEDARS

You had two girls, Baptiste,  
One is Virginie—  
Hold hard, Baptiste,  
Listen to me.

The whole drive was jammed,  
In that bend at the Cedars;  
The rapids were dammed  
And crammed; you might know  
The devil had clinched them below.

We worked three days—not a budge!  
“She's tight as a wedge,  
On the ledge,”  
Says our foreman,

“ Mon Dieu! boys, look here,  
We must get this thing clear.”  
He cursed at the men,  
And we went for it then,  
With our cant-dog’s crow;  
We just gave “ he yo ho,”  
When she gave a big shove  
From above.

The gang yelled, and bore  
For the shore;  
The logs gave a grind,  
Like a wolf’s jaws behind,  
And as quick as a flash,  
With a shove and a crash,  
They were down in a mash.  
But I and ten men,  
All, but Isaac Dufour,  
Were ashore.

He leaped on a log in front of the rush,  
And shot out from the bend,  
While the jam roared behind;  
As he floated along,  
He balanced his pole,  
And tossed us a song.

But just as we cheered,  
Up darted a log from the bottom,  
Leaped thirty feet, fair and square,  
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block  
With the shock;  
And when he was there,  
In the air,  
Kissed his hand  
To the land.  
When he dropped  
My heart stopped,  
For the front logs had caught him;

And crushed him;  
When he rose in his place  
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,  
Picking berries on the hillside,  
Where the river curls, Baptiste,  
You know—on the still side;  
She was down by the water,  
She saw Isaac  
Fall back.

She didn't scream, Baptiste;  
She launched her canoe—  
It did seem, Baptiste,  
That she wanted to die too,  
For before you could think,  
The birch cracked like a shell  
In that rush of hell,  
And I saw them both sink—

Baptiste!—

He had two girls,  
One is Virginie;  
What God calls the other  
Is not known to me.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

## THE MUSIC OF THE REEL

COME! All ye jolly fishermen, who love a cheerful song  
Around the blazing camp-fire, where hearts are true and  
leal,  
To the gentle art whose mysteries ye have studied well and  
long,  
And join with me in praise of the "music of the reel!"

They may prate to us of Wagner, or Beethoven, or Mozart,  
Of harmony and melody, ecstatically kneel

In soul-entrancing rapture at the shrine of classic art—  
But we love the simple rhythm of the “music of the reel.”

By the swiftly rushing river, or the calm and peaceful lake,  
Where Nature's choir makes music that the dullest soul  
must feel;

When the sun peeps through the tree-tips, calling slumberers  
to wake,  
Then the heart beats time responsive to the “music of  
the reel.”

There's gladness in the bird's wild flight, or rush of captured  
fish;

Contentment in a hard-earned bag or in a well-filled creel;  
But the sportsman's pulse-beats quicken as he hears the well-  
known “swish,”

And the line runs whistling merrily “the music of the  
reel.”

Then a health to all true fishermen, a bumper let it be!

Shake up the blazing pine-knots ere the shades upon us  
steal!

And when the darksome night sinks down, and we but dimly  
see,

May whispering memories sing to us “the music of the  
reel!”

J. M. BAYLIS.

### THE MIXER

THEY are fresh from all creation, from the lands beyond the  
seas,

Where a man accepts existence by the grace of “if you  
please,”

From the homes of rank and title, from the slums of want  
and woe,

They are coming as the cattle that have nowhere else to go;  
They are haggard, huddled, homeless, frightened at—they  
know not what;

With a few unique exceptions they're a disappointing lot;  
But I take 'em as I get 'em, soldier, sailor, saint, and clown,  
And I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

Oh, I take 'em from the counter, the factory, the mine,  
They are rough-and-ready rascals till I lick 'em into line;  
They are coming, coming, coming, from the land of Who-  
Knows-Where;

Black and white and many-tinted, brown and yellow, dark  
and fair;

They are coming from the valley, from the prairie, from the  
hill,

They are coming from the "May I?" to the country of  
"I Will";

And for some the smart of failure, and for some achievement's  
crown,

As I roll 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In my new-made day-old cities I apply them to the test,  
Where they mix and clash and scramble with the Spirit of the  
West;

With the lust of gain before them, and the lust of sin within,

Where a few go down the deeper, but the many rise and win;

Where the sons of men are equal in the eyes of other men,

And the man who falls defeated rises up to fight again;

I mix 'em, mix 'em, mix 'em, in the turmoil of the town,

As I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

And I take 'em in the forest, where the axes bite the tree,

And I school 'em in the building of this country of the free;

In the vermin-glutted bunk-house they can spend the stingy  
nights,

Where their only recreations are the "blow-outs" and the  
fights;

In the spring they're on the river, where the logs go racing by,

And they haven't time to wonder who will be the next to die,

There are some will ride in safety, while the others quietly  
drown,

As I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In the camps of railway builders you will find 'em by the  
score,

Where a man is set to doing things he never saw before,

Where they set the greenhorn handling glycerine and  
dynamite—

Just a stumble or a mishap and it blows him out of sight—



Where the Yankee fights with fire-arms, and the Dago with  
his knife,  
And a little bit of banter may cost a man his life;  
Where they learn to reach for weapons at the signal of a  
frown—  
There I turn 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In the silent sunlit prairies they are list'ning to the call  
That is calling, calling, calling, "Come you up, why will you  
fall?

Here is pay for every worker, here's reward for honest toil,  
And a man may grow to heaven if his roots are in the soil."  
They are putting off the old things, they are trying on the new,  
In the battle with conditions they are proving what is true;  
They are earnest, they are hopeful, and no hand can hold  
them down,  
As I roll 'em out Canadians—all but the yellow and brown.

In the great big white-walled winter, when the soul cries out  
in dread—

In the nameless dread of winter when the summer hopes are  
dead—

When the thoughts turn backward, backward, to the land  
beyond the sea,

And the weak ones and the false ones would renounce their  
faith in me—

Then I curse them, starve them, freeze them, until every  
naked bone

Rattles in the howling blizzard, "I accept you as my own."

In the sacrament of suffering their memories I drown

As I roll 'em out Canadians—all but the black and brown.

In the city, on the prairie, in the forest, in the camp,  
In the mountain clouds of colour, in the fog-white river damp,  
From Atlantic to Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Pole,  
I am mixing strange ingredients into a common whole;  
Every hope shall build upon me, every heart shall be my own,  
The ambitions of my people shall be mine, and mine alone;  
Not a sacrifice so great, but they will gladly lay it down,  
When I turn them out Canadians—all but the black and  
brown.

## A PRAIRIE HEROINE

THEY were running out the try lines, they were staking out  
the grade;  
Through the hills they had to measure, through the sloughs  
they had to wade;  
They were piercing unknown regions, they were crossing name-  
less streams,  
With the prairie for a pillow, and the sky above their dreams;  
They were mapping unborn cities in the age-long pregnant  
clay,  
When they came upon a little mound across the right-of-way.

There were violets growing on it, and a buttercup or two,  
That whispered of affection ever old and ever new,  
And a little ring of white-washed stones, light in the summer  
sun,  
But of marble slab or granite, pile or pillar, there was none;  
And across the sleeping prairie lay a little, low-built shack,  
With a garden patch before it and a wheat-field at its back.

“ Well, boys, we’d better see him, and he hadn’t ought to kick,  
For we’ll give him time to move it if he does it pretty quick.”  
But—scarcely had the foreman spoke when straight across  
the farm

They saw the settler coming with a rifle on his arm;  
Some would ha’ hiked for cover but they had no place to run,  
But most of them decided they would stay and see the fun.

The farmer was the first to speak, “ I hate to interfere,  
And right glad I am to see the railway comin’ near;  
But before you drive your pickets across this piece of land  
You ought to hear the story or you will not understand:  
It’s the story of a girl who was as true as she was brave,  
And all that now remains of her is in that little grave.

“ I didn’t want to bring her when I hit the trail out West,  
I knew I shouldn’t do it, and I did my level best  
To coax her not to come out for a year or two, at least,  
But to stay and take it easy with her friends down in the  
East;

But while I coaxed and argued I was feelin' mighty glum,  
And right down in my heart I kep' a-hopin' she would come.

" Well, by rail and boat and saddle we got out here at last,  
A-livin' in the future, and forgettin' of the past;  
We built ourselves a little home, and in our work and care  
It seemed to me she always took what was the lion's share;  
God knows just what she suffered, but she hid it with a smile,  
And made out that she thought I was the only thing worth  
while.

" She stood it through the summer and the warm brown  
days of fall,  
And of the voices calling her she would not hear the call;  
But when the winter settled with its cold, white pall of snow,  
She seemed to whiten with it, but she thought I did not know;  
At last I couldn't stand it any longer, so I said,  
' I think you'd better try and spend a day or two in bed  
While I go for a doctor. It's only sixty miles! '  
She gave a little wistful look, half hidden in her smiles,  
And said, ' Perhaps you'd better, though I think I'll be all  
right  
When the spring comes.'—Well, I started out that night.

" I made the trip on horseback, and we floundered on all  
night,  
And reached our destination in the early morning light,  
But the doctor had gone out of town—just where, no one  
could say,  
And a lump rose in my chest that fairly took my breath  
away.  
But I daren't stay there thinking, and my search for him  
was vain,  
So I bought some wine and brandy and I started home again.

" Forgetful of my horse, I spent the whole night on the road,  
'Till early in the morning he collapsed beneath his load;  
I saw the brute was done for, and although it made me cry,  
I hacked into his jug'lar vein and left him there to die;  
And then I shouldered the supplies and staggered on alone,  
And thinking of my wife's distress, I quite forgot my own.

“ She must ha’ watched all night for me, for in the morning  
grey

She saw me stagger in the snow, and fall beside the way,  
And God knows how she did it—she was only skin and bone—  
But she came out here and found me and dragged me home  
alone,

And she took the precious liquor that had cost us all so dear,  
And poured it down this worthless hulk that’s standin’  
blattin’ here.

“ I guess you know what happened: I lived, she passed away;  
I robbed her in her wedding-dress and laid her in the clay;  
And every spring I plant the flowers that grow upon her  
grave,

For I hold the spot as sacred as the Arimathean’s cave:  
And when the winter snows have come, and all is white and  
still,

I spread a blanket on the mound to keep out frost and chill.

“ Folks say I’ve got a screw loose, that I’ve gone to acting  
queer,

But I sometimes hear her speaking, and I know she’s always  
near;

And sometimes in the night I feel the pressure of her hand  
And for a blessed hour I share with her the Promised Land:—  
Let man or devil undertake to desecrate my dead,  
And as sure as God’s in heaven I will pump him full of lead.”

They were rough-and-ready railway men who stood about  
the spot,

They were men that lied and gambled, they were men that  
drank and fought,

But some of them were sneezing, and some were coughing  
bad,

And some were blowing noses on anything they had;

And some of them were swallowing at lumps that shouldn’t  
come,

And some were swearing softly, and some were simply dumb.

At last the foreman found his voice; “ I guess your claim is  
sound,

I wouldn’t care to run a track across that piece of ground;

We'll have to change our lay-out but I hope we have the  
 grace  
 To build a fitting monument to mark that holy place;  
 Put me down for a hundred; now, boys, how much for you? "  
 And they answered in a chorus, "We'll see the business  
 through."

The passengers upon a certain railway o'er the plain  
 See a shining shaft of marble from the windows of the train,  
 But they do not know the story of the girl-wife in the snow  
 And the broken-hearted farmer with his lonely load of woe,  
 And none of them have guessed that the deflection in the line  
 Is the railway builders' tribute to a prairie heroine.

R. J. C. STEAD.

## ROUGH BEN

*(An Incident of the North-West Rebellion)*

"Starved to death," sounds kind o' hard, eh?  
 But it's true I'm holdin' this 'ere knife,  
 An' that woman dumped in the grave to-day  
 Yes, "starved to death," sir, 'pon my life.

Ye wonder how in a land o' plenty  
 When even Injuns wallop around  
 With their belts a-loosened of over feedin',  
 Fur a poor white critter grub ain't found.

Well; 'y' see ther's starvin' deeper'n eatin',  
 An thet thar woman we slid to-day  
 Ain't died o' want of bannock and bacon;  
 No! but a durned sight crueller way.

S'posin' ye sit on the fence rail, mister,  
 Fur I ain't a-goin' to plow nor sow,  
 See them there oxen—"G'long, ye beggars!"—  
 (The flies is eatin' their heads off) "Whoa!"

Wal', some three years ago'n—no matter—  
 When this yer' place warn't much to see,  
 Me and Bill Martin and Bo'lin's brother  
 Cum and squatted, jest whar' we be.

An by'm'bye other folks, learnin'  
 Land in the great Nor-West had riz,  
 Cum pourin' in top o' one another,  
 Each squatter claimin' a patch as his.

An' among the lot that came tom-foolin'  
 Was an English chap as had no right  
 To s'periment with a Nor-West winter;  
 The fool bro't his sister an' took up a site.

Wal', he pitched his tent ('twas a waggon cover),  
 An' thar' they lived all summer thro',  
 An' managed some way by winter cummin'  
 To knock up a shack—jest them thar two.

They didn't mix with the folks 'en gen'l,  
 But kep in like, an' read fine books,  
 An' after a spell the lad got ailin',  
 With worrit an' fretted an' pinched-like looks.

An' soon he stopped goin' out to water  
 The cattle (two head o' steer he'd bought),  
 I see'd the gal a-tryin' to lead 'em,  
 An' I up an' offers to guide the lot.

She wasn't proud with me, sir, never,  
 Her little hand 'ud lay in my own  
 Like a grasshopper's wing on an acre of fallow;  
 An' her eyes! my God! they'd melt a stone.

Wal, he pinched, and coughed, an' nigher'n nigher,  
 What she, cryin', called " Death's Angel " cum,  
 An' off he went like a snuff o' candle,  
 A-takin a homestead beyond the sun.

We ploughed him in—when the sun was settin',  
 On'y we na'bours around you see;

An' we left him covered, an' her a-cryin'  
Sumthin' about "Come back to me."

An' the cattle died—I'm blest if they didn't,  
Contrary like—and the claim he owned,  
An' plow'd an' sow'd 'th his two gent's handles,  
W'ant worth a durn when the Injuns cum,

I found her sittin' and kinder cryin'  
By the hill as whar' we had rolled him in;  
Lookin' so peaked an' white an' ghost-like  
I felt like wishin' she was with him.

Wal! The cattle was dead, the ground w'arnt ready,  
An' the Injuns threat'nin' every day  
To hang our wigs to the belts as held 'em  
Chock full of *rot-gut*, spite of Hudson's Bay.

All at onc't I see'd her trouble,  
'Twas want o' wimmin to cuddle her in,  
An' the nearest petticoat too, by thunder!  
Thirty miles off—an' *she lived by sin*.

An' sooner'n that—wal, I'd give her,  
The best I owned, sir, my land an' life;  
It was shelter, you see, an' Injuns comin'  
Jest frightened her into a-bein' *my* wife.

Oh! Ye may star' an' handle yer shooter,  
But, afore high God, she was dear to me;  
I toted her back to my old log cabin,  
An' worshipp'd the groun' she walked—an' she?

Wal, she *tried* to smile and call me "Benny,"  
When all my life I'd been called "Rough Ben,"  
An' I carted her roun' like you'd a luck penny,  
An' the Injuns? Oh, Gov'ment settled them.

I mind the troops cum marchin' up here,  
An' the garrison we was all shut in,  
An' among the redcoats thet came paradin'  
Was as handsom' a chap as ever I seen.

An' while we popped at the red-skins' top-nots,  
 Them soldier fellows as saved our lives  
 Cum marchin' into the wood-pile barracks,  
 An' what did I see with my own two eyes,

But my little girl as I took under cover  
 Grow red an' white and fell like a star;  
 When out from the file that peart-faced stranger  
 Shot like an arrow to whar' she war,

Uncle, sez I, or cousin, mebbe,  
 As went to school whar' she got them books?  
 But when he *kissed my gal* I "tumbled,"  
 An' shook like the leaves that shadder the brooks.

An' then and thar' I larned her story  
 (Too late! for now she was straight my wife),  
 For the parson said 'twas for ever an' ever,  
 An' her nor me couldn't alter our life.

Wal, that evenin' I left them airly  
 (I'm a-going' to lead a duck, I sed),  
 But I know'd that wench's heart was breakin',  
 An' I gave her a chance to skip 'th the lad.

*But she didn't*—I found her thar',  
 Mendin' an' bakin' the usual way,  
 But a look in her eyes thar' was like unto  
 A threat'nin' rain on a summer day.

He'd gone an' left her to me as took her  
 Jest fur to give her shelter an' care,  
 (I know'd 'f the brother 'd lived she'd never  
 A-looked at me, mor'n them oxen thar).

Somehow she kinder wilted, an' never  
 Ask'd no questions, but sort o' still;  
 With thet look of hunger, a-eatin' her heart out—  
*Thet's the kind o' starvin' is sure to kill.*

I fetch'd the best of eatin' an' drinkin'  
 As was to be bo't in them times out here;



## The Spell of the Yukon

But the days went slidin' into winter,  
 An', mister, with snow-fly an empty cheer.

She slid away from me sort o' quiet,  
 W' never a moan, but " Benny, good night! "  
 An' me an the neighbours, as allus loved her,  
 Tuck'd her beside him, jest out o' sight.

An' the soldier-lover that left her starvin',  
 I'd like to put a ball through his hide.  
 What? honour! Another's!! *You loved her!!!*  
 My God! *You're the chap for who she died!*

Gimme your hand, and here above her,  
 Altho' she *was* mine by a parson's swar',  
 I havn't no right to that gal's ashes,  
 She died for you, an' you left her thar'.

Me and me oxen's movin' Westward,  
 You and the gal's best left alone;  
 She'll rest contenteder; good-bye, I'm goin',  
 The claim is your'n, go claim your own.

K. B. SIMPSON.

## THE SPELL OF THE YUKON

I WANTED the gold and I sought it;  
 I scrabbled and worked like a slave.  
 Was it famine or scurvy?—I fought it;  
 I hurled my youth into a grave.  
 I wanted the gold and I got it—  
 Came out with a fortune last fall—  
 Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,  
 And somehow the gold isn't all.

No, there's the land (have you seen it?)  
 It's the cussedest land that I know,  
 From the big dizzy mountains that screen it,  
 To the deep death-like valleys below.

Some say God was tired when he made it;  
 Some say it's a fine land to shun;  
 May be: but there's some as would trade it  
 For no land on earth—and I'm one.

You come to get rich (damned good reason),  
 You feel like an exile at first;  
 You hate it like hell for a season,  
 And then you are worse than the worst.  
 It grips you like some kinds of sinning;  
 It twists you from foe to friend;  
 It seems it's been since the beginning;  
 It seems it will be to the end.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow  
 That's plumb full of hush to the brim;  
 I've watched the big, husky sun wallow  
 In crimson and gold, and grow dim,  
 Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,  
 And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop,  
 And I thought that I surely was dreaming,  
 With the peace of the world piled on top.

The summer—no sweeter was ever;  
 The sunshiny woods all a-thrill;  
 The greyling asleep in the river,  
 The bighorn asleep on the hill.  
 The strong life that never knows harness;  
 The wilds where the caribou call;  
 The freshness, the freedom, the farness—  
 O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

The winter! the brightness that blinds you,  
 The white land looked tight as a drum,  
 The cold fear that follows and finds you,  
 The silence that bludgeons you dumb.  
 The snows that are older than history,  
 The woods where the weird shadows slant;  
 The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,  
 I've bade 'em good-bye—but I can't.

There's a land where the mountains are nameless,  
 And the rivers all run God knows where;

## The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry

There are lives that are erring and aimless,  
 And deaths that just hang by a hair;  
 There are hardships that nobody reckons;  
 There are valleys unpeopled and still;  
 There's a land—oh! it beckons and beckons,  
 And I want to go back—and I will.

They are making my money diminish;  
 I'm sick of the taste of champagne,  
 Thank God! when I'm skinned to a finish  
 I'll pike to the Yukon again.  
 I'll fight—and you bet it's no sham fight;  
 It's hell—but I've been there before;  
 And it's better than this by a damsite—  
 So now for the Yukon once more.

There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;  
 It's luring me on as of old;  
 Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting,  
 So much as just finding the gold.  
 It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,  
 It's the forests where silence has lease;  
 It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,  
 It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

R. W. SERVICE.

## THE BALLAD OF HARD-LUCK HENRY

Now wouldn't you expect to find a man an awful crank  
 That's staked out three hundred claims, and every one a  
 blank;  
 That's followed every fool stampede, and seen the rise and  
 fall  
 Of camps where men got gold in chunks and he got none at  
 all;  
 That's prospected a bit of ground and sold it for a song  
 To see it yield a fortune to some fool that came along;  
 That's sunk a dozen bed-rock holes, and not a speck in sight,  
 Yet sees them take a million from the claims to left and  
 right?

## The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry 71

Now aren't things like that enough to drive a man to boose?  
But Hard-Luck Smith was hoodoo-proof—he knew the way  
to lose.

'Twas in the fall of nineteen four—leap year I've heard them  
say—

When Hard-Luck came to Hunker Creek and took a hillside  
lay.

And lo! as if to make amends for all the futile past,  
Late in the year he struck it rich, the real pay streak at last.  
The ripples of his sluicing box were choked with speckled  
earth,

And night and day he worked that lay for all that he was  
worth,

And when in chill December's gloom his lucky lease expired,  
He found that he had made a stake as big as he desired.

One day while meditating on the waywardness of fate,  
He felt the ache of lonely man to find a fitting mate;  
A petticoated pard to cheer his solitary life,  
A woman with soft, soothing ways, a confidant, a wife.  
And while he cooked his supper on his little Yukon stove,  
He wished that he had staked a claim in love's rich treasure-  
trove;

When suddenly he paused and held aloft a Yukon egg,  
For there in pencilled letters was the magic name of Peg.

You know those Yukon eggs of ours—some pink, some green,  
some blue—

A dollar for assorted tints, assorted flavours too.  
The supercilious cheechako might designate them high,  
But one acquires a taste for them and likes them by and by.

Well, Hard-Luck Henry took this egg and held it to the light,  
And there was more faint pencilling that sorely taxed his  
sight.

At last he made it out and the legend ran like this—

“ Will Klondike Miner write to Peg, Plumbhollow, Squashville,  
Wis. ? ”

That night he got to thinking of this far-off, unknown fair;  
It seemed so sort of opportune, an answer to his prayer.

## 72      The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry

She flitted sweetly through his dreams, she haunted him by day,  
She smiled through clouds of nicotine, she cheered his weary way.

At last he yielded to the spell; his course of love he set—  
Wisconsin his objective point; his object Margaret.

With every mile of sea and land his longing grew and grew.  
He practised all his pretty words, and these, I fear, were few.

At last one frosty evening, with a cold chill down his spine,  
He found himself before her house, the threshold of the shrine.

His courage flickered to a spark, then glowed with sudden flame—

He knocked; he heard a welcome word; she came—his goddess came.

Oh, she was fair as any flower, and huskily he spoke:

“I’m all the way from Klondike, with a mighty heavy poke.

I’m looking for a lassie, one whose Christian name is Peg,  
Who sought a Klondike miner and wrote it on an egg.”

The lassie gazed at him a space, her cheeks grew rosy red;  
She gazed at him with tear-bright eyes, then tenderly she said:

“Yes, lonely Klondike miner, it is true my name is Peg,

It is also true I longed for you and wrote it on an egg.

My heart went out to some one in that land of night and cold;

But oh, I fear that Yukon egg must have been mighty old.

I waited long, I hoped, I feared; you should have come before;

I’ve been a wedded woman now for eighteen months or more.

I’m sorry, since you’ve come so far, you ain’t the one that wins;

But won’t you take a step inside—*I’ll let you see the twins.*”

R. W. SERVICE.

## THE TRAIL OF GOLD

UNDER the ward of the Polar Sea,  
Where the great Auroras snap and blaze,  
There are crashing blows on the icy bar  
That is set at the end of the open ways.  
There are axes ringing across the crest,  
The sluices shackle the streams that rolled,  
As the gamesters gather from east and west,  
The men that follow the Trail of Gold.

A black line crawls o'er the glacier's face,  
Where the worn pack-horses scrape and slide;  
The muskeg swallows and leaves no trace,  
The boats go down on the snow-swelled tide,  
Blood and bones on the snow and sod,  
From the cañons black to the barrens gray,  
Blaze the trail that the vanguard trod,  
That those who follow may find the way.

There are strange ships west of the lonely isles  
Where the red volcanoes burn and freeze;  
There's a fading wake o'er the misty miles,  
There are smokes that trouble the Smoky Seas,  
There are corpses swept from the sinking hull,  
As the steamer dips to the swelling gale,  
For the rising shark and the wheeling gull  
That hunt the sea on the Golden Trail.

The storm sweeps out from its Polar den,  
Till the air grows dense with the cutting snow;  
The north makes mock of the sons of men,  
As the diggers lie in the drifts below.  
The workers lie where the last work ceased,  
The strong men scatter the lifeless wold;  
And the tall wolves howl at the gathered feast—  
The hounds that hunt on the Scent of Gold.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

## THE DEACON AND HIS DAUGHTER

HE saved his soul an' saved his pork  
With old time preservation;  
He didn't hold with creosote  
Or new plans of salvation:  
He said that "works would show the man,  
The smoke house tell upon the ham."

He didn't when he sunk a well  
Inspect the stuns and gravel  
Tew prove that Moses was a dunce  
Unfit for furin travel;  
He marvelled at them works uv God—  
An' broke 'em up tew mend the road.

An' when the circus cum around,  
He hitched his sleek old horses,  
An' in his rattling waggon took  
His dimpled household forces—  
The boys tew wonder at the clown  
An' think his lot life's highest crown.

He wondered at the zebra wild,  
Nor knew 'em painted donkeys;  
An' when he gev the boys a dime  
Fur cakes to feed the monkeys,  
He never thought in enny shape,  
He hed descended from an ape.

An' when he saw some shallow-pate,  
With smallest brain possession;  
He uttered no filosophy  
On natur's retrogression  
Tew ancient types, by Darwin's rule;  
He simply sed, "Wali, durn a fool!"

He never had an enemy  
But once a year, tew meetin'

When he and deacon Maybee fought  
 On questions uv free seatin',  
 Or which should be the one t' rebuke  
 Pastor for kissin' sister Luke.

His farm was well enough, but stones  
 Kind uv stern, ruthless facts is;  
 And he jest made out tew save a mite  
 An' pay his righteous taxes,  
 An' mebbe tote sum flour an' pork  
 Tew poor old critters past their work.

But on the neatest thing he had  
 Around the place or dwellin'  
 I guess he never paid a red  
 Uv taxes. No mush melon  
 Was rounder, pinker, sweeter than  
 The old man's daughter, Minta Ann.

I've been at Philadelfy's show  
 An' other similar fusses,  
 An' seen a mighty sight uv stone  
 Minarveys and Venusses,  
 An' Sikeys clad in flowers an' wings,  
 But not much show of factory things.

I've seen the hull entire crowd  
 Uv Jove's female relations,  
 An' I feel tew make a solemn swar  
 On them thar "Lamentations,"  
 That as a sort of general plan  
 I'd rather spark with Minta Ann.

You'd ought tew see her dimpled chin,  
 With one red freckle on it,  
 Her brown eyes glancing underneath  
 Her tilted shaker bonnet;  
 I vow I often did desire  
 They'd set the plaguey thing a-fire.

You'd ought tew hear that gal sing  
 On Sabbath, up tew meetin',



## The Deacon and His Daughter

You'd kind uv feel high lifted up,  
Yer soul fur heaven fleetin'.  
An' then came supper, down she'd tie  
Ye tew the earth with pumpkin pie!

I tell ye, stranger, 'twas a sight  
Fur poetry and speeches  
Tew see her sitten' on the stoop,  
A-peelin' scarlet peaches  
Inter the kettle at her feet—  
I tell ye, 'twas a show complete.

Drip-droppin' thru the rustlin' vine  
The sunbeams came a-flitten',  
An' sort uv danced upon the floor,  
Chased by the tabby kitten;  
Losh, tew see the critter's big surprise  
When them beams slipped into Minta's eyes.

An' down her brow her pretty har  
Cum curlin', crinklin', creepin'  
In leetle yaller mites uv rings,  
Inter them bright eyes peepin',  
Es run the tendrils uv the vine  
Tew whar the merry sunbeams shine.

But losh! her smile was drefful shy  
An' kept her white lids under;  
Jest as when darkens up the sky  
An' growls away the thunder,  
Them sheeny speckled trout will hide  
Beneath them white pond-lilies' pride.

An' then her heart, 'twas made clar thru  
Uv Caleforny metal,  
Chock full uv things es sugar sweet  
Es a presarvin' kettle,  
The beaux went crazed for menny a mile  
When I got the kettle on the bile.

The good old deacon's gone to whar  
Thar ain't no mild contentions

On Buildin' Funds Committees an'  
 No taxes or exemptions;  
 Yet still I sorter feel he preaches  
 An' Minta Ann presarves my peaches.

LA BLANCHISSEUSE

MARGATON at early dawn  
 Thro' the vineyard takes her way,  
 With her basket filled with lawn  
 And with kerchiefs red and gay,  
 To the stream which bubbles past  
 Grove, chateau, and clanking mill.  
 As it runs it chatters fast  
 Like a woman with a will:  
 "Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,  
 Here I come from Picardy!  
 Hurry off thy wooden shoes,  
 I will wash thy clothes with thee!"

Margaton's a shapely maid;  
 Laughter haunts her large soft eye;  
 When she trips by vineyard shade  
 Trips the sun with her, say I.  
 Wooden shoes she lays aside,  
 Puts her linen in the rill,  
 And the stream in gossip's pride  
 Chatters to her with a will:  
 "Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,  
 I—I know a thing or two!  
 Thus this is the latest news,  
 Some one dreams of eyes of blue!"

Margaton her linen wrings  
 White beneath her ruddy hands;  
 O'er her feet the rillet sings  
 Dimpling all its golden sands:  
 Hawthorn blushes touch her hair,  
 Birdlings twitter sweet and shrill,

## La Blanchisseuse

Sunbeams seek her everywhere;  
 Gossips on the wordy rill:  
 "Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,  
 He who dreams has land and flocks!  
 Margaton may idly choose  
 Pebbles in the place of rocks!"

Margaton her linen treads,  
 Ankle-dimple deep her feet;  
 Nod the stately green fern heads,  
 Nod the violets damp and sweet;  
 Dewy places in the wood  
 With the ruddy morning fill;  
 Silenter the downy brood  
 Chatters on the gossip rill:  
 "Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,  
 He who dreams is rich and great!  
 Margaton may idly choose  
 Golden sorrow for a mate!"

Margaton her linen wrings;  
 Day's gold goblet overflows;  
 Leaves are stirred with glancing wings;  
 One can smell the distant rose.  
 "Silly stream, the curé said  
 Just such warning yesterday!"  
 Rippling o'er its pebbly bed,  
 Still the stream would have its say:  
 "Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,  
 Yet another tale I know—  
 Some one dreams of, runs my news,  
 Golden heart in bosom's snow!"

Margaton her linen spreads,  
 On the violet bank to dry;  
 Droop the willows low their heads,  
 Curious, for her low reply:  
 "Dearest stream, but yesternight  
 Whispered Jean those words to me!"  
 And the rillet in its flight  
 Buzzed and murmured like a bee:

“ Blanchisseuse, Blanchisseuse,  
He who dreams is good and true!  
How can Margaton refuse?  
Blanchisseuse, adieu, adieu.”

## THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER CHERRY

THE farmer quit what he was at,  
The bee-hive he was smokin';  
He tilted back his old straw hat—  
Says he, “ Young man, you're jokin'!  
O Lordy!—Lord forgive the swar—  
Ain't ye a cheeky sinner?  
Come, if I give my girl thar,  
Where would you find her dinner?

“ Now, look at *me*, I settled down  
When I was one-and-twenty,  
Me, and my axe, and Mrs. Brown,  
And stony land a plenty.  
Look up thar! ain't that homestead fine?  
And look at them thar cattle:  
I tell ye, since that early time  
I've fit a tidy battle.

“ It kinder wrestles down a man  
To fight the stuns and mire:  
But I sort of clutch'd to that thar plan  
Of David and Goliath.  
Want was the mean old Philistine  
That strutted round the clearin',  
Of pebbles I'd a hansum line,  
And flung 'em, nothin' fearin'.

“ They hit him square, right whar they ought;  
Them times I *had* an arm!  
I lick'd the giant, and I bought  
A hundred acre farm.

## 80      The Farmer's Daughter Cherry

My gal was born about them days—  
I was mowin' in the medder,  
When some one comes along and says,  
“The wife's gone thro' the shadder!”

“Times thought it was God's will she went—  
Times thought she work'd too slavin';  
And for the young one that was sent  
I took to steady savin'.  
Just cast your eyes on that thar hill  
The sugar bush just tetches,  
And round by Miller Jackson's Mill,  
All round the farm stretches.

“'Ain't got a mind to give that land  
To any snip-snap feller  
That don't know loam from mud or sand,  
Or if corn's blue or yaller.  
I've got a mind to keep her yet;—  
Last fall her cheese and butter  
Took prizes; sakes! I can't forget  
Her pretty pride and flutter.

“Why, you be off! her little face  
For me's the only summer;  
Her gone, 'twould be a queer old place—  
The Lord smile down upon her!  
All goes with her, the house and lot—  
You'd like to get 'em, very!  
I'll give 'em when the maple bears  
A bouncin' ripe-red cherry!”

The farmer fixed his hat and specks,  
And pressed his lips together;  
The maple wav'd above his head,  
Each gold and scarlet feather;  
The teacher's honest heart sank down—  
How could his soul be merry?  
He knew—though teaching in a town—  
No maple bears a cherry.

Soft blew the wind; the great old tree,  
Like Saul to David's singing,

Nodded its jewelled crown, as he  
 Swayed to the harp-strings' ringing;  
 A something rosy—not a leaf—  
 Stirs up among the branches;  
 A miracle *may* send relief  
 To lovers fond and anxious!

O rosy is the velvet cheek  
 Of one 'mid red leaves sitting!  
 The sunbeams played at hide-and-seek  
 With the needles in her knitting.  
 "O Pa!" the farmer prick'd his ears;  
 Whence came that voice so merry?  
 The teacher's thoughtful visage clears—  
 "The maple bears a cherry!"

The farmer tilted back his hat;  
 "Well, gal—as I'm a human  
 I'll always hold as doctrine that  
 Thar's nothin' beats a woman!  
 When crown'd that maple is with snow,  
 And Christmas bells are merry,  
 I'll let you have her, Jack—that's so!  
 Be sure you're good to Cherry!"

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

## I'LL FOLLOW JANE

I PUT my faith in Janey Smith,  
 Religion doesn't bother me;  
 It's somethin' I don't monkey with;  
 I never learned the trick—d'ye see?  
 They say I'm on the road to hell;  
 Jes so—I think my course is plain,  
 Fer I'm all right and doin' well—  
 I've put my faith in little Jane.

Religious folk hev struv and raved,  
 An' dun their best at "savin'" me—  
 What nonsense this fer I've bin saved;  
 The pen'tent bench was Janey's knee.

## The Habitant's Jubilee Ode

I promised Jane I wouldn't fight,  
 Ne'r chaw, ne'r swear, ne'r drink again;  
 My Saviour kem to me that night—  
 A well-worked scheme of Him and Jane.

I uster go to church and sich,  
 An' take pertracted meetins in,  
 They flammixed me, an' which was which  
 I couldn't tell amonxt the din.  
 This hell menagerie business hit  
 The wrong side up—it wasn't plain;  
 I can't surround the church a bit,  
 But I can understand my Jane.

She doesn't nag me 'bout my soul:  
 She doesn't say I'm soaked in sin;  
 She sits and sings Roll, Jordan, Roll,  
 An' I jest drop a chorus in;  
 An' when I tell her what they say,  
 Thet I am damned an sway behind,  
 She looks up in her gentle way  
 With "Do what's right an' never mind."

The Lord's right hand holds Janey's hand;  
 An' her right hand is holdin' me;  
 Their love is my salvation, an'  
 I'm proud to say salvation's free;  
 An' when I've kep my word a year,  
 An' wore off all the old-time stain,  
 Then I will read my title clear  
 To heaven on earth—and little Jane.

R. K. KERNINGHAM.

## THE HABITANT'S JUBILEE ODE

I READ on de paper mos' ev'ry day all about Jubilee  
 An' grande procession movin' along an' passin' across de sea,  
 Dats chil'ren of Queen Victoriaw comin' from far away  
 For tole madame wa't dey t'ink of her, an' wishin' her bonne  
 santé.

An' if any wan want to know pourquoi les Canayens should  
be dere

Wit 'res' of de worl' for shout " Hooraw " an' t'row hees cap  
on de air,

Purty quick I will tole heem de reason w'y we feel lak de  
oder do,

For if I'm only poor habitant, I am not on the sapré fou.

Of course w'en we t'ink it de firs' go off, I know very strange  
it seem

For fader of us dey was offen die for flag of L'Ancien Regime,  
From day w'en de voyageurs out all de way from ole St.  
Malo,

Flyin' dat flag from de mas' above, a' long after dat also.

De English fight wit' de Frenchmen den over de whole  
contree,

Down by de reever, off in de wood, and out on the beeg, beeg  
sea,

Killin' and shootin', and raisin' row, half tam dey don't  
know wa't for,

W'en its jus' as easy get settle down, not makin' de crazy  
war.

Sometam' de be quiet for leetle w'ile, you tink dey don't  
fight no more,

An' den w'en dey' ere feelin' all right agen, Bang! jus' lak'  
she was before.

Very offen we're beaten dem on de fight, sometam' dey can  
beat us too,

But no feller's scare in de 'noder man, and bote got enough  
to do.

An' all de long year she be go lak' dat, we never was know  
de peace,

Not'ing but war from de wes' contree down to de St. Maurice;  
Till de las' fights comin' on Canadaw, an' brave Generale  
Montcalm

Die lak' a sojer of France is die on battle of Abraham.

Dat's finish it all, an' de English king is axin' us stayin' dere  
We're we have sam' right as de 'noder peep comin' from  
Angleterre.



Long tam for our moder so far away de poor Canayens is  
 cry,  
 But de new step-moder she's good an' kin', an' its all right  
 bi' me by.

If de moder come dead w'en you're small garçon, leavin' you  
 dere alone,  
 Wit' nobody watchin' for fear you fall and hurt yourse'f on  
 de stone,  
 An' noder good woman she tak' your han' de sam' your own  
 moder do,  
 Is it right you don't call her moder, is it right you don't love  
 her too?

Bâ non, am dat was de way we feel w'en de ole Regime's  
 no more,  
 An' de new one come, but don't change moche, w'y its jus'  
 lak' it be before,  
 Spikin' Francais lak' we always do, an' de English dey mak'  
 no fuss  
 An' our law de sam', wall, I don't know me 't'was better  
 mebbe for us.

So de sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere han'  
 in han',  
 Knowin' each oder, we lak each oder de French an' de  
 Englishman.  
 For its curi's t'ing on dis worl', I'm sure you see it agen and  
 agen,  
 Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he's comin' de bes', bes'  
 frien'.

So we're kipin' so quiet long affer dat, w'en las' of de fightin's  
 done,  
 Dat plaintee is say, de new Canayens forget how to shoot de  
 gun;  
 But Yankee man's smart, all de worl' know dat, so he's firs'  
 fin' mistak' won day—  
 W'en he's try cross de line, fusil on hees han', near place dey  
 call Chateaugay.

Of course it's bad t'ing for poor Yankee man, De Salaberry  
 be dere  
 Wit' habitant farmer from down below, an' two honder  
 Voltigeurs.  
 Dem feller come off de State, I s'pose was fightin' so hard  
 dey can,  
 But the blue coat soger he don't get kill, is de locky Yankee  
 man!

Since den w'en dey'se comin on Canadaw we always be treat  
 dem well,  
 For dey're speennin' de monee lak' gentilhommes an' stay  
 on de bes' hotel.  
 Den "Bienvenue," we will spik dem, an' "Come back agen  
 nex' week,  
 So long you was kip on de quiet an' don't talk de politique."

Yaas, dat is de way Victoraw fin' us dis Jubilee,  
 Sometam' we mak' fuss about not'ing, but it's all on de  
 familee,  
 An' w'enever dere's danger roun' Her, no matter on sea or  
 lan',  
 Sh'll find that les Canayens can fight de sam' as bes' English-  
 man.

An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly—  
 Wit' deir English broder les Canayens is satisfy leev' an' die.  
 Dat's de message our fader geev us w'en dey're fallin' on  
 Chateaugay,  
 An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dats de wan we will  
 kip alway!

### LITTLE BATEESE

You bad little boy, not moche you care  
 How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere  
 Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day  
 Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—  
 W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?  
 Little Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough  
 Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow  
 Lickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall  
 So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—  
 An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,  
 Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?  
 Never min', I s'pose w'll be all right;  
 Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!  
 Fas' asleep in a minute or so—  
 An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,  
 Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away tout suite  
 Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,  
 Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane  
 Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,  
 I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,  
 Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,  
 Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;  
 If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year  
 I'll bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr  
 An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,  
 Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along his back,  
 Won't geev heem much bodder for carry pack  
 On de long portage, any size canoe,  
 Dere's not many t'ing dat boy wont do,  
 For he's got double joint on hees body too,  
 Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget  
 We rader you stayin' de small boy yet,  
 So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,  
 An' do w'at you lak wit' your old gran'pere,  
 For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—  
 Leetle Bateese!

JOHNNIE CORTEAU

JOHNNIE CORTEAU of de mountain,  
 Johnnie Corteau of de hill,  
 Dat was de boy can shoot the gun,  
 Dat was de boy can jomp an' run,  
 An' it's not very often you ketch heem still,  
 Johnnie Corteau!

Ax dem along de reever,  
 Ax dem along de shore,  
 Who was the mos' bes' fightin'-man  
 From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan?  
 De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,  
 Johnnie Corteau!

Sam't'ing on ev'ry shaintee  
 Up on de Mekinac,  
 Who was de man can walk de log  
 W'en w'ole of de river she's black wit' fog  
 An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?  
 Johnnie Corteau.

On de rapid you want to see heem  
 If de raf she's swingin' roun',  
 An' he's yellin', "Hooraw, Bateese, good man!"  
 W'y de oar come double on hees han'  
 W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down,  
 Johnnie Corteau.

An' Tete de Bouli chief can tole you  
 De feller w'at save hees life  
 W'en big moose ketch heem up a tree  
 Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!  
 An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife?  
 Johnnie Corteau.

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem  
 On Lac a la Tortue

# Johnnie Croteau

W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill,  
 But de bear very soon is get hees fill!  
 An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,  
 Johnnie Croteau.

Oh, he never was scare for not'ing  
 Lak de old coureurs de bois,  
 But w'en he's getting hees winter pay  
 De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way  
 For he's goin' right off on de Hip Horraw!  
 Johnnie Croteau.

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem  
 He dance on hees botte sauvage  
 An' shout "all aboar' if you want to fight!"  
 Wall you never can see de finer sight  
 W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!  
 Johnnie Croteau!

But Johnnie Croteau get marry  
 On Philomene Beaurepaire,  
 She's nice leetle girl was run de school  
 On w'at you call parish of Sainte Ursule  
 An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere,  
 Johnnie Croteau.

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie  
 W'en he marry on Philomene,  
 For he stay in de farm de w'ole year roun',  
 He chop de wood an' he plough de groun',  
 An' he's quieter feller was never seen,  
 Johnnie Croteau.

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish  
 From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan  
 W'en dey hear de news was goin' around',  
 Along on de reever up an' down,  
 How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man,  
 Johnnie Croteau.

He never come out on de evening  
 No matter de hard we try,

An' he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song,  
 " A la clair fontaine,  
 M'en allant promener,  
 J'ai trouve l'eau si belle  
 Que je m'y suis baigner!  
 Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime  
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai,"  
 Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long  
 Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby,  
 Johnnie Corteau.

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,  
 De place she's so nice an' clean,  
 Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,  
 You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,  
 An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,  
 Johnnie Corteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee  
 An' put it all safe away  
 On very good place; I dunno w'ere,  
 But anyhow nobody see it dere,  
 So she's buyin' new farm de noder day,  
 Madame Corteau.

## THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE

DERE's no voyageur on de reever never run hees canoe  
 d'ecorce  
 T'roo de roar and de rush of de rapide, w'ere it jump lak a  
 beeg w'ite horse,  
 Dere's no hunter man on the prairie, never wear w'at you call  
 raquette  
 Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara de Curé of Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, and hees moder is pure  
 Canayenne,  
 Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she's fine combination,  
 ma frien';

For de Irish he's full of de devil, an' de French dey got savoir  
faire,  
Dat's mak' it de very good balance an' tak' you mos'  
ev'ryw'ere.

But dere's wan t'ing de Curé won't stan' it; mak' fun on de  
Irlandais,  
An' of course on de French we say not'ing, cos' de parish she's  
all Canayen,  
Den you see on account of de moder, he can't spik hese'f very  
moche,  
So de ole joke she's all out of fashion, an' wan of dem t'ing  
we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he be comin' our  
place  
De peop on de parish all w'isper, " How young he was look on  
hees face,  
Too bad of de wedder she keel heem de firse tam he got  
leetle wet,  
An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for its purty tough  
place Calumette! "

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, w'en he go on de mission call,  
On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin' his own cariole,  
An' he meet blaggar' feller been drikin' jus' enough mak heem  
act lak' fou,  
Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he's purty beeg  
feller too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it's de Curé, so he's hollerin' " Get  
out of de way,  
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside, saprée! you go off  
on de sleigh."  
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule on de liné leetle  
bit,  
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise, hees nose it get  
badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong, leetle Curé, an' he go for Joseph en  
masse,  
An w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe isn't feel it firse  
classe,

So nex' tam de Curé he's going for visit de shaintee encore  
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never see on dat  
place before.

An' he know more, I'm sure, dan de lawyer, and dere's many  
poor habitant  
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink of de law  
W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an' don't know  
de bes' t'ing to do,  
Dat's makin' dems ave plaintee monee, and kip de good  
neighbour too.

But w'en we fin' out how he paddle, till canoe she was nearly  
fly,  
An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snow drif' is pilin'  
up high,  
For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin' de message  
of peace,  
An' get dem prepare for de journey, we're proud on de leetle  
pries'.

O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put away safe on de  
bed,  
An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' and watchin' de small  
curly head,  
We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de tonder, de win', an'  
de rain;  
So we're bote passin' out on de doorway, an' lissen an' lissen  
again.

An' its lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweepin' across de sky,  
An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak somebody goin' to  
die,  
But de soun' away down de valley, creepin' aroun' de hill  
All de tam gettin' closer, closer, dat's de soun' mak' de heart  
stan' still.

It's de bell <sup>1</sup> of de leetle Curé, de music of deat' we hear,  
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was comin' near.

<sup>1</sup> The Curé of a French Canadian parish when summoned to a death-bed always carries a bell in his buggy or sleigh. It clears a passage for him and also calls to prayer those within reach of its sound.



Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de lantern light,  
An' he's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into de stormy  
night.

An' de buggy rush down de hillside an' over de bridge below,  
W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam, w'en mountain  
t'row off de snow,  
An' so long as we hear heem goin, we kneel on de floor an'  
pray,  
Dat God will look after de Curé, an' de poor soul dat's  
passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev it heem jus' de  
sam',  
For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé do all de tam  
Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter he's riche or  
poor,  
Le Bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look out for dat man  
I'm sure.

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe I know not'ing at  
all,  
But dere's wan t'ing I'm always wishin', an' dat's w'en I get  
de call  
For travel de far away journey, ev'ry wan on de worl' mus'  
go,  
He'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I'm leffin' dis place  
below.

For I know I'll be feel more easy, if he's sittin' dere by de  
bed  
An' he'll geev me de good-bye message, an' place hees han'  
on my head,  
Den I'll hol' if he'll only let me, dat han' till he las', las'  
breat'  
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of Calumette.

## LE DOCTEUR Fiset

ON Docteur Fiset of Saint Anicet,  
 Sapré tonnerre! he was leev long tam!  
 I'm sure he's got ninety year or so  
 Beat all on de parish 'cept Pierre Corteau,  
 An' day after day he work all de sam!

Dat house on the hill, you can see it still,  
 She's sam' place he buil' de firs' tam' he came;  
 Behin' it dere's one leetle small jardin  
 Got plaintee de bes' tabac Canayen  
 Wit' fameuse apple an' beeg blue plum.

An' dey're all right dere for de small boy's scare  
 No matter de apple look nice and red,  
 For de small boy know if he's stealin' some  
 Den Docteur Fiset on dark night he come,  
 An' cut the leetle feller right off hees head.

But w'en dey was rap, an' tak' off de cap,  
 M'sieu le Docteur he will say "Entrez,"  
 Den all de boy pass on jardin behin'  
 W'ere dey eat mos' ev'ryt'ing good dey fin',  
 Till dey can't go on school nearly two t'ree day.

But Docteur Fiset, not moche fun he get,  
 Drivin' all over de whole contree,  
 If de road she's bad, if de road she's good,  
 W'en ev'ryt'ing's drown on de spring-tam flood,  
 An' workin' for not'ing half tam' mebbe!

Let her rain or snow, all he want to know  
 Is jus' if anywan's feeling sick,  
 For Docteur Fiset's de ole fashion kin',  
 Doin' good was de only 'ting on hees min',  
 So he got no use for de politique.

An' he's careful too, 'cos firs' t'ing he do,  
 For fear dere was danger some fever case,

## Le Docteur Fiset

Is tak' w'en he's come leetle w'isky chaud,  
 Den noder wan too jus' before he go,  
 He's so scare carry fever aroun' de place!

On nice summer day w'en we're makin' hay  
 Dere's not'ing more pleasant for us I'm sure  
 Dan see de ole man come joggin' along,  
 Always singin' some leetle song,  
 An' hear heem say, "Tiens, mes amis, bonjour!"

An' w'en de cole rain was commence again  
 An' we're sittin' at home on some warm cornerre,  
 If we hear the buggy an' see de light  
 Tearing along t'roo the black, black night,  
 We know right off dat's de ole docteur!

An' he's smart horse sure, w'at he call "Faubourg,"  
 Ev'ry place on de parish he know dem all,  
 An' you ought to see the nice way he go  
 For fear he's upsettin' upon de snow,  
 W'en ole man's asleep on de cariole.

I 'member when poor Hormisdas Couture  
 Get sick on hees place twenty mile away  
 An' hees boy Ovide he was come "Raquette,"  
 W'at you call "Snowshoe," for Docteur Fiset,  
 An' docteur he start wit' hees horse and sleigh.

All de night before de beeg storm she roar,  
 An' mos' of de day it's de sam' also,  
 De drif' was filin' up ten feet high  
 You can't see not'ing dis side de sky,  
 Not'ing but wan avelanche of snow.

I'm hearing de bell w'en I go on de well  
 For water de cattle on barn close by,  
 But I only catch sight of hees cheval blanc  
 An' hees coonskin coat wit' de capuchon  
 An' de storm tak' heem off jus' de sam' he fly.

Mus' be le Bon Dieu dat is help him t'roo,  
 Ole Docteur Fiset an' hees horse "Faubourg,"

T'was somet'ing for splain me, wall I don't care,  
But somehow or 'noder he's gettin' dere,  
An' save de life Hormisdas Couture.

But it's sam' alway, lak' dat ev'ry day,  
He never was spare hese'f pour nous autres,  
He don't mak' moche monee, Docteur Fiset,  
An' often de only 'ting he get  
Is de prayer of poor man, an' wan bag of oat.

Wall! Docteur Fiset of Anicet  
He's not dead yet! An' I'm purty sure,  
If you're passin' dat place about ten year more,  
You will see heem go roun' lak' he go before  
Wit' de ole cariole an' hees horse "Faubourg!"

#### DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE

You can pass on de worl' w'ever you lak;  
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre!  
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back;  
An' go all de place, I don't care—  
Ma frien', dat's a fack, I know you will say,  
W'en you come on dis contree again,  
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see every day,  
De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,  
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,  
Mos' ev'ry wan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,  
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de queen.  
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,  
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',  
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',  
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariée,  
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,  
An' bodder hese'f all de tam night and day  
Wit' housemaid, and cook, an' all dat?

Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,  
 Cos' only nine dollar or ten,  
 W'ere he leev lak' blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,  
 Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma femme w'en I jus' twenty year,  
 An' now we got fine familiee,  
 Dat skip roun' de place lak' leetle small deer,  
 No smarter crowd you never see—  
 An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,  
 Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,  
 Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out  
 Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she's quick, an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,  
 If you know correc' way go about,  
 An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so  
 Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;  
 But if she love you, I spik it for true,  
 She will mak' it more beautiful den,  
 An' sun on de sky can't shine lak' de eye  
 Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

## ON THE TRAIL

Oh, there's nothing like the prairie  
 When the wind is in your face,  
 And a thunderstorm is brewing,  
 And night comes down apace—  
 'Tis then you feel the wonder  
 And immensity of space!

Far in the gathering darkness  
 Against the dying day  
 The ghostly hills are lying,  
 The hills that stand for aye—  
 How in the dusk they glimmer  
 And palpitate away!

Behind them still there lingers  
 A hint of sunset gold;  
 The trail before you stretches,  
 A long black ribbon unrolled—  
 Long and black and narrow,  
 Where the buffalo trod of old.

Though motionless forever,  
 The prairies seem to keep  
 The rolling swell and billow  
 Of some undulating deep,  
 As to the edge of heaven  
 And still beyond they sweep.

Between your knees the bronco  
 Goes hotly o'er the plain,  
 With rhythmic swing and measure  
 You feel him give and strain,  
 And on your cheek come stinging  
 The first wild drops of rain.

How vast the wild and void!  
 No living thing in sight,  
 As to the lonely prairie  
 Comes down the lonely night,  
 But in your heart what freedom—  
 What sense of buoyant flight!

Once more the pulses quicken  
 With life's exultant pride,  
 With hope and high ambition,  
 As on and on you ride,  
 Till all the old desires  
 Come galloping beside!

Oh, there's nothing like the prairie  
 When the wind is in your face,  
 And the boom of distant thunder  
 Comes rolling up apace—  
 'Tis then you feel the wonder  
 And immensity of space!

## FOREST TRAGEDY

AFLOAT upon the tide one summer night,  
Dreamily watching how the moonbeams bright  
Made little broken rings of fancy light,

And vaguely lost in that half-conscious mood  
That steals upon the sense in solitude,  
I drifted near a shadowy island wood

Where all was silent, scarce a leaf was stirred  
So still the air—when suddenly I heard  
The piercing, anguished cry as of a bird

In such distress it made the echoes ring  
And set the startled silence quivering—  
The wild appeal of some sweet feathered thing

In its extremity. And then a sound,  
Half muffled, faint, and all again was drowned  
In silence inarticulate, profound.

I went my way, but through that helpless cry,  
Unanswered and unheeded from on high,  
Rang Fate to me with pitiless reply,

And in my restless heart the old deep strain—  
The bitter doubt and wild rebellious pain  
I thought were laid—came surging up again.

HELEN COLEMAN.

## ON THE CREEK

DEAR Heart, the noisy strife  
And bitter carpings cease;  
Here is the lap of life,  
Here are the lips of peace.

Afar from the stir of streets,  
 The city's dust and din,  
 What healing silence meets  
 And greets us gliding in!

Our light birch silent floats;  
 Soundless the paddle dips;  
 Yon sunbeam thick with motes  
 A-thro' the leafage slips.

To light the iris wings  
 Of dragon-flies alit  
 On lily leaves, and things  
 Of gauze that float and flit.

Above the water's brink  
 Hush'd winds make summer riot;  
 Our thirsty spirits drink  
 Deep, deep, this summer quiet.

We slip the world's gray husk,  
 Emerge, and spread new plumes  
 In sunbeam-fretted dusk,  
 Thro' populous golden glooms.

Like thistledown we slide,  
 Two disembodied dreams  
 With spirits, alert, wide-eyed,  
 Explore the perfume-streams.

For scents of various grass  
 Stream down the veering breeze;  
 Warm puffs of honey pass  
 From flowering linden trees;

And fragrant gusts of gum  
 From clammy balm-tree buds,  
 With fern-brake odours, come  
 From intricate solitudes.

The elm-trees are astir  
 With flirt of idle wings;  
 Hark to the grackle's chirr  
 Whene'er the elm-bough swings.



## The Forest Fire

From off yon ash-limb sere,  
Out thrust amid green branches,  
Keen like an azure spear  
A kingfisher down launches.

Far up the creek his calls  
And lessening laugh retreat;  
Again the silence falls,  
And soft the green hours fleet.

They fleet with drowsy hum  
Of insects on the wing—  
We sigh—the end must come!  
We taste our pleasure's sting.

No more then need we try  
The rapture to regain;  
We feel our day slip by,  
And cling to it in vain.

But, Dear, keep thou in mind  
These moments swift and sweet!  
Their memory shalt thou find  
Illumes the common street.

And thro' the dust and din,  
Smiling thy heart shall hear  
Quiet waters lapsing thin,  
And locusts shrilling clear.

## THE FOREST FIRE

THE night was grim and still with dread,  
No star shone down from heaven's dome;  
The ancient forest closed around  
The settler's lonely home.

There came a glare that lit the north;  
There came a sound that roused the night;

But child and father slumbered on,  
Nor felt the growing light.

There came a noise of flying feet,  
With many a strange and dreadful cry;  
And sharp flames crept and leapt along  
The red verge of the sky.

There came a deep and gathering roar,  
The father raised his anxious head;  
He saw the light like a dawn of blood  
That streamed across his bed.

It lit the old clock on the wall,  
It lit the room with splendour wild,  
It lit the fair and tumbled hair  
Of the still sleeping child.

And zig-zag fence, and rude log barn,  
And chip-strewn yard, and cabin gray,  
Glowed crimson in the reddening glare  
Of that untimely day.

The boy was hurried from his sleep;  
The horse was hurried from his stall;  
Up from the pasture clearing came  
The cattle's frightened call.

The boy was snatched to the saddle bow,  
Wildly, wildly, the father rode,  
Behind them swooped the hordes of flame  
And harried their abode.

The scorching heat was at their heels;  
The huge roar hounded them on their flight;  
Red smoke and many a flying brand  
Flew o'er them through the night.

And past them fled the wild-wood forms—  
Far-striding moose, and leaping deer,  
And bounding panther, and coursing wolf,  
Terrible eyed with fear.

## The Rapid

And closer drew the fiery death;  
Madly, madly, the father rode;  
The horse began to heave and fall  
Beneath the double load.

The father's mouth was white and stern,  
But his eyes grew tender with long farewell.  
He said: "Hold fast to your seat, sweetheart,  
And ride old Jerry well!"

"I must go back. Ride on to the river,  
Over the ford and the long marsh ride,  
Straight on to the town, and I'll meet you, sweetheart,  
Somewhere on the other side."

He slipped from the saddle, the boy rode on,  
His hand clung fast in the horse's mane;  
His hair blew over the horse's neck;  
His small throat sobbed with pain.

"Father! Father!" he cried aloud,  
The howl of the fire-wind answered him  
With the hiss of roaring flames, and crack  
Of shattering limb on limb.

But still the good horse galloped on,  
With sinew braced and strength renewed.  
The boy came safe to the river ford,  
And out of the deadly wood.

And now with his kinsfolk, fenced from fear,  
At play in the heart of the city's hum,  
He stops in his play to wonder why  
His father does not come!

C. G. D. ROBERTS.

## THE RAPID

ALL peacefully gliding,  
The waters dividing,  
The indolent bateau moved slowly along,  
The rowers light hearted,

From sorrow long parted,  
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song;  
“ Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily,  
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;  
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,  
Pleased with its freshness and wet with its spray.”

More swiftly careering,  
The wild rapid nearing,  
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;  
The surges delight them,  
No terrors fright them,  
Their voices keep pace with the quickening speed;  
“ Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily,  
Shivers its waves against us in play;  
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,  
Our spirits are light as its feathery spray.”

Fast downward they're dashing,  
Each fearless eye flashing,  
Though danger awaits them on every side;  
Yon rock—see it frowning!  
They strike—they are drowning!  
But downward they speed with the merciless tide;  
No voice cheers the rapid, that angrily, angrily,  
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;  
Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,  
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

CHARLES SANGSTER.

## IN THE SHADOWS

I AM sailing to the leeward,  
Where the current runs to seaward  
Soft and slow,  
Where the sleeping river grasses  
Brush my paddle, as it passes  
To and fro.

## In the Shadows

On the shore the heat is shaking,  
All the golden sands awaking  
    In the cove;  
And the quaint sandpiper winging  
O'er the shallows, ceases singing  
    When I move.

On the water's idle pillow  
Sleeps the overhanging willow,  
    Green and cool;  
Where the rushes lift their burnished  
Oval heads from out the tarnished  
    Emerald pool.

Where the very water slumbers,  
Water lilies grow in numbers,  
    Pure and pale;  
All the morning they have rested,  
Amber crowned and pearly crested—  
    Fair and frail.

Here impossible romances,  
Undefinable sweet fancies,  
    Cluster round;  
But they do not mar the sweetness  
Of this still September fleetness  
    With a sound.

I can scarce discern the meeting  
Of the shore and stream retreating,  
    So remote;  
For the laggard river, dozing,  
Only wakes from its reposing  
    Where I float.

Where the river mists are rising,  
All the foliage baptising  
    With their spray;  
Then the sun gleams far and faintly,  
With a shadow soft and saintly  
    In its ray.

And the perfume of some burning  
Far-off brushwood, ever turning  
    To exhale;  
All its smoky fragrance dying,  
In the arms of evening lying,  
    Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy,  
In the atmosphere so hazy,  
    While I dream;  
Half in slumber I am guiding  
Eastward, indistinctly gliding  
    Down the stream.  
E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## THE BEECH-NUT GATHERER

ALL over the earth like a mantle,  
    Golden, and green, and grey,  
Crimson, and scarlet, and yellow,  
    The autumn foliage lay;  
The sun of the Indian summer  
    Laughed at the bare old trees,  
As they shook their leafless branches  
    In the soft October breeze.

Gorgeous was every hill-side,  
    And gorgeous every nook,  
And the dry old log was gorgeous,  
    Spanning the little brook;  
Its holiday robes the forest  
    Had suddenly cast to earth,  
And, as yet, seemed scarce to miss them,  
    In its plenitude of mirth.

I walked where the leaves the softest,  
    The brightest and goldenest lay;  
And I thought of a forest hillside,  
    And an Indian day,

## The Beech-Nut Gatherer

Of an eager little child face  
O'er the fallen leaves that bent,  
As she gathered her cup of beech-nuts  
With innocent content.

I thought of the small, brown fingers  
Gleaning them one by one,  
With the partridge drumming near her  
In the forest bare and dun,  
And the jet-black squirrel, winking  
His saucy, jealous eye  
At those tiny pilfering fingers,  
From his sly nook on high.

Ah, barefooted little maiden!  
With thy bonnetless, sunburnt brow,  
Thou gleanest no more on the hillside—  
Where art thou gleaning now?  
I knew by the lifted glances  
Of thy dark, imperious eye,  
That the tall trees bending o'er thee  
Would not shelter thee by and by.

The cottage by the brookside  
With its mossy roof is gone;  
The cattle have left the uplands,  
The young lambs left the lawn;  
Gone are thy blue-eyed sister,  
And thy brother's laughing brow;  
And the beech-nuts lie ungathered  
On the lonely hillside now.

What have the returning seasons  
Brought to thy heart since then,  
In thy long and weary wanderings  
In the paths of busy men?  
Has the angel of grief or gladness  
Set his seal upon thy brow?  
Maiden, joyous or tearful,  
Where art thou gleaning now?

MRS. YULE.

## THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT

THE air is still—the night is dark—  
No ripple breaks the dusky tide,  
From isle to isle the fisher's bark,  
Like fairy meteor, seems to glide—  
Now lost in shade—now flashing bright  
On sleeping wave and forest tree,  
We hail with joy the ruddy light,  
Which far into the darksome night  
Shines redly, cheerily.

With spear high poised and steady hand,  
The centre of that fiery ray,  
Behold the skilful fisher stand,  
Prepared to strike the finny prey—  
“Now, now!” the shaft has sped below—  
Transfixed the shining prize we see,  
On swiftly glides the birch canoe—  
The woods send back the long halloo  
In echoes loud and cheerily!

Around yon bluff whose pine-crest hides  
The noisy rapids from our sight,  
Another bark—another glides—  
Red spirits of the murky night.  
The bosom of the silent stream  
With mimic stars is dotted free,  
The tall woods lighten in the beam,  
Through darkness shining cheerily.

MRS. MOODIE.

## THE CANADIAN HERD-BOY

(*A Song of the Backwoods*)

THROUGH the deep woods, at peep of day,  
The careless herd-boy wends his way,  
By piny ridge and forest stream,  
To summon home his noisy team—  
Cobos! Cobos! from distant dell  
Sly echo wafts the cattle bell.



## The Fishers

A blythe reply he whistles back,  
 And follows out the devious track,  
 O'er fallen tree and mossy stone,  
 A path to all save him unknown—  
 Cobos! Cobos! far down the dell,  
 There faintly falls the cattle bell.

See the dark swamp before him throws  
 A tangled maze of cedar boughs,  
 On all around deep silence broods,  
 In nature's boundless solitudes—  
 Cobos! Cobos! the breezes swell,  
 And nearer floats the cattle bell.

He sees them now—beneath yon trees  
 His motley herd recline at ease;  
 With lazy pace and sullen stare  
 They slowly leave their shady lair—  
 Cobos! Cobos! far up the dell,  
 Quick jingling comes the cattle bell.

MRS. MOODIE.

## THE FISHERS

WHERE the fishers rocking, resting,  
 Or anon the billows breasting,  
 Feel the pathos of the ocean  
 Where they toss with constant motion,  
 Drifting on the sea;

All its subtle odours breathing,  
 When its surges foaming, seething,  
 Blending with the moving cloud-rifts,  
 Woo the soft winds and the star-drifts  
 O'er the mighty sea;

Whether going forth or homing,  
 In the midnight or the gloaming,  
 They are drawing in the gladness  
 Of the sunshine, or the sadness  
 Of the boundless sea.

One they are with all surrounding,  
 With the angry surf, resounding,  
     From the far-off coast and shallows,  
 One with all that makes and hallows  
     Memories of the sea.

Lonely dwellers on the ocean,  
 Evermore your brave devotion  
     Lives in all your sons, abiding,  
     Leavening their souls, and guiding  
         O'er life's fitful sea.

All the ocean's moods and tenses,  
 Whispers, whimsies, subtle senses,  
     All its deafening boom and thunder,  
     All the terror gloom and wonder  
         Of the stormful sea;

All the restless moaning, shifting,  
 Mists and shadows, cloud-forms drifting,  
     Heaving waters, vast unbounded,  
     Deep, mysterious, unsounded,  
         Of the changeful sea,

Builted into soul and sinew  
 Of the fisher, draw and win you,  
     By the pleasure and the power,  
     Born of changeful wind and shower  
         Of the wind-swept sea.

In our nation's many races,  
 May we never miss the traces  
     Of the sweep and width and wonder,  
     Of the calm and storm and thunder,  
         Of the open sea.

DR. ALBERT D. WATSON.

## AT A TOBOGGAN MEET

LIGHT, graceful clouds across the sky  
 Are scudding swift to-night,  
 But fleeter than yon gauze on high  
 Can flaunt before the moon's full eye  
 Our craft career their flight.

Bold privateers, they hurry o'er  
 A foamy stretch of sea,  
 With cargoes laden precious more  
 Than fabled store on ocean-floor;  
 Or wealth of Araby.

Out in the frosty atmosphere  
 From their gay decks are flung  
 The hearty laugh, the ringing cheer,  
 The mirthful notes full sweet and clear  
 That fall from Beauty's tongue.

Adown the long incline they glide,  
 And over fields below,  
 Trim vessels with the wind allied,  
 The playthings of our northern pride,  
 Toboggans o'er the snow.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

## MIDDAY IN MIDSUMMER

THE sky's great curtains downward steal,  
 The earth's fair company  
 Of trees and streams and meadows feel  
 A sense of privacy.

Upon the vast expanse of heat  
 Light-footed breezes pace;  
 In waves of gold they tread the wheat,  
 They lift the sunflower's face.

## A Canadian Summer Evening     I I I

The cruel sun is blotted out,  
The west is black with rain,  
The drooping leaves in mingled doubt  
And hope look up again.

The weeds and grass on tiptoe stand,  
A strange exuberant thrill  
Prepares the dazed, uncertain land  
For the wild tempest's will.

The wind grows big and breathes aloud  
As it runs hurrying past;  
At one sharp blow the thunder-cloud  
Lets loose the furious blast.

The earth is beaten, drenched, and drowned,  
The elements go mad;  
Swift streams of joy flow o'er the ground,  
And all the leaves are glad.

Then comes a momentary lull;  
The darkest clouds are furled,  
And, lo, new washed and beautiful  
And breathless gleams the world!  
ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## A CANADIAN SUMMER EVENING

THE rose-tints have faded from out of the west,  
From the mountain's high peak, from the river's broad breast,  
And silently shadowing valley and rill  
The twilight steals noiselessly over the hill.  
Behold in the blue depths of ether afar,  
Now softly emerging each glittering star;  
While later the moon, placid, solemn, and bright,  
Floods earth with her tremulous silvery light.

Hush! list to the whip-poor-will's soft plaintive notes,  
As up from the valley the lonely sound floats;  
Inhale the sweet breath of yon shadowy wood,  
And the wild flowers blooming in hushed solitude.

## My Summer Fallow

Start not at the whispering, 'tis but the breeze,  
 Low restling 'mid maple and lonely pine trees,  
 Or willows and alders that fringe the dark tide,  
 Where canoes of the red men oft silently glide.

See, rising from out of that copse, dark and damp,  
 The fire-flies, each bearing a flickering lamp!  
 Like meteors gleaming and streaming they pass  
 O'er hillside, and meadow, and dew-laden grass;  
 Contrasting with ripple on river and stream,  
 Alternately playing in shadow and beam,  
 Till fullness of beauty fills hearing and sight  
 Throughout the still hours of a calm summer night.

MRS. LEPROHON.

## MY SUMMER FALLOW

For years my summer fallow lay  
 A wealthy waste of grass and hay—  
 A wilder place you scarce could match—  
 The maiden's famous berry-patch.  
 I've counted, when the skies were fair,  
 Twenty-and-six bonnets there,  
 And saw them all in terror break  
 Before a modest garter-snake!  
 I ever felt a joy intense  
 To help each fair one o'er the fence,  
 And praise her ankles or her face,  
 And get her thanks with artless grace.  
 Many a ground-hog I have dug  
 From out his habitation snug;  
 And when high hung the noiseless moon  
 I've laid in wait to meet the coon.

One spot I noticed as the best:  
 'Twas always greener than the rest:  
 A deeper, richer, sweeter green  
 Than elsewhere on the field was seen.  
 On high the goose-grass waved her plumes;  
 The sweet white clover spread her blooms;

The red-top grew so thick and rank  
That on its knees it swooned and sank!  
That spot had always furnished, free,  
The village dames with boneset tea:  
There 'neath the sheltering mandrake's lid,  
The fledgling Bob Whites softly hid;  
And none but I the secret knew  
Of where the precious ginseng grew.

One autumn, when the woods were brown,  
I ploughed the old-time fallow down,  
And worked away with tireless feet,  
Until 'twas seeded down with wheat.

Next summer—it was plain to view—  
Thereon the harvest richer grew;  
To keep its feet it did its best—  
Then lodged—prone lay its golden crest;  
A tangled moist luxuriant square—  
The ground-hogs all foregathered there—  
And—one famous, wise, and skilled  
Will understand—it never “filled.”  
Ere winter winds began to blow  
I took my spade and dug below,  
And found some curious carven stones;  
Some broken skulls and scattered bones;  
A precious string of wampum beads;  
A little pot of roasted seeds:  
Some needles made of polished bone;  
Some broken pipes—an axe of stone—  
For I had found the quiet graves  
Of long forgotten Indian braves!

O! splendid Resurrection, here!  
Renewed with each returning year!  
To rise in grass and flowers and trees;  
To feed the wild deer and the bees;  
To fill with wealth their sheltering sod—  
A yearly sacrifice to God!

May I return to thee, O Earth—  
The mother dear that gave me birth—

And pay to thee, whene'er I go,  
 A little of the debt I owe.  
 Thus, resurrected every spring  
 I'll hear the merry blue birds sing—  
 Their voices every May-day morn  
 Will sweeter sound than Gabriel's horn!  
 And oft, I hope, my grateful soul  
 Shall thro' my summer fallow stroll!

R. K. KERNINGHAM.

## CANADIAN WOODS IN EARLY AUTUMN

I HAVE passed the day 'mid the forest gay,  
 In its gorgeous autumn dyes,  
 Its tints as bright and as fair to the sight  
 As the hues of our sunset skies;  
 And the sun's glad rays, veiled by golden haze,  
 Streamed down 'neath its arches grand,  
 And with magic power made scene and hour  
 Like a dream of Fairie Land.

The emerald sheen of the maple green  
 Is turned to deep, rich red,  
 As the boughs entwine with the crimson vine  
 That is climbing overhead;  
 While, like golden sheaves, the saffron leaves  
 Of the sycamore strew the ground,  
 'Neath birches old, clad in shimmering gold,  
 Or the ash with red berries crowned.

Stately and tall, o'er its sisters all,  
 Stands the poplar, proud and lone,  
 Every silver leaf in restless grief  
 Laments for the summer flown;  
 While each oak and elm of the sylvan realm,  
 In brilliant garb arrayed,  
 With each other vie, 'neath the autumn sky,  
 In beauty of form and shade.

When wearied the gaze with the vivid blaze  
 Of rich tints before it spread—

Gay orange and gold, with shades untold  
Of glowing carmine and red—  
It can turn 'mid the scene to the sombre green  
Of the fir, the hemlock, the pine,  
Ever keeping their hue, and their freshness too,  
Mid the season's swift decline.

Though the bird's sweet song, that the summer long  
Hath flowed so sweet and clear,  
Through the cool, dim shades of the forest glades,  
No longer charms the ear,  
A witching spell, that will please as well  
As his glad notes, may be found  
In the solemn hush, or the leaves' soft rush,  
As they thickly strew the ground.

For, though they tell of summer's farewell,  
Of their own decay and doom,  
Of the wild storm-cloud and snow's cold shroud,  
And the days of winter's gloom,  
The heart must yield to the power they wield—  
Alike tender, soothing, gay—  
The beauties that gleam and reign supreme  
In our woods, this autumn day.

MRS. LEPROHON.

## HARVEST TIME

PILLOWED and hushed on the silent plain,  
Wrapped in her mantle of golden grain,

Wearied of pleasuring weeks away,  
Summer is lying asleep to-day—

Where winds come sweet from the wild-rose briars,  
And the smoke of the far-off prairie fires.

Yellow her brow as the golden rod,  
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod;



Purple her eyes as the mists that dream  
At the edge of some laggard sun-drowned stream;

But over their depths the lashes sweep,  
For summer is lying to-day asleep.

The north wind kisses her rosy mouth,  
His rival frowns in the far-off south,

And comes caressing her sun-burnt cheek,  
And summer awakes for one short week—

Awakes and gathers her wealth of grain  
Then sleeps and dreams for a year again.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

### SONG OF THE GOLDEN SEA

SING, ye ripening fields of wheat,  
Sing to the breezes passing by,  
Sing your jubilant song and sweet,  
Sing to the earth, the air, the sky!

Earth that held thee and skies that kissed  
Morning and noon and night for long,  
Sun and rain and dew and mist,  
All that has made you glad and strong.

The harvest fields of the far, far west  
Stretch out a shimmering sea of gold!  
Every ripple upon its breast  
Sings peace, and plenty, and wealth untold!

Far as the eye can reach it goes,  
Farther yet, till there seems no end,  
Under a sky where blue and rose  
With the gold and turquoise softly blend.

Here, where sweep the prairies lone,  
Broad and beautiful in God's eyes,  
Here in this young land, all our own,  
The garner-house of the old world lies.

JEAN BLEWETT.

AN AUGUST WOOD ROAD

WHEN the partridge coveys fly  
In the birch-tops cool and high;

When the dry cicadas twang  
When the purpling fir-cones bang;

When the bunch-berries emboss—  
Scarlet beads—the roadside moss:

Brown with shadows, bright with sun,  
All day long till day is done

Sleeps in murmuring solitude  
The worn old road that threads the wood.

In its deep cup—grassy, cool—  
Sleeps the little roadside pool.

Sleeps the butterfly on the weed,  
Sleeps the drifted thistle seed,

Like a great and blazing gem,  
Basks the beetle on the stem.

Up and down the shining rays  
Dancing midges weave their maze,

High among the moveless boughs,  
Drunk with day, the night hawks drowse.

Far up, unfathomably blue,  
August's heaven vibrates through

The old road leads to all things good;  
The year's at full, and time's at flood,

C. G. D. ROBERTS.

## THE SILENT SNOW

To-DAY the earth has not a word to speak.  
 The snow comes down as softly through the air  
 As pitying heaven to a martyr's prayer,  
 Or white grave roses to a blooming cheek.  
 The footsteps of the snow, as white and meek  
 As angel travellers, are everywhere—  
 On fence and briar and up the forest stair,  
 And on the wind's trail o'er the moorland bleak.  
 They tread the rugged road as tenderly  
 As April venturing her first caress;  
 They drown the old earth's furrowed griefs and scars  
 Within the white foam of a soundless sea,  
 And bring a deeper depth of quietness  
 To graves asleep beneath the silent stars.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## FROST SONG

HERE where the bee slept and the orchis lifted  
 Her honeying pipes of pearl, her velvet lip,  
 Only the swart leaves of the oak lie drifted  
 In sombre fellowship,  
 Here where the flame-weed set the lands alight  
 Lies the bleak upland, webbed and crowned with white.

Build high the logs, O love, and in thine eyes  
 Let me believe the summer lingers late.  
 We shall not miss her passive pageantries  
 We are not desolate,  
 When on the sill, across the window bars,  
 Kind winter flings her flowers and her stars.

MAJORIE C. L. PICKTHALL.

## TREE MEMORIES

THE woodland stretched its arms to me,  
And into its heart I went;  
While by my side invisibly  
Walked musing-eyed Content.

The woodland spake no word to me,  
But, oh, its thoughts were sweet;  
Against my spirit like a sea  
I felt the thought-waves beat.

Before my vision, stained and dull,  
The wood-shapes dropped their gold;  
The young child-trees were beautiful,  
More beautiful the old.

Within their halls of memory  
What heavenly scenes are drawn:  
The stream, the wild bird's company,  
The sky's cool face at dawn;

The golden lances of the sun,  
The rain that feels its way,  
The twilight steps that one by one,  
Lead to the moon's white ray;

The multitude of light leaf-forms  
Engraved on earth and air,  
The black and gold of midnight storms,  
The blue that violets wear:

The wind that brings from clover farms  
A picture white and red,  
Or later gathers in his arms  
The woodland's fragile dead.

These throng the woodland memories;  
Upon this perfumed track

# The Maple

The thoughts of all the silent trees  
Go wandering back and back.

This is the charm that cometh last,  
Of all these sweets the sum:  
The feelings of green summers past,  
And fair green springs to come.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## THE MAPLE

ALL hail to the broad-leaved Maple!  
With its fair and changeful dress—  
A type of our youthful country  
In its pride and loveliness;  
Whether in spring or summer  
Or in the dreary fall,  
'Mid Nature's fairest children,  
She's fairest of them all.

Down many slopes and valleys  
Her graceful form is seen,  
Her wide umbrageous branches  
The sun-burnt reaper screen;  
'Mid the dark brown firs and cedars  
Her livelier colours shine,  
Like the dawn of a brighter future  
On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,  
Whispers on breezy downs,  
And casts refreshing shadows  
O'er the streets of our busy towns;  
She gladdens the aching eyeball,  
Shelters the weary head,  
And scatters her crimson glories  
O'er the graves of the silent dead.

When winter frosts are yielding  
To the sun's returning sway,  
And merry groups are speeding  
To sugar woods away,

The sweet and welling pieces,  
Which form their welcome spoil,  
Tell of the teeming plenty  
Which here waits honest toil.

When sweet-voiced spring soft breathing,  
Breaks Nature's icy sleep,  
And the forest boughs are swaying  
Like the green waves of the deep;  
In her fair and budding beauty,  
A fitting emblem she  
Of this our land of promise,  
Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,  
Drop silently and fall,  
Like drops of life-blood welling  
From a warrior brave and tall,  
They tell how fast and freely  
Would her children's blood be shed,  
Ere the soil of our faith and freedom  
Should echo a foeman's tread.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple!  
With her fair and changeful dress—  
A type of our youthful country  
In its pride and loveliness;  
Whether in spring or summer  
Or in the dreary fall,  
'Mid Nature's forest children,  
She's fairest of them all.

REV. H. F. DARNELL.

## AMONG THE PINES

LIKE Druid priests, dark vested, slim,  
Burdened with mysteries,  
They wake throughout their green aisles dim  
Weird melodies.

## The Pines

Rhythmic within their swaying limbs  
 The prisoned music swells,  
 Far cadence of cathedral hymns  
 And calling bells.

The infinite loneliness of night,  
 Bereft of joy or pain,  
 And passion of long-lost delight  
 Ebb in the strain.

The wash of low monotonous waves  
 On shores unvisited,  
 The grasses whispering on graves  
 Where hearts have bled,

The travail of a world that lies  
 Below our consciousness,  
 These wandering and plaintive sighs  
 Faintly express.

The dreaming and unconscious things  
 Imprisoned in the clod,  
 Voice through these fitful murmurings  
 Their thought of God.

HELENA COLEMAN.

## THE PINES

O HEARD ye the pines in their solitude sigh,  
 When the winds were awakened and night was nigh?  
 When the elms breathed out a sorrowful tale,  
 Which was wafted away on the wings of the gale;

When the aspen leaf whispered a legend dread,  
 And the willows waved darkly over the dead;  
 And the poplar shone with a silvery gleam,  
 And trembled like one in a troubled dream;

And the cypresses murmured of grief and woe,  
 And the linden waved solemnly to and fro,  
 And the sumach seemed wrapt in a golden mist,  
 And the soft maple blushed where the frost had kissed;

And the spectral birch stood alone in the gloom,  
Like an unquiet spirit uprist from the tomb;  
And the cedar outstretched its lone arms to the earth,  
To feed with sweet moisture the place of its birth;

And the hemlock, uplifted above the crowd,  
Drank deeply of mist at the brink of a cloud;  
And the balsams with curtains of shaggy green,  
Like tents in the distance were dimly seen.

I heard the pines in their solitude crying,  
When the winds were awakened, and the day was dying;  
And fierce the storm grew, and darker its pall,  
But the voice of the pines was louder than all.

CHARLES MAIR.

## THE INDIAN PIPE

AROUND the clustering beeches, hidden deep,  
When scarce at noon the July sunbeams creep,  
Where on the bough the humming bird's small nest  
Seems, like a knot of lichen, light to rest,  
From the dead leaves of last autumn ripe  
Rise the white clusters of the Indian pipe.

Is it an earthly flower or ghostly shade,  
From fields Tartarean to our forest strayed?  
Or wrought from stainless marble, carven fine  
By cunning sculptor in a quaint design,  
In mimic semblance of the pipe of peace  
That warriors smoke when war and havoc cease?

All waxen white in stem, and leaf, and flower  
It stands—a vision strange in summer bower;  
But whence the form its bending blossoms wear?  
Does the pale bloom a runic legend bear?  
Then murmuring rose the breeze of eventide,  
And, whispering low, an ancient sorrow sighed!

Here, long ago, amid this sylvan shade,  
There grew in budding bloom an Indian maid,



Her father's only child—his joy and pride—  
 She seemed a lily by a cedar's side;  
 Careless she roamed, until one fatal day  
 A pale-face stranger stole her heart away,

Could a chief's daughter with such lover go?  
 Leave sire and nation for her people's foe?  
 Nay! better death than baseness such as this!  
 Yet youth and joy went with his parting kiss,  
 And, like another Iphigenia brave,  
 Swift-ebbing life for sire and race she gave!  
 But one last boon she sought with parting life—  
 That with her death should end the vexing strife:  
 'Twixt white and red man war and feud should cease,  
 While o'er her grave they smoked the pipe of peace;  
 And there, ere maize and wilding rice were ripe,  
 Sprang the pale clusters of the Indian pipe!

### THE MAY-FLOWER <sup>1</sup>

WHEN the maple wears its tassels and the birch buds grow  
 apace,  
 And the willows gleam out golden in the sunset's tender  
 grace,  
 And the ferns amid the rushes first their curly heads uprear,  
 Then awakes our wilding blossom, first and fairest of the  
 year—  
 The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and  
 fair to see,  
 Tiny trailing pink arbutus—chosen flower of Acadie!

Sheltered 'neath the sloping pear-boughs—see its tendrils  
 creeping low,  
 Gleam in freshly glistening verdure through the swiftly  
 melting snow,  
 Till the pink buds in the sunshine open wide their throats to  
 fling  
 From their censers, rarest incense on the balmy air of spring—

<sup>1</sup> The trailing arbutus, the special flower of Nova Scotia.

The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and  
fair to see,

How we hail thee in the springtime—chosen flower of Acadie!

There's the robin plaintive, fluting in the budding boughs  
above,

And the cat-bird sweetly warbling for the pleasure of his  
love;

Are they telling the old story, how a gentle Indian maid,  
Vainly seeking her lost lover, through the forest tireless  
strayed?

The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and  
fair to see,

All the woodland feels thy fragrance, chosen flower of Acadie!

Do they tell how—mid her sorrow for the one she held so  
dear—

Every sad and suffering creature still she sought to help and  
cheer,

Till there sprang up in the pathway of her ministering feet,  
The bright May-flower's tender blossom—full of fragrance  
rare and sweet?

The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and  
fair to see,

Filled with all the springtime's sweetness—chosen flower of  
Acadie!

Passing years bring many changes—joy and sorrow come  
and go,

Yet unchanged the May-flower wakens at the melting of the  
snow;

Though unseen, its fragrance, breathing through the bud-  
ding woodland maze,

Brings sweet foretaste of the summer to the changeful April  
days.

The May-flower—oh, the May-flower! sweet of scent and  
fair to see,

With love's fragrant breath thou'rt laden, chosen flower of  
Acadie!

Years have glided into ages, and the centuries grown gray,  
Still as fresh and sweet as ever does the May-flower greet the  
May;

And the heaviest heart grows lighter as it hails thy promise  
true,  
Of the love that lives for ever, and shall make all old things  
new!  
The May-flower—oh, the May-flower!—sweet of scent and  
fair to see,  
Shedding spring's divinest fragrance through the woods of  
Acadie!

AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

### WHY BLOSSOMS FALL

DEAR Mother Earth her children trees  
Clads well in robes of white,  
That they may rest in perfect peace  
Through all the winter night.

When Spring, the morning, softly dawns,  
She calls each sleeping one,  
Who wakens, slowly sighs, and yawns,  
Till day is well begun.

Soon April brings a shower bath,  
And May fresh garments clean;  
Bright trimmings gay each maiden hath.  
The lads wear sober green.

The sister-winds their playmates are,  
The gentle South and West,  
And quickly come they from afar  
To help them all get drest.

Each garment new is soon unrolled,  
And smoothed well in its place,  
Till not a crease or crumpled fold  
Can anybody trace.

And then they hum a tuneful song  
And play at in-and-out,  
Until their brothers come along,  
And join them with a shout.

The brothers, North and East are rough,  
 And play with such wild glee,  
 They tear the pretty trimming stuff  
 Off every maiden tree.

So this is why the blossoms fall  
 And leaves oft times look creased;  
 The boisterous brothers do it all,  
 The merry North and East.

ALMA FRANCES MCCOLLUM.

## THE INDIGO BIRD

WHEN I see,  
 High on the tip-top twig of a tree,  
 Something blue by the breezes stirred,  
 But so far up that the blue is blurred,  
 So far up no green leaf flies  
 'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,  
 Then I know, ere a note be heard,  
 That is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,  
 And naught between but the breezes high,  
 And naught so blue by the breezes stirred  
 As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

When I hear  
 A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,  
 As though of some airy jest he had heard  
 The last and most delightful word;  
 A laugh as fresh in the August haze  
 As it was in the full-voiced April days;  
 Then I know that my heart is stirred  
 By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird.

Joy on the branch and joy in the sky,  
 And naught between but the breezes high;  
 And naught so glad on the breezes heard  
 As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## SAND PIPERS

MORNING on the misty highlands,  
On the outer, shining islands;  
Gulls their grey way seaward winging  
To the blinking zones of blue—  
South winds in the shallows singing,  
Where I wander far with you,  
Little pipers, careless, free,  
On the sandlands of the sea.

All day on the amber edges  
Of the pools and silver ledges  
Of the sedgelands in the sun  
Restlessly the pipers run.  
Weet, a-weet, a-weet, a-weet—  
Sun, and wind, and sifting sand,  
Joy of June on sea and land,  
Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet.

Evening on the fading highlands,  
On the outer, amber islands;  
Grey wings folded in the sedges,  
In the glimmer of a star  
Where the lamps of Algol are,  
Shining on a world's white edges.

Moonlight on the sombre forelands,  
On the outer, silver shorelands;  
Peaceful mists that pale and drift  
Seaward like a phantom fleet,  
Through a sapphire, shadowed rift—  
Weet, a-weet, weet weet, weet weet—  
Night, and stars, and empty hushes,  
Darkness in the purple rushes,  
Weet, weet weet, weet weet, weet weet.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

## WHIP-POOR-WILL

THERE is a lonely spirit,  
Which wanders through the wood,  
And tells its mournful story,  
In every solitude.  
It comes abroad at eventide,  
And hangs beside the rill,  
And murmurs to the passer-by,  
"Whip-poor-will."

Oh, 'tis a hapless spirit,  
In likeness of a bird!  
A grief that cannot utter  
Another woeful word.  
A soul that seeks for sympathy,  
A woe that won't be still;  
A wandering sorrow murmuring,  
"Whip-poor-will."

A. McLACHLAN.

## THE NIGHT BIRD

Down where the cedars are bending,  
Down by the side of the river,  
Where the dark waters are wending  
Their way to the ocean for ever,  
One night I heard  
A lonely bird  
Singing, Oh! so sadly singing,  
There was such pain  
In its wild strain  
So plaintive and so ringing.  
I paused to listen and methought  
The sounds were into meaning wrought;  
While, faint and low  
As sobs of woe,

## The Night Bird

The lone bird kept repeating  
The strange refrain  
Of its wild strain,  
Where crowded shadows meeting  
Made that solitary grove  
Like to a grave of love.

“ Rolled, rolled in the greedy mould  
That taketh and nothing giveth,  
Where, where, in a dumb despair,  
No hope of the future liveth;  
Lies, lies, with o’er-shaded eyes,  
A being of many the fairest,  
While, while, like a desert isle,  
My bosom the night wind barest.  
Strong, strong, is the Giant Wrong,  
And he mates with a demon cruel;

“ Higher, higher, he buildeth a fire,  
And human hearts are the fuel;  
Bright, bright, in the morning light,  
Beauty and love came flying,  
Laid, laid, in deathly shade  
Ere eve they were crushed and dying!  
Woe, woe, against all below  
That liveth and loveth is written:  
Life, life, is a bitter strife,  
Where the best are the soonest smitten.”

“ Here, here, on this hapless sphere,  
All that are beautiful perish;  
Hope, hope, hath no wider scope  
Than faint recollections we cherish.  
Earth, earth, had its hours of mirth,  
But woe is an old, old story;  
Fast, fast, in the gliding past,  
Fleeth our dreams of glory! ”

O hush! unhappy thing, I cried,  
Though fate hath left thee naught beside  
Hast thou not faith and duty?  
What matters the loss of a toy of clay—

The perishing birth of a perishing day—  
 Though it were a thing of beauty!  
     Can death destroy  
     The lasting joy  
 That springs from a hope immortal,  
     Or can grieving bring  
     Thee back the thing  
 That has passed beyond life's portal?  
 Still, still, from the grave you fill,  
     Cometh a voice supernal;  
 Trust, trust, in thy God—He is just—  
 And thy sorrows will not be eternal!

CAROLL RYAN.

## THE CANADIAN WHITETHROAT

FROM the leafy maple ridges,  
 From the thickets of the cedar,  
 From the alders by the river,  
 From the bending willow branches,  
 From the hollows and the hillsides,  
 Through the lone Canadian forest,  
 Comes the melancholy music,  
 Oft repeated—never changing—  
     “All—is—vanity-vanity-vanity!”

When the farmer ploughs his furrow,  
 Sowing seed with hope of harvest,  
 In the orchard white with blossom,  
 In the early field of clover,  
 Comes the little brown-clad singer,  
 Flitting in and out of bushes,  
 Hiding well behind the fences,  
 Piping forth his song of sadness—

“Poor—hu—manity-manity-manity!”

J. D. EDGAR.



## THE PELICAN

UPON a Western prairie once I met  
 A flock of pelicans—a glorious sight!  
 Now in the sun they gleamed a dazzling white,  
 Now, circling, darkened to a silhouette;  
 Great-breasted things with sweeping pinions set  
 To rhythmic curves of slow, majestic flight,  
 They rose into the measureless blue height,  
 Undaunted, radiant—I see them yet.

I see them yet! for when I turn my eyes  
 Beyond the city walls of my despise,  
 Behold their buoyant forms still sweep the skies  
 Like spirits of the air, incarnate, bright,  
 And something untamed in me seems to rise  
 And with them breast those boundless seas of light!

HELENA COLEMAN.

## THE INJUN

*(An incident of the Minnesota massacre of 1862)*

YE say the Injuns all alike,  
 A bad an' sneakin' lot;  
 An' ain't no use for nuthin',  
 So the cusses should be shot?

Well, p'raps they is, and p'raps they ain't,  
 A lazy wuthless crowd;  
 Yet durn my skin if I kin see  
 Why white men chin so loud.

Ef some o' them poor devils kicks  
 'Cause things ain't run quite squar;  
 An' jumps an Indian agent's ranch,  
 An' yanks his bloomin' har,

Thar' ain't no thought uv causes,  
 An' no one cares a cuss,

It's jes' call out the Blue Coats,  
An' give 'em somethin' wuss.

Thar's good an' bad in Injuns  
An' thar's good an' bad in White;  
But somehow they is always wrong,  
An' we is allus right.

But I'm an old, old timer,  
I've jes' bin here so long,  
That I kin mostly allus tell  
The ones that's right an' wrong.

An' ye can bet yer sainted life,  
When things get steamin' hot,  
That some white fool or knave has lit  
The fire that biles the pot.

Ye think the Injun isn't squar',  
That's jes' whar' ye mistake;  
For bein' true to them that's true  
The Injun scoops the cake.

For I kin tell ye what occur'd  
Way back in sixty-two,  
When things in Minnesota State  
Wuz lookin' kinder blue.

The Sioux wer up an' on the shoot,  
A-slingin' round their lead,  
An' scalpin' every mother's son  
That wasn't bald or dead.

Thar warn't a living Yankee—  
An' lots sing brave and bold—  
That would have crossed the plains alone  
For a waggon-load uv gold.

'Cause why? We know'd the Guv'ment  
Wuzn't treatin' Injuns fair;  
That's why they riz an' painted things  
An' raised the settlers' har.

## The Injun

That summer a fur trader  
Came up from Montreal,  
An' on his way to Gany  
He landed at Saint Paul.

An' all the guides an' hunters said  
He couldn't cross the plains,  
Fo them thar' painted devils  
Wuz layin' low fer trains.

He only laffed and said he know'd  
The Injuns all his life,  
An' he wuz goin' to mosey through  
An' take along his wife.

An' she, you bet, wuz plucky,  
An' said she'd go along,  
For Injuns only went for them  
As allus done them wrong.

Now I should smile, 'twuz risky—  
An' all the fellers sed  
The chances of thar gettin' through  
Warn't worth an ounce of lead.

But sure's yer born they started,  
Right out the northern trail,  
Aboard a prairie schooner,  
With a Texan steer fer sail.

An' right a-top that creekin' cart,  
Upon the highest rack  
That trader nailed a bloomin' rag—  
An English Union Jack.

So thar' he'd gone an' done it,  
Es stubborn as a mule;  
An' knowin' fellers said we's seen  
The last of that damn fool.

They wuzn't long upon the trail  
Before a band of Reds

Got on their tracks, an' foller'd up  
Agoin' to shave thair heads.

But when they see that little flag  
A-stickin' on that cart  
They jes' said, "Hudson Bay, go on.  
Good trader with good heart!"

An' when they struck the river,  
An' took to their canoe,  
'Twuz that thar' bit of culler  
That seen 'em safely through.

Fer that cussed little rag  
Went floatin' through the state—  
A-flappin' in the face uv death,  
An' smilin' right at fate.

That wuz the way them 'tarnal fools  
Crossed them thar' blazin' plains,  
An' floated down the windin' Red  
Through waves with bloody stains.

What give that flag its virtoo?  
What's thar' in red an' blue,  
To make a man an' woman dar'  
What others doesn't do?

Jes' this—an' Injuns knowed it—  
That whar' them cullers flew  
The men that lived beneath them  
Wuz mostly straight an' true.

That when they made a bargain,  
'Twuz jes' as strong an' tight  
As if 'twere drawn on sheep-skin,  
An' signed in black an' white.

That's how them Hudson traders done,  
Fer mor'n two hundred year;  
That's why that trader feller crossed  
Them plains without a fear,

An' jes' so long es white men  
 Don't try some little game,  
 To euchre out the red man,  
 So long he'll act the same.

But when the men beneath that flag  
 Tries any monkey ways,  
 Then, good-bye, old time friendship,  
 Fer the Injuns goin' to raise.

But jes' believe me, onst fer all,  
 To them that treats him fair,  
 The Injun mostly allus wuz,  
 And is, and will be, square.

JOHN E. LOGAN.

### THE HURON CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

THE dusky warriors stood in groups around the funeral pyre;  
 The scowl upon their knitted brows betrayed their vengeful  
 ire.

It needed not the cords, the stake, the rites so stern and rude,  
 To tell it was to be a scene of cruelty and blood. . . .

O lovely was that winsome child of a dark and rugged line,  
 And e'en 'mid Europe's daughters fair, surpassing she might  
 shine:

For ne'er had coral lips been wreathed by brighter, sunnier  
 smile,

Or dark eyes beamed with lustrous light more full of winsome  
 wile.

And yet it was not wonderful, that haughty high-born grace,  
 She stood amid her direst foes a princess of her race;

Knowing they'd met to wreak on her their hatred 'gainst her  
 name,

To doom her to a fearful death, to pangs of fire and flame. . . .

## The Huron Chief's Daughter 137

One moment—then her proud glance fled, her form she  
humbly bowed,

A softened light stole o'er her brow, she prayed to heaven  
aloud:

"Hear me, Thou great and glorious One, Protector of my  
race,

Whom in the far-off Spirit-land I'll soon see face to face!

"Pour down Thy blessings on my tribe, may they triumphant  
rise

Above the guileful Iroquois—Thine and our enemies;

And give me strength to bear each pang with courage high  
and free,

That, dying thus, I may be fit to reign, O God, with Thee."

Her prayer was ended, and again, like crowned and sceptred  
queen,

She wore anew her lofty smile, her high and royal mien,

E'en though the chief the signal gave, and quick two warriors  
dire

Sprang forth to lead the dauntless girl to the lit funeral pyre.

Back with an eye of flashing scorn recoiled she from their  
grasp,

"Nay, touch me not, I'd rather meet the coil of poisoned asp!

My aged sire and all my tribe will learn with honest pride

That, as befits a Huron's child, their chieftain's daughter  
died."

She dashed aside her tresses dark with bright and fearless  
smile,

And like a fawn she bounded on the fearful funeral pile;

And even while those blood-stained men fulfilled their cruel  
part

They praised that maiden's courage rare, her high and  
dauntless heart.

MRS. LEPROHON.

## HOW THE MOHAWKS SET OUT FOR MEDOCTEC

When invading Mohawks captured the outlying Melicite village of Madawaska, they spared two squaws to guide them down stream to the main Melicite town of Medoctec below Grand Falls. The squaws steered themselves and their captors over the Falls.

## I

Grows the great deed, though none  
Shout to behold it done!  
To the brave deed done by night  
Heaven testifies in the light.

Stealthy and swift as a dream,  
Crowding the breast of the stream,  
In their paint and plumes of war,  
And their war canoes four-score,

They are threading the Oolastook,  
Where his cradling hills outlook,  
The branchy thickets hide them;  
The unstartled waters guide them.

## II

Comes night to the quiet hills  
Where the Madawaska spills—  
To his slumbering huts no warning,  
Nor mirth of another morning!

No more shall the children wake  
As the dawns through the hut-door break;  
But the dogs, a trembling pack,  
With wistful eyes steal back.

And to pilot the noiseless foe  
Through the perilous passes, go  
Two women who could not die—  
Whom the knife in the dark passed by.

III

Where the shoaling waters froth,  
Churned thick like devil's broth,  
Where the rocky shark-jaw waits,  
Never a bark that grates.

And the tearless captives' skill  
Contents them. Onward still!  
And the low-voiced captives tell  
The tidings that cheer them well:

How a clear stream leads them down  
Well-nigh to Medoctec town,  
Ere to the Great Falls' thunder  
The long wall yawns asunder.

IV

The clear stream glimmers before them,  
The faint night fallen o'er them;  
Lashed lightly bark to bark,  
They glide the windless dark.

Late grows the night. No fear  
While the skilful captives steer!  
Sleeps the tired warrior, sleeps  
The chief; and the river creeps.

V

In the town of the Melicite  
The unjarred peace is sweet,  
Green grows the corn and great,  
And the hunt is fortunate.

This many a heedless year  
The Mohawks come not near.  
The lodge-gate stands unbarred;  
Scarce even a dog keeps guard.

No mother shrieks from a dream  
Of blood on the threshold stream—  
But the thought of those mute guides  
Is where the sleeper bides!



## VI

Gets forth those caverned walls  
No roar from the giant Falls,  
Whose mountainous foam treads under  
The abyss of awful thunder.

But the river's sudden speed!  
How the ghost-grey shores recede!  
And the tearless pilots hear  
A muttering voice creep near.

A tremor! The blanched waves leap,  
The warriors start from sleep.  
Faints in the sudden blare  
The cry of their despair,

And the captives' death chant shrills,  
But afar, remote from ills,  
Quiet under the quiet skies,  
The Melicite village lies.

C. G. D. ROBERTS.

## SILHOUETTE

THE sky-line melts from russet into blue,  
Unbroken the horizon, saving where  
A wreath of smoke curls up the far thin air,  
And points the distant lodges of the Sioux.

Etched where the lands and cloudlands touch and die  
A solitary Indian tepee stands,  
The only habitation of these lands,  
That roll their magnitude from sky to sky.

The tent poles lift and loom in their relief,  
The upward floating smoke ascends between,  
And near the open doorway, gaunt and lean,  
And shadow-like there stands an Indian chief.

With eyes that lost their lustre long ago,  
 With visage fixed and stern as fate's decree,  
 He looks towards the empty west, to see  
 The never-coming herd of buffalo.

Only the bones that bleach upon the plains,  
 Only the fleshless skeletons that lie  
 In ghastly nakedness and silence, cry  
 Out mutely that naught else to him remains.

## THE QUILL WORKER

PLAINS, plains, and the prairie land which the sunlight floods  
 and fills,  
 To the west the open country, southward the Cypress hills;  
 Never a bit of woodland, never a rill that flows,  
 Only a stretch of cactus beds, and the wild, sweet prairie rose;  
 Never a habitation, save where in the far south-west,  
 A solitary tepee lifts its solitary crest,  
 Where Neykia in the doorway, crouched in the red sunshine,  
 Broiders her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine.

Neykia, the Sioux chieftain's daughter, she with the foot that  
 flies,  
 She with the hair of midnight, and the wondrous midnight  
 eyes,  
 She with the deft, brown fingers, she with the soft, slow  
 smile,  
 She with the voice of velvet, and the thoughts that dream the  
 while,  
 "Whence come the vague to-morrows? Where do the  
 yesters fly?  
 What is beyond the border of the prairie and the sky?  
 Does the maid in the Land of Morning sit in the red sunshine,  
 Broidering her buckskin mantle with the quills of the  
 porcupine?"

So Neykia in the westland wonders and works away,  
 Far from the fret and the folly of the "Land of waking day."

And many the pale-faced trader who stops at the tepee door  
For a smile from the sweet, shy worker, and a sigh when the  
hour is o'er.

For they know of a young red hunter who oftentimes has  
stayed

To rest and smoke with her father, tho' his eyes were on the  
maid;

And the moons will not be many ere she in the red sunshine  
Will broider his buckskin mantle with the quills of the por-  
cupine.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## THE FORSAKEN

### I

ONCE in the winter,  
Out on a lake  
In the heart of the Northland,  
Far from the fort  
And far from the hunters,  
A Chippewa woman  
With her sick baby,  
Crouched in the last hours  
Of a great storm.  
Frozen and hungry,  
She fished through the ice  
With a line of the twisted  
Bark of the cedar,  
And a rabbit-bone hook  
Polished and barbed;  
Fished with the bare hook  
All through the day,  
Fished and caught nothing;  
While the young chieftain  
Tugged at her breasts,  
Or slept in the lacings  
Of the warm *tikanagan*.<sup>1</sup>  
All the lake surface  
Steamed with the hissing

<sup>1</sup> Tikanagan is Opbeway word for Indian cradle.

Of millions of ice flakes,  
Hurled by the wind;  
Behind her the sound  
Of a lonely island  
Roared like a fire  
With the voice of the storm  
In the deep of the cedars.  
Valiant, unshaken,  
She took of her own flesh,  
Baited the fish-hook,  
Drew in a gray trout,  
Drew in his fellow,  
Heaped them beside her  
Dead in the snow.  
Valiant, unshaken,  
She faced the long distance,  
Wolf-haunted and lonely,  
Sure of her goal  
And the life of her dear one;  
Tramped for two days,  
On the third in the morning,  
Saw the strong bulk  
Of the fort by the river,  
Saw the wood smoke  
Hang soft in the spruces,  
Heard the keen yelp  
Of the ravenous huskies<sup>1</sup>  
Fighting for white fish:  
Then she had rest.

## II

Years and years after;  
When she was old and withered,  
When her son was an old man  
And his children filled with vigour,  
They came in their northern tour on the verge of winter,  
To an island in a lonely lake.  
There one night they camped, and on the morrow  
Gathered their kettles and birch-bark,  
Their rabbit-skin robes and their mink-traps,  
Launched their canoes and slunk away through the islands,

<sup>1</sup> Huskies—sledge dogs.

Left her alone forever,  
Without a word of farewell,  
Because she was old and useless,  
Like a paddle worn and warped,  
Or a pole that was splintered.  
Then, without a sigh,  
Valiant, unshaken,  
She smoothed her dark locks under her kerchief,  
Composed her shawl in state,  
Then folded her hands ridged with sinews and corded with  
veins,  
Folded them across her breasts spent with the nourishing of  
children,  
Gazed at the sky past the tops of the cedars,  
Saw two spangled nights arise out of the twilight,  
Saw two days go by filled with the tranquil sunshine,  
Saw without pain or dread, or even a moment of longing:  
Then on the third great night there came thronging and  
thronging  
Millions of snowflakes out of a windless cloud;  
They covered her close with a beautiful crystal shroud,  
Covered her deep and silent.  
But in the frost of the dawn,  
Up from the life below,  
Rose a column of breath  
Through a tiny cleft in the snow,  
Fragile, delicately drawn,  
Wavering with its own weakness,  
In the wilderness a sign of the spirit,  
Persisting still in the light of the sun  
Till day was done.  
Then all light was gathered up by the hand of God and hid in  
His breast,  
Then there was born a silence deeper than silence,  
Then she had rest.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The story is true. Told the author by the Hudson Bay Company's factor at Nepigon House.

## THE HALF-BREED GIRL

SHE is free of the trap and the paddle,  
 The portage and the trail,  
 But something behind her savage life  
 Shines like a fragile veil.

Her dreams are undiscovered,  
 Shadows trouble her breast,  
 When the time for resting cometh  
 Then least is she at rest.

Oft in the morns of winter,  
 When she visits the rabbit snares,  
 An appearance floats in the crystal air  
 Beyond the balsam firs.

Oft in the summer mornings  
 When she strips the nets of fish,  
 The smell of the dripping net-twine  
 Gives to her heart a wish.

But she cannot learn the meaning  
 Of the shadows in her soul,  
 The lights that break and gather,  
 The clouds that part and roll,

The reek of rock-built cities,  
 Where her fathers dwelt of yore,  
 The gleam of loch and shealing,  
 The mist on the moor,

Frail traces of kindred kindness,  
 Of feud by hill and strand,  
 The heritage of an age-long life  
 In a legendary land.

She wakes in the stifling wigwam,  
 Where the air is heavy and wild,  
 She fears for something or nothing  
 With the heart of a frightened child.

She sees the stars turn slowly  
Past the tangle of the poles,  
Through the smoke of the dying embers,  
Like the eyes of dead souls.

Her heart is shaken with longing  
For the strange, still years,  
For what she knows and knows not,  
For the wells of ancient tears.

A voice calls from the rapids,  
Deep, careless, and free,  
A voice that is larger than her life  
Or than her death shall be.

She covers her face with her blanket,  
Her fierce soul hates her breath,  
As it cries with a sudden passion  
For life or death.

#### ON THE WAY TO THE MISSION

THEY dogged him all one afternoon  
Through the bright snow,  
Two white men servants of greed;  
He knew that they were there,  
But he turned not his head;  
He was an Indian trapper;  
He planted his snow-shoes firmly,  
He dragged the long toboggan  
Without rest.

The three figures drifted  
Like shadows in the mind of a seer;  
The snow-shoes were the whisperers  
On the threshold of awe;  
The toboggan made the sound of wings,  
A wood pigeon sloping to her nest.

The Indian's face was calm,  
He strode with the sorrow of fore-knowledge,  
But his eyes were jewels of content  
Set in circles of peace.

They would have shot him;  
But momentarily in the deep forest,  
They saw something flit by his side;  
Their hearts stopped with fear.

Then the moon rose.  
They would have left him to the spirit,  
But they saw the long toboggan  
Rounded well with furs,  
With many a silver fox-skin,  
With the pelts of mink and otter,  
They were the servants of greed;  
When the moon grew brighter  
And the spruces were dark with sleet,  
They shot him.

When he fell on a shield of moonlight  
One of his arms clung to his burden;  
The snow was not melted:  
The spirit passed away—  
Then the servants of greed  
Tore off the cover to count their gains;  
They shuddered away into the shadows,  
Hearing each the loud heart of the other,  
Silence was born.

There in the tender moonlight,  
As sweet as they were in life,  
Glimmered the ivory features  
Of the Indian's wife.

In the manner of Montagnai's women  
Her hair was rolled with braid;  
Under her waxen fingers  
A crucifix was laid.



He was drawing her down to the mission,  
To bury her there in the spring,  
When the blood root comes and the windflower  
To silver everything.

But as a gift of plunder  
Side by side were they laid,  
The moon went on with her setting  
And covered them with shade.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

### THUNDERCHILD'S LAMENT

WHEN the years grew worse, and the tribe longed sore  
For a kinsman bred to the white man's lore,  
To the mission school they sent forth me  
From the hunting life and the skin tepee.

In the mission school eight years I wrought  
Till my heart grew strange to its boyhood's thought,  
Then the white men sent me forth from their ways  
To the Blackfoot lodge and the roving days.

"He tells of their God," said the chiefs when I spake,  
"But naught of the magic our foemen make,  
'Tis a Blackfoot heart, with a white man's fear,  
And all skill forgot that could help him here."

*For the mission priest had bent my will  
From the art to steal and the mind to kill,  
Then out from the life I had learned sent me  
To the hungry plain and the dim tepee.*

When the moon of March was great and round,  
No meat for my father's teeth I found;  
When the moon of March was curved and thin,  
No meat for his life could hunting win.

Wide went the track of my snow-shoe mesh,  
Deep was the white, and it still fell fresh

Far on the foothills, far on the plain,  
When I searched for the elk and grouse in vain.

In the lodge lay my father, grim in the smoke,  
His eyes pierced mine as the gray dawn broke,  
He gnawed on the edge of the buffalo hide,  
And I must be accurst if my father died.

He spoke with wail, " In the famine year  
When my father starved as I starve here,  
Was my heart like the squaw's who has fear to slay  
'Mongst the herds of the white man far away? "

*From the mission school they sent forth me  
To the gaunt wild life of the dark tepee ;  
With the fear to steal, and the dread to kill,  
And the love of Christ they had bent my will.*

But my father gnawed on the buffalo hide;  
Toward the sunrise trod my snow-shoe stride,  
Straight to the white man's herd it led,  
Till the sun sank down at my back in red.

Next dawn was bleak when I slew the steer,  
And I ate of the raw, and it gave me cheer;  
So I set my feet in the track once more,  
With my father's life in the meal I bore.

Far strode the herder, fast on my trail;  
Noon was high when I heard his hail;  
I fled in fear, but my feet moved slow,  
For the load I shouldered sunk them low.

Then I heard no sound but the creak and clack,  
Of his snow-shoes treading my snow-shoe track,  
And I saw never help in plain or sky  
Save that he should die, or my father die.

*The mission priest had broke my will,  
With the curse on him who blood would spill,  
But my father starved in the black tepee,  
And the cry of his starving shrieked to me.*

The white world reeled to its cloudy rim,  
 The plain reeled red as I knelt by him—  
 Oh, the spot in the snow, how it pulsed and grew,  
 How it cried from the snow-white up to the blue!

*For the mission priest had sent forth me  
 To the work and deeds of the wild tepee,  
 Yet the fear of God's strong curse fulfilled  
 Cried with the blood that would not be stilled.*

They found me not while the year was green,  
 And the rose blew sweet where the slain had been,  
 They found me not when the fall-flowers flare,  
 But the red in the snow was ever there.

To the jail I fled from the safe tepee,  
 And the mission priest will send forth me,  
 A Blackfoot soul cleansed white from stain—  
 Yet never the red spot fades from the plain.

It glares in my eyes when sunbeams fall,  
 Through the iron gate of my stone-grey wall,  
 And I see, through starlight, foxes go  
 To track and to taste of the ruddy snow.

E. W. THOMSON.

## TAAPOOKAA

*(A Huron Legend)*

THE clouds roll over the pine trees,  
 Like waves that are charged with ire;  
 Golden and glory-hued their crests,  
 Ablaze with a gorgeous fire.

The sun has gone down in splendour,  
 The heavens are wild with flame,  
 And all the horizon is burning  
 With colours that have no name.

And over the mighty forests  
 The mystical hues are spread,

As calm as the smiles of angels,  
As still as the peaceful dead.

And the isle serene and thoughtful,  
And the river deep in dreams,  
And the purple cliff in the distance,  
Are robed with the glory-gleams,

Until earth seems a sacred temple,  
Where spirits of light have trod,  
Where man should not dare to enter;  
Too sacred for aught but God.

Calm eve over lovely Huron,  
Calm eve in the sombre wild,  
And over the rude bark wigwam  
Of the swarthy forest child.

There's a gathering of the red men,  
Of their youths and maidens fair,  
Of the mothers of braves and heroes,  
And the feast is spreading there.

From the banks of the Cadaraiqui,  
From Niagara's solitudes,  
Where the song of the Water-Spirit  
Rolled vast through the primal woods;

From Superior's rocky défiles,  
Her grand and rugged shores,  
From Otuwa and blue-waved Erie,  
Came the Chiefs and Sagamores,

Bringing gifts from the distant lodges,  
Rare gifts for the lovely bride—  
Taapookaa, the fairest maiden  
That ever for true love sighed.

Taapookaa, the loved, the lovely,  
No beauty was there like hers,  
And through all the tribes of the forest  
The braves were her worshippers,

But where is her young Sioux lover,  
The pride of her trusting heart?  
The brave that her love has chosen,  
Whose life is of hers a part.

Away from the bridal revels,  
Away from the feast he roves,  
Alone over lonely rivers,  
Alone in the lonely groves!

Taapookaa must wed another  
The chief of a neighbouring tribe;  
Neither force nor friends can save her,  
Neither tears nor prayer can bribe!

For this have the chieftains gathered,  
Great chiefs from the wilds afar;  
They have prayed to Manitou freely,  
And saluted the bridal star.

All things for the feast are ready,  
All ripe for the revelry,  
And the bridegroom-chief is waiting—  
But Taapookaa, where is she?

Like the zephyr that bends the flowers,  
That bendeth but may not break,  
So lightly her footstep treadeth  
The cliff o'er the calmy lake.

The stars are all weeping for her,  
The moon has a look forlorn,  
For the beautiful maid all blushes,  
All blushes, and truth, and scorn!

The breeze has a mournful cadence,  
A sigh for the fairest fair;  
It cooleth her maiden blushes,  
And fingers her jetty hair.

Like a tragic queen she standeth  
On the jagged cliff alone;

All nature has paused to shudder,  
And the stricken forests moan.

A prayer for her young Sioux lover,  
That wanders the wilds forlorn,  
And she leaps from the cliff, all daring,  
And maidenly truth, and scorn.

At night when the stars are shining,  
And the moon, with silvery hue,  
Illumines the lake with radiance,  
Is seen a white canoe;

Two shadowy forms within it,  
Two faces that seem to smile—  
The maid and her brave Sioux lover  
Returned from the Spirit Isle.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

## THE LEGEND OF QU'APELLE VALLEY

I AM the one who loved her as my life,  
Had watched her grow to sweet young womanhood;  
Won the dear privilege to call her wife,  
And found the world, because of her, was good.

I am the one who heard the spirit voice,  
Of which the pale-face settlers love to tell;  
From whose strange story they have made their choice  
Of naming this fair valley the "Qu'Apelle."

She had said fondly in my eager ear:  
"When Indian summer smiles with dusky lip,  
Come to the lakes, I will be first to hear  
The welcome music of thy paddle dip.  
I will be first to lay in thine my hand,  
To whisper words of greeting on the shore;  
And when thou would'st return to thine own land,  
I'll go with thee, thy wife for evermore."

## 154 The Legend of Qu'Apelle Valley

Not yet a leaf had fallen, nor a tone  
Of frost upon the plain, ere I set forth,  
Impatient to possess her as my own—  
This queen of all the women of the North.  
I rested not at even or at dawn,  
But journeyed all the dark and daylight through—  
Until I reached the lakes, and hurrying on,  
I launched upon their bosom my canoe.

Of sleep and hunger then I took no heed,  
But hastened o'er these leagues of waterways;  
But my hot heart outstripped my paddle's speed  
And waited not for distance or for days,  
But flew before me swifter than the blade  
Of magic paddle ever cleaved the lake,  
Eager to lay its love before the maid,  
And watch the love-light in her eyes awake.

So the long days went slowly drifting past;  
It seemed that half my life must intervene  
Before the morrow, when I said at last—  
“One more day's journey and I win my queen!”  
I rested then, and drifted, dreamed the more  
Of all the happiness I was to claim—  
When suddenly from out the shadowed shore  
I heard a voice speak tenderly my name.

“Who calls?” I answered; no reply; and long  
I stilled my paddle blade and listened. Then  
Above the night-wind's melancholy song  
I heard distinctly that strange voice again—  
A woman's voice, that through the twilight came  
Like to a soul unborn—a song unsung.  
I leaned and listened—Yes, she spake my name,  
And then I answered in the quaint French tongue,  
“Qu'Apelle? Qu'Apelle?” No answer, and the night  
Seemed stiller for the sound, till round me fell  
The far-off echoes from the far-off height—  
“Qu'Apelle?” my voice came back, “Qu'Apelle?  
Qu'Apelle?”  
This—and no more; I called aloud until  
I shuddered as the gloom of night increased,

## The Legend of Qu'Apelle Valley 155

And like a pallid spectre wan and chill  
The moon rose in silence from the East.

I dare not linger on the moment when  
My boat I beached beside her tepee door;  
I heard the wail of women and of men,  
I saw the death-fires lighted on the shore.  
No language tells the torture or the pain,  
The bitterness that flooded all my life,  
When I was led to look on her again,  
That queen of women pledged to be my wife.

To look upon the beauty of her face,  
The still closed eyes, the lips that knew no breath;  
To look to learn—to realise my place  
Had been usurped by my one rival—Death.  
A storm of wrecking sorrow beat and broke  
About my heart, and life shut out its light  
Till through my anguish some one gently spoke,  
And said, "twice did she call for thee last night."  
I started up—and bending o'er my dead,  
Asked when did her sweet lips in silence cease.  
"She called thy name—then passed away," they said,  
"Just on the hour whereat the moon arose."  
Among the lonely lakes I go no more,  
For she who made their beauty is not there;  
The pale face loves his tepee on the shore  
And says the vale is fairest of the fair.

Full many years have vanished since, but still  
The voyageurs beside the camp fire tell  
How, when the moon rise tips the distant hill,  
They hear strange voices through the silence swell.  
The pale face loves the haunted lakes, they say,  
And journeys far to watch their beauty spread  
Before his vision; but to me the day,  
The night, the hour, the seasons all are dead.  
I listen heartsick, while the hunters tell  
Why white men named the valley the Qu'Apelle.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



THE PASSING OF CLOTE-SCARP (OR GLOOSCAP)<sup>1</sup>

HARK! through the twilight stillness,  
Across the sleeping lake,  
What notes of mournful cadence  
The charmed stillness break!

Is it a wailing spirit  
That lingers on its flight,  
Or voice of human sorrow  
That echoes through the night?

Nay, not from man or spirit  
Does that weird music flow;  
'Tis the bird that waits for Clote-Scarp,  
As the ages come and go.

. . . . .  
Still in the Micmac lodges  
Is the old story told  
How Clote-Scarp passed, and ended  
Acadia's age of gold;

In the primeval forests,  
In the happy old days,  
The men and beasts lived peaceful  
Among the woodland ways.

The forest knew no spoiler;  
No timid beast or bird  
Feared fang or spear or arrow;  
No cry of pain was heard;

For all loved gentle Clote-Scarp,  
And Clote-Scarp loved them all,  
And men and beasts and fishes  
Obeyed his welcome call.

<sup>1</sup> Clote-Scarp or Glooscap is the Micmac Hiawatha, with something of the western Balder and Hiawatha combined.

The birds came circling round him  
With carols gay and sweet;  
The little wilding blossoms  
Sprang smiling at his feet.

All spake one simple language,  
And Clote-Scarp understood,  
And in his tones of music,  
Taught them that love was good!

But in the course of ages  
An alien spirit woke,  
And men and woodland creatures  
Their peaceful compact broke.

Then through the gloomy forest  
The hunter tracked his prey;  
The bear and wolf went roaming  
To ravage and to slay;

Through the long reeds and grasses  
Stole out the slimy snake;  
The hawk pounced on the nestling,  
Close cowering in the brake;

The beaver built his stronghold  
Beneath the river's flow;  
The partridge sought the covert  
Where beeches closest grow.

In mute and trembling terror  
Each timid creature fled,  
To seek the safest refuge  
And hide its hunted head!

In sorrow and in anger  
The gentle Clote-Scarp spake:  
"My soul can bear no longer  
The havoc that ye make!

"Ye will not heed my bidding;  
I cannot stay your strife,  
And so I needs must leave you  
Till love renew your life."

. . . . .

## The Passing of Clote-Scarp

Then by the great wide water  
He made a parting feast;  
The men refused his bidding,  
But there came bird and beast.

There came the bear and walrus,  
The wolf with bristling crest;  
There came the busy beaver,  
The deer with bounding breast;

There came the mink and otter,  
The seal with wistful eyes;  
The birds in countless numbers,  
With sad imploring cries!

But when the feast was over  
He launched his bark canoe;  
The wistful creatures watched him  
Swift gliding from their view.

They heard his far-off singing  
Through the fast-falling night,  
Till on the dim horizon  
He vanished from their sight!

And then a wail of sorrow  
Went up from one and all,  
Then echoed through the twilight  
The loon's long mournful call.

But all in vain the wailing,  
In vain that wistful cry,  
Alone, through deepening shadows,  
The echoes made reply!

. . . . .  
Still, through the twilight echoes  
That cadence wild and shrill,  
But on a blessed island  
Clote-Scarp is waiting still.

No darkness, cold, or tempest  
Comes near that happy spot;  
It fears no touch of winter,  
For winter's self is not.

And there waits gentle Clote-Scarp  
 Till happier days shall fall,  
 Till strife be fled for ever,  
 And Love be Lord of all!

AGNES MAUDE MACHAR.

### FROM "SONG WAVES"

PURE lily, open on the breast  
 Of toiling waters' much unrest,  
 Thy simple soul mounts up in worship  
 Like ecstasy of a spirit blest!

Thy wealth of ivory and gold,  
 All that thou hast, thou dost unfold!  
 Fixed in the unseen thy life breathes upward  
 A heavenly essence from out earth's mould.

Now comes the chill and dark of night,  
 Folds up thy precious gold and white!

Thy casket sinks within veiled bosom,  
 To ope the richer on to-morrow's light.

THEODORE H. RAND.

### DAWN

THE night had brooded long, the air was chill,  
 Across the open fields the frost bit deep,  
 The restless, formless mists, that seemed to creep  
 Like ghostly wraiths, had swallowed up the hill;  
 The sombre pines had ceased their plaint of ill  
 But yet uplifted pleading arms; the sheep  
 And stiff-necked kine were huddled half asleep,  
 And all the forest hung inert and still;

When on the silence fell a tenser hush,  
 A film of greyness smote the dark and spread,  
 And slowly in the east a trembling flush  
 Shot upward, till the sullen mists, withdrawn,  
 Showed all the vanquished shadows fled,  
 And myriad heralds cried, "The Dawn! The Dawn!"

HELENA COLEMAN.

## AT WAKING

WHEN I shall go to sleep and wake again  
At dawning in another world than this,  
What will atone to me for all I miss?  
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,  
The press of leaves against my window pane,  
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,  
The moon's enchantment and the twilight kiss  
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.

Will not my soul remember evermore  
The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,  
The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush  
Of roses through the summer's open door;  
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring  
At evening with the singing of the thrush?

## THE SUNFLOWERS

WHEN lamps are out and voices fled,  
And moonlight floods the earth like rain,  
I steal outside and cross the lane  
And stand beside the sunflower bed;  
Each blind, unopened face is turned  
To where the western glories burned,  
As though the sun might come again  
With some last word he left unsaid.

When dawn with slender shining hand  
Inscribes a message on the wall,  
I follow at the silent call  
To where my tall sun-lovers stand.  
Their wistful heads are lifted high  
Toward the flaming eastern sky,  
As though some voice had turned them all,  
Some secret voice of strong command.

Ah, should I from the windowed height  
Keep vigil in the room above  
And see them lightly, surely move  
Through the chill stretches of the night,  
Would not the heart within me burn,  
As loyally I watched them turn,

With sweet undoubting faith and love  
From vanished light to dawning light?

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

### ORIGINS

Out of the dreams that heap  
The hollow hand of sleep,  
Out of the dark sublime,  
The echoing deeps of time,  
From the averted Face  
Beyond the bournes of space,  
Into the sudden sun  
We journey, one by one.  
Out of the hidden shade  
Wherein desire is made,  
Out of the pregnant stir  
Where death and life confer,  
The dark and mystic heat  
Where soul and matter meet,  
The enigmatic will,  
We start, and then are still.

Inexorably decreed  
By the ancestral deed,  
The puppets of our sires,  
We work out blind desires,  
And for our sons ordain  
The blessing or the bane.  
In ignorance we stand  
With fate on either hand,  
And question stars and earth  
Of life, and death, and birth.

## The Prospector

With wonder in our eyes  
 We scan the kindred skies,  
 While through the common grass  
 Our atoms mix and pass.  
 We feel the sap go free  
 When spring comes to the tree;  
 And in our blood is stirred  
 What warms the brooding bird.

The vital fire we breathe  
 That bird and blade bequeathe,  
 And strength of native clay  
 In our full veins hath sway.  
 But in the urge intense  
 And fellowship of sense,  
 Suddenly comes a word  
 In other ages heard;  
 On a great wind our souls  
 Are borne to unknown goals,  
 And past the bourne of space  
 To the unaverted Face.

C. G. D. ROBERTS.

## THE PROSPECTOR

LURED by the golden glamour of the West,  
 He crossed the pathless plains and scaled the bold  
 Titanic forms that, rising fold on fold,  
 Touch heaven's blue; and toiling, strove to wrest  
 From nature's rugged and reluctant breast  
 The treasure she had hidden there of old—  
 The treasure of her hoarded gold—  
 Seductive hope of many a hapless quest!

For this he left all other hopes behind,  
 And gave his manhood's prime and powers away,  
 Content to be forgotten of his kind—  
 Yet all the while within himself there lay  
 The unregarded treasure of the mind,  
 Deep-buried, priceless, wasting day by day.

HELENA COLEMAN.

## SUNRISE ON THE OCEAN

THE sails are idly hanging from the spars;  
The dreaming waves are crooning lullabies;  
While mounting towards the zenith slowly rise  
With noiseless tread the retiring sentinel stars,  
Whose watch is past. The gate of Orient jars,  
And lo! the golden sun in heavenly guise,  
Divinely glorious sight for angel eyes—  
Comes forth full-robed to meet at heaven's bars  
Her bridegroom, Ocean, with his wealth of ships—  
A galaxy of sails, an endless fleet—  
With which he greets her; and her flaming lips  
Kiss every passing wave which shoreward beat;  
And from the foaming crystal cup she sips  
The life-wine of the flood, and calls it sweet.  
MRS. S. E. SHERWOOD FAULKNER.

## A GOOD WOMAN

HER eyes are the windows of a soul  
Where only the white thoughts spring,  
And they look as the eyes of the angels look,  
For the good in everything.

Her lips can whisper the tenderest words  
That weary and worn can hear,  
Can tell of the dawn of a better morn  
Till only the cowards fear.

Her hands can lift up the fallen one  
From an overthrow complete,  
Can take a soul from the mire of sin  
And lead it to Christ's dear feet.

And she can walk wherever she will—  
She walketh never alone.  
The work she does is the Master's work,  
And God guards well His own.

JEAN BLEWETT.



## A SISTER OF CHARITY

SHE made a nunnery of her life,  
Plain duties hedged it round,  
No echoes of the outer strife  
Could reach its hallowed ground.

Her rule was simple as her creed,  
She tried to do each day  
Some act of kindness that might speed  
A sad soul on its way.

She had no wealth, and yet she made  
So many rich at heart;  
Her lot was hidden, yet she played  
No inconspicuous part.

Some wondered men had passed her by,  
Some said she would not wed,  
I think the secret truth must lie  
Long buried with the dead.

That cheery smile, that gentle touch,  
That heart so free from stain,  
Could have no other source but such  
As lies in conquered pain.

All living creatures loved her well,  
And blessed the ground she trod;  
The pencillings on her Bible tell  
Her communing with God.

And when the call came suddenly,  
And sleep preceded death,  
There was no struggle we could see,  
No hard and laboured breath.

Gently as dawn the end drew nigh;  
Her life had been so sweet,  
I think she did not need to die  
To reach the Master's feet.

F. G. SCOTT.

## BE MERCIFUL TO THE HORSE

Do the beasts of burden that strive and groan  
And writhe and crouch 'neath the pitiless rod—  
Are they never allowed to make their moan  
And lay their wrongs at the feet of God?

All day I've watched from my window high  
The infamous street where the horsewhips hiss,  
And I asked myself, will the day e'er come  
When man will answer for all of this?

For I saw a horse with starting eyes,  
With straining nerves and a throbbing flank;  
I saw him strive till his strength gave out  
And he on the murderous pavement sank;

I heard a curse from a lower beast:  
I heard his whip lash crack like shot:  
I watched and heard till my heart was sore,  
And all the blood in my veins was hot.

Thou wretch with the whip, remember this,  
Remember, thou knight of the curse and rod:  
The voiceless cry of a stricken beast  
Is heard by the pitying ears of God.

R. K. KERNINGHAM.

## SWALLOW SONG

Oh, little hearts, beat home, beat home,  
Here is no place to rest.

Night darkens on the falling foam  
And on the fading west.

Oh, little wings, beat home, beat home,  
Love may no longer roam.

O love has touched the fields of wheat,  
And love has crowned the corn,

## The Shepherd Boy

And we must follow love's white feet  
Thro' all the ways of morn;  
Through all the silver roads of air  
We pass, and have no care.

The silver roads of love are wide,  
O winds that blow, O stars that guide,  
Sweet are the ways that love has trod  
Thro' the clear skies that lead to God;  
But in the cliff-grass love builds deep  
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

## THE SHEPHERD BOY

WHEN the red moon hangs over the fold  
And the cypress shadow is rimmed with gold,  
O little sheep, I have laid me low,  
My face against the old earth's face,  
Where one by one the white moths go  
And the brown bee has his sleeping-place.  
And then I have whispered, "Mother, hear,  
For the owls are awake and the night is near,  
And whether I lay me near or far,  
No lip shall kiss me,  
No eye shall miss me,  
Saving the eye of a cold white star."

And the old brown woman answers mild,  
"Rest you safe on my heart, O child.  
Many a shepherd, many a king,  
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.  
Gwenever's heart is bound with dust,  
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,  
But the bugle moulders, the blade is rust.  
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,  
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.  
Little and lonely,  
Knowing me only,  
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd boy?"

When the wind wakes in the apple tree  
And the shy hare feeds on the wild fern stem,  
I say my prayers to the Trinity,  
The prayers that are three and the charms that are seven  
To the angels guarding the towers of heaven,  
And I lay my head on her raiment's hem,  
Where the young grass darkens the strawberry star,  
Where the iris buds and the bellworts are.  
All night I hear her breath go by,  
Under the arch of the empty sky,  
All night her heart beats under my head,  
And I lie as still as the ancient dead,  
Warm as the young lambs there with the sheep.  
I and no other,  
Close to my mother,  
Fold my hands in her hands and sleep.

## THE IMMORTAL

BEAUTY is still immortal in our eyes.  
When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,  
When the wild grape shall build  
No more her canopies,  
When blows no more the moon-grey thistle seed,  
When the last bell has lulled the white flocks home,  
When the last eve has stilled  
The wandering wind and touched the dying foam,  
When the last moon burns low, and spark by spark  
The little worlds die out along the dark.

Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land  
With clover horns and delicate faint flowers,  
Beauty that bade the showers  
Beat on the violet's face,  
Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place  
And hear new stars come singing from God's hand.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.



AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND



# AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

## THE DOMINION, 1883

OH, fair Ideal, unto whom  
Through days of doubt and nights of gloom,  
Brave hearts have clung, while lips of scorn  
Made mock of thee as but a dream—  
Already on the heights of morn  
We see thy golden sandals gleam,  
And, glimmering through the clouds that wrap thee yet,  
The seven stars that are thy coronet.

Why tarriest thou 'twixt earth and heaven?  
Go forth to meet her, sisters seven!  
'Tis but your welcome she awaits  
Ere, casting off the veil of cloud,  
The bodied Hope of blending States,  
She stands revealed, imperial, proud;  
As from your salutation sprung full-grown,  
With green for raiment and with gold for zone.

From where beneath unclouded skies  
Thy peerless haven glittering lies;  
From where o'er peasant-pastures rove  
The flocks from which thy greatness sprang;  
From vine-clad slope and orange grove:  
From "grave mute wood" the Minstrel sang,  
From Alpine peaks aglow with flush of morn,  
Go forth to meet her, thou, the eldest born.

From where, reverberant at thy feet,  
The billows of two oceans meet;  
From where the rocks thy treasures hide;  
From mart and wharf, and harbour mouth;  
From where the city of thy pride  
Ennobles all the teeming South—  
To meet her, there with loftiest zeal inflamed,  
Go forth, Victoria, queen and queenly named.



And thou, the youngest, yet most fair,  
First to discern, and first to dare;  
    Whose lips sun-smitten earliest spoke  
    The herald-words of coming good,  
And with their clarion summons broke  
    The slumber of the sisterhood—  
Foremost of all thy peers press on to greet  
Her advent, strewing flowers before her feet.

And thou, around whose brow benign  
Vine-leaf and olive intertwine;  
    Upon whose victories the Star  
    Of Peace looks down with no rebuke,  
The weapons of whose warfare are  
    The ploughshare and the pruning hook—  
Take with thee gifts of corn, and wine, and oil,  
To greet thy liege with homage of the soil.

Thou, too, whom last the morning beams  
Wake from thy sleep by peaceful streams,  
    Slow westering to the Indian main—  
    Thou, too, beneath thy later sun  
Conspire with them in glad refrain  
    Of welcome to the coming one,  
And from thy fragrant forests tribute bring  
Of grateful incense for thine offering.

And thou, Pomona of the south,  
Ruddy of cheek and ripe of mouth,  
    Who from thy couch of orchard bloom  
    With fearless foot are wont to stray  
By mountain lakes, or in the gloom  
    Of forest depths unknown of day—  
Be thy shrill greetings borne upon the breeze  
Above the thunder of thy girdling seas.

Nor thou delay, who dwell'st apart,  
To join thy peers with gladsome heart—  
    Whether the summons thee o'er take  
    On icy steep or fruitful plain,  
Or where thy craggy bulwarks break  
    The onslaught of the warring main,

Or find thee couched within some ferny lair,  
Flax-flower and hyacinth mingling with thy hair.

Bind ye the sevenfold cord apace;  
Weave ye the sevenfold wreath to grace  
The brow of her whose avatar  
The mighty mother waits to bless;  
In sevenfold choir be borne afar  
The music of your joyfulness.  
Till o'er the world's disquiet your song prevail—  
Australia Foederata! Hail! All hail!

BRUNTON STEPHENS.

### CHRISTMAS CREEK

PHANTOM streams were in the distance—mocking lights of  
lake and pool—  
Ghosts of trees of soft green lustre—groves of shadows deep  
and cool!  
Yea, some devil ran before them changing skies of brass to  
blue,  
Setting bloom where curse is planted, where a grass blade  
never grew.  
Six there were, and high above them glared a wild and wizened  
sun,  
Ninety leagues from where the waters of the singing valleys  
run.  
There before them, there behind them, was the great, stark,  
stubborn plain,  
Where the dry winds hiss for ever, and the blind earth moans  
for rain!  
Ringed about by tracks of furnace, ninety leagues from  
stream and tree,  
Six there were with wasted faces, working northward to the  
sea!

Ah, the bitter, hopeless desert! Here these broken human  
wrecks  
Trode the wilds, where sand of fire is with the spiteful spinifex,

Toiled through spheres that no bird knows of, where with  
fiery emphasis

Hell hath stamped its awful mind-mark deep on everything  
that is!

Toiled and thirsted, strove and suffered! This was where  
December's breath

As a wind of smiting flame is on weird, haggard wastes of  
death!

*This* was where a withered moon is, and the gleam of weak  
wan star,

And a thunder full of menace sends its mighty voices far!

*This* was where black execrations, from some dark tribunal  
hurled,

Set the brand of curse on all things in the morning of the  
world!

. . . . .

One man yielded—then another—then a lad of nineteen  
years

Reeled and fell,—with English rivers singing softly in his  
ears,

English grasses started round him—then the grace of Sussex  
Lea

Came and touched him with the beauty of a green land by  
the sea!

Old world faces thronged about him—old world voices spoke  
to him;

But his speech was like a whisper, and his eyes were very dim.

In a dream of golden evening, beaming on a quiet strand,

Lay the stranger till a bright One came and took him by the  
hand.

England vanished, died the voices! but he heard a holier  
tone,

And an angel that we know not led him to the lands  
unknown!

. . . . .

Six there were, but three were taken! three were left to  
struggle still;

But against the red horizon flamed a horn of brindled hill!

But beyond the northern skyline, past a wall of steep austere,

Lay the land of light and coolness in an April-coloured year!

## The Hut by the Black Swamp 175

“Courage, brothers!” cried the leader, “On the slope of  
yonder peak  
There are tracts of herb and shadow, and the channels of the  
creek!”  
So they made one last great effort—haled their breasts through  
brake and briar—  
Set their feet on spurs of furnace—grappled spikes and drags  
of fire—  
Fought the stubborn mountain forces, smote down naked,  
natural powers,  
Till they gazed from thrones of Morning on a sphere of  
streams and flowers.

Out behind them was the desert, glaring like a sea of brass!  
Here before them were the valleys, fair with moonlight  
coloured grass!  
At their backs were haggard waste-lands, bickering in a  
wicked blaze!  
In their faces beamed the waters, marching down melodious  
ways!  
Touching was the cool, soft lustre over laps of lawn and lea;  
And majestic was the great road Morning made across the  
sea.  
On the sacred day of Christmas, after seven months of grief,  
Rested three of six who started, on a bank of moss and leaf—  
Rested by a running river in a hushed, a holy week;  
And they named the stream that saved them—named it  
fitly—“Christmas Creek.”

### THE HUT BY THE BLACK SWAMP

Now comes the fierce north-easter—bound  
About with clouds and racks of rain,  
And dry dead leaves go whirling round  
In rings of dust, and sigh like pain  
Across the plain.

## 176 The Hut by the Black Swamp

Now twilight, with a shadowy hand  
Of wild dominionship, doth keep  
Strong hold of hollow straits of land,  
And watery sounds are loud and deep  
By gap and steep.

Keen fitful gusts, that fly before  
The wings of storm, when day hath shut  
Its eyes on mountains, flaw by flaw  
Fleet down, by whistling box-tree butt,  
Against the hut.

And ringed and girt with lurid pomp,  
Far eastern cliffs start up, and take  
Thick, steaming vapours from a swamp  
That lieth like a great blind lake,  
Of face opaque;

The moss that, like a tender grief,  
About an English ruin clings—  
What time the wan autumnal leaf  
Faints, after many wanderings  
On windy wings—

That gracious growth—whose quiet green  
Is as a love in days austere,  
Was never seen—hath never been—  
On slab or roof deserted here  
For many a year.

Nor comes the bird whose speech is song—  
Whose songs are silvery syllables  
That unto glimmering woods belong,  
And deep meandering mountain dells  
By yellow wells.

But rather here the wild-dog halts,  
And lifts the paw, and looks, and howls;  
And here in ruined forest vaults,  
Abide dim, dark, death-featured owls,  
Like monks in cowl.

Across this hut the nettle runs,  
And livid adders make their lair  
In corners dank of suns,  
And out of fœtid furrows stare  
The growths that scare.

Here Summer's grasp of fire is laid  
On bank and slabs that rot, and breed  
Squat ugly things of deadly shade,  
The scorpion and the spiteful seed  
Of centipede.

Unhallowed thunders, harsh and dry,  
And flaming noontides, mute with heat  
Beneath the breathless, brazen sky,  
Upon these rifted rafters beat  
With torrid feet:

And night by night the fitful gale  
Doth carry past the bittern's boom,  
The dingo's yell, the plover's wail,  
While lumbering shadows start, and loom,  
And hiss through gloom:

No sign of grace—no hope of green  
Cool blossomed seasons mark the spot;  
But chained to iron doom, I ween,  
'Tis left like skeleton to rot  
Where ruth is not.

For on this hut hath murder writ,  
With bloody fingers, hellish things;  
And God will never visit it  
With flower or leaf of sweet-faced Springs,  
On gentle wings.

## THE WARRIGAL (WILD DOG OF AUSTRALIA)

The warrigal's lair is pent in bare  
Black rocks at the gorge's mouth;  
It is set in ways, where summer strays  
With the sprites of flame and drouth.  
But when the heights are touched with lights  
Of hoarfrost, sleet, and shine,  
His bed is made of the dead grass-blade  
And the leaves of the windy pine.

Through forest boles the storm-wind rolls,  
Vex't of the sea-driv'n rain;  
And up in the clift, through many a rift  
The voices of torrents complain.  
The sad march-fowl and the lonely owl  
Are heard in the fog-wreaths grey,  
When the warrigal wakes, and listens, and takes  
To the woods that shelter the prey.

In the gully-deep the blind creek sleeps,  
And the silver showery moon  
Glides over the hills, and floats, and fills,  
And dreams in the dark lagoon;  
While halting hard by the station yard,  
Aghast at the hut-flame nigh,  
The warrigal yells and flats and fells  
Are loud with his dismal cry.

On the topmost peak of the mountains bleak  
The south wind sobs, and strays  
Through moaning pine and turpentine,  
And the rippling runnel ways;  
And strong streams flow, and dank mists go,  
Where the warrigal starts to hear  
The watch-dog's bark break sharp in the dark,  
And flees like a phantom of fear.

## AFTER MANY YEARS

THE song that once I dreamed about,  
The tender, touching thing,  
As radiant as the rose without,  
The love of wind and wing;  
The perfect verses, to the tune  
Of woodland music set,  
As beautiful as afternoon,  
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now—  
The ancient fire is cold;  
No ardent lights illumine the brow,  
As in the days of old.  
I cannot dream the dream again;  
But, when the happy birds  
Are singing in the sunny rain,  
I think I hear its words.

I think I hear the echo still  
Of long-forgotten tones,  
When evening winds are on the hill  
And sunset fires the cones;  
But only in the hours supreme,  
With songs of land and sea,  
The lyrics of the leaf and stream,  
This echo comes to me.

No longer doth the earth reveal  
Her gracious green and gold;  
I sit where youth was once, and feel  
That I am growing old.  
The lustre from the face of things  
Is wearing all away;  
Like one who halts with tired wings,  
I rest and muse to-day.

There is a river in the range  
I love to think about;  
Perhaps the searching feet of change  
Have never found it out.



## After Many Years

Ah! often-times I used to look  
Upon its banks, and long  
To steal the beauty of that brook  
And put it in a song.

I wonder if the slopes of moss,  
In dreams so dear to me—  
The falls of flower, and flower-like floss—  
Are as they used to be!  
I wonder if the waterfalls,  
The singers far and fair,  
That gleamed between the wet, green walls,  
Are still the marvels there!

Ah! let me hope that in that place  
Those old familiar things  
To which I turn a wistful face  
Have never taken wings.  
Let me retain the fancy still  
That, past the lordly range,  
There always shines, in folds of hill,  
One spot secure from change!

I trust that yet the tender screen  
That shades a certain nook  
Remains, with all its gold and green,  
The glory of the brook.  
It hides a secret to the birds  
And waters only known:  
The letters of two lovely words—  
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past  
Upon these lines may light,  
The purest verses, and the last,  
That I may ever write:  
She need not fear a word of blame:  
Her tale the flowers keep—  
The wind that heard me breathe her name  
Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain  
The troubled torrent fills,  
I often think I see again  
The river in the hills;  
And when the day is very near,  
And birds are on the wing,  
My spirit fancies it can hear  
The song I cannot sing.

HENRY KENDALL.

### WITH FRENCH TO KIMBERLEY

THE Boers were down on Kimberley with siege and Maxim  
gun;  
The Boers were down on Kimberley their number ten to one!  
Faint were the hopes the British had to make the struggle  
good,  
Defenceless in an open plain the diamond city stood.  
They built them forts from bags of sand, they fought from  
roof and wall,  
They flashed a message to the south: "Help! or the town  
must fall!"  
And down our ranks the order ran to march at dawn of day,  
For French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

He made us march along the line; he made no front attack  
Upon the Magersfontein heights that drove the Scotchmen  
back;  
But eastward over pathless plains by open veldt and vley,  
Across the front of Cronje's force his troopers held their way.  
The springbuck feeding on the flats where Modder river runs,  
Were startled by his horses' hoofs, the rumble of his guns.  
The Dutchman's spies that watched his march from every  
rocky wall  
Rode back in haste: "He marches east! He threatens Jacobs-  
dal."  
Then north he wheeled as wheels the hawk and showed to  
their dismay,  
That French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

## 182      With French to Kimberley

His column was five thousand strong—all mounted men and guns:

There met beneath the world-wide flag, the world-wide Empire's sons;

They came to prove to all the earth that kinship conquers space,

And those who fight the British Isles must fight the British race!

From far New Zealand's flax and fern, from cold Canadian snows,

From Queensland plains, where hot as fire the summer sunshine glows;

And in the front the Lancers rode that New South Wales had sent:

With easy stride across the plain the long lean Walers went. Unknown, untried those squadrons were, but proudly out they drew

Beside the English regiments that fought at Waterloo,  
From every coast, from every clime, they met in proud array,  
To go with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

He crossed the Riet and fought his way towards the Modder bank.

The foemen closed behind his march and hung upon his flank,

The long dry grass was all ablaze, and fierce the veldt fire runs;  
He fought them through a wall of flame that blazed around the guns!

Then limbered up and drove at speed, though horses fell and died;

We might not halt for man or beast on that wild daring ride.  
Black with the smoke and parched with thirst, we pressed the live-long day

Our headlong march to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

We reached the drift at fall of night, and camped across the ford.

Next day from the hills around the Dutchman's cannons roared.

A narrow pass between the hills with guns on either side;  
The boldest man might well turn pale before that pass he tried,

For if the first attack should fail then every hope was gone:  
But French looked once, and only once, and then he said,  
"Push on!"

The gunners plied their guns amain, the hail of shrapnel flew;  
With rifle fire and lancer charge their squadron back we  
threw;

And through the pass between the hills we swept a furious  
fray

And French was through to Kimberley to drive the Boers  
away.

Ay, French was through to Kimberley! And ere the day was  
done

We saw the diamond city stand, lit by the evening sun:  
Above the town the heliograph hung like an eye of flame:  
Around the town the foemen camped—they knew not that we  
came.

But soon they saw us, rank on rank; they heard our squad-  
rons' tread;

In panic fear they left their tents, in hopeless rout they fled;  
And French rode into Kimberley; the people cheered amain,  
The women came with tear-stained eyes to touch his bridle-  
rein,

The starving children lined the streets to raise a feeble cheer,  
The bells rang out a joyous peal to say "Relief is here!"

Ay! We that saw that stirring march are proud that we can  
say

We went with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

### SALTBUSH BILL

Now this is the law of the Overland that all in the West  
obey,

A man must cover with travelling sheep a six-mile stage a  
day;

But this is the law which the drovers make, right easily under-  
stood,

They travel their stage where the grass is bad, but they  
camp where the grass is good;

They camp and they ravage the squatter's grass till never a  
blade remains,  
Then they drift away as the white clouds drift on the edge of  
the saltbush plains,  
From camp to camp and from run to run they battle it hand  
to hand,  
For a blade of grass and the right to pass on the track of the  
Overland.  
For this is the law of the Great Stock Routes, 'tis written in  
white and black—  
The man that goes with a travelling mob must keep to a  
half-mile track;  
And the drovers keep to a half-mile track on the runs where  
the grass is dead,  
But they spread their sheep on a well-grassed run till they go  
with a two-mile spread.  
So the squatters hurry the drovers on from dawn till the fall  
of night,  
And the squatter's dogs and the drover's dogs get mixed in a  
deadly fight;  
Yet the squatter's men, though they hunt the mob, are will-  
ing the peace to keep,  
For the drovers learn how to use their hands when they go  
with the travelling sheep;  
But this is the tale of a Jackaroo<sup>1</sup> that came from a foreign  
strand,  
And the fight that he fought with Saltbush Bill, the King of  
the Overland.

Now Saltbush Bill was a drover tough, as ever the country  
knew,  
He had fought his way on the Great Stock Routes from the  
sea to the Big Barcoo;  
He could tell when he came to a friendly run that gave him  
a chance to spread,  
And he knew where the hungry owners were that hurried his  
sheep ahead;  
He was drifting down in the Eighty drought with a mob that  
could scarcely creep  
(Where the kangaroos by the thousands starve, it is rough  
on the travelling sheep),

<sup>1</sup> New chum, stranger.

And he camped one night at the crossing-place on the edge  
of the Wilga run,

“ We must manage a feed for them here,” he said, “ or the  
half of the mob are done! ”

So he spread them out when they left the camp wherever  
they liked to go,

Till he grew aware of a Jackaroo with a station-hand in tow,  
And they set to work on the straggling sheep, and with many  
a stock whip crack

They forced them on where the grass was dead on the space  
of the half-mile track;

So William prayed that the hand of fate might suddenly  
strike him blue

But he'd get some grass for his starving sheep in the teeth of  
that Jackaroo.

So he turned and he cursed the Jackaroo, he cursed him alive  
or dead,

From the soles of his great unwieldy feet to the crown of his  
ugly head,

With an extra curse on the moke he rode and the cur at his  
heels that ran,

Till the Jackaroo from his horse got down and he went for the  
drover-man;

With the station-hand for his picker-up, though the sheep  
ran loose the while,

They battled it out on the saltbush plain in the regular prize-  
ring style.

Now the new chum fought for his honour's sake, and the  
pride of the English race,

But the drover fought for his daily bread with a smile on his  
bearded face;

So he shifted ground and he sparred for wind and he made it  
a lengthy mill,

And from time to time as his scouts came on they whispered  
to Saltbush Bill—

“ We have spread the sheep with a two-mile spread, and the  
grass it is something grand,

You must stick to him, Bill, for another round for the pride  
of the Overland.”

The new chum made it a rushing fight, though never a blow  
got home,

Till the sun rode high in the cloudless sky and glared on the  
brick-red loam,  
Till the sheep drew into the shelter trees and settled them  
down for rest,  
Then the drover said he would fight no more and he gave his  
opponent best.  
So the new chum rode to the homestead straight and he told  
them a story grand,  
Of the desperate fight that he fought that day with the King  
of the Overland,  
And the tale went home to the public schools of the pluck of  
the English swell,  
How the drover fought for his very life, but blood in the end  
must tell.  
But the travelling sheep and the Wilga sheep were boxed on  
the old man's plain,  
'Twas a full week's work ere they drafted out and hunted  
them off again,  
With a week's good grass in their wretched hides, with a curse  
and a stock whip crack,  
They hunted them off on the road once more to starve on  
the half-mile track;  
And Saltbush Bill, on the Overland, will many a time recite  
How the best day's work that ever he did was the day that  
he lost the fight.

A. B. PATERSON.

### THE SICK STOCKRIDER

HOLD hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay me in  
the shade.  
Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide  
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I sway'd,  
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.  
The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist rack dull and dense,  
The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;  
I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry fence,  
I was dreaming on the limestone cattle camp.  
We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through  
the haze,

And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;  
To southward lay "Katâwa" with the sand peaks all ablaze  
And the flush'd fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.  
Now westward winds the bridle path that leads to Lindis-  
farne,  
And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;  
From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are clear and  
calm,  
You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.  
Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place  
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;  
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase  
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,  
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,  
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white  
wreaths pass,  
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.  
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station  
roofs,  
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,  
With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run of hoofs;  
Ah! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Aye! we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight" and his  
gang,  
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;  
How the sun-dried reed beds crackled, how the flint-strewn  
ranges rang  
To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat."  
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,  
Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dash'd;  
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled under-  
neath!  
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd!

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the  
grey,  
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,  
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers at bay,  
In the creek with stunted box-trees for a blind!



There you grappled with the leader, man to man and horse  
to horse,

And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd;  
He blaz'd away and missed you in that shallow water course—  
A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard.

In these days when life is ebbing, how those days when life  
was young

Come back to us; how clearly I recall  
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem  
Roper sang;  
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Aye! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,

Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;  
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,  
It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes who got in trouble through that business  
with the cards,

It matters little what became of him;  
But a steer ripped up MacPherson in the Cooraminta yards,  
And Sullivan was drowned at Sink-or-Swim;  
And Mostyn — poor Frank Mostyn — died at last a fearful  
wreck

In "the horrors" at the upper Wandinong,  
And Carisbrook, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck,  
Faith! The wonder was he saved his neck so long!

Ah! those days and nights we squandered at the Logans'  
in the glen—

The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.  
Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie then;  
And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,  
And life is short—the longest life a span;

I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,  
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone and gifts mis-spent and resolutions vain,  
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—

I should live the same life over, if I had to live again;  
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees grow dim,

The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;  
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,  
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,

With never stone or rail to fence my bed;  
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,

I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

## WOLF AND HOUND

"The hills like giants at a hunting lay,  
Chin upon hand to see the game at bay."—BROWNING.

You'LL take my tale with a little salt,  
But it needs none, nevertheless;  
I was foiled completely, fairly at fault,  
Dishearten'd too, I confess.  
At the splitters' tent I had seen the track  
Of horsehoofs fresh on the sward,  
And though Darby Lynch and Donovan Jack  
(Who could swear through a ten-inch board)  
Solemnly swore he had not been there,  
I was just as sure that they lied,  
For to Darby all that is foul was fair,  
And Jack for his life was tried.

We had run him for seven miles and more  
As hard as our nags could split;  
At the start they were all too weary and sore,  
And his was quite fresh and fit.  
Young Marsden's pony had had enough  
On the plain, where the chase was hot;  
We breasted the swell of the Bittern's Bluff,  
And Mark couldn't raise a trot;

When the sea, like a splendid silver shield,  
To the southward suddenly lay;  
At the brow of the Beetle the chestnut reel'd,  
And I bid good-bye to McCrea—  
And I was alone when the mare fell lame,  
With a pointed flint in her shoe,  
On the stony flats; I had lost the game,  
And what was a man to do?

I turned away with no fixed intent  
And headed for Hawthorn dell;  
I could neither eat at the splitter's tent  
Nor drink at the splitter's well;  
I knew that they gloried in my mishap,  
And I cursed them between my teeth—  
A blood-red sunset through Brayton's gap  
Flung a lurid fire on the heath.

Could I reach the dell? I had little reck,  
And with scarce a choice of my own  
I threw the reins on Miladi's neck—  
I had freed her foot from the stone.  
That season most of the swamps were dry,  
And after so hard a burst  
In the sultry noon of so hot a sky  
She was keen to appease her thirst—  
Or by instinct urged and impelled by fate—  
I care not to solve these things—  
Certain it was that she took me straight  
To the Warrigal water springs.

I can shut my eyes and recall the ground  
As though it were yesterday—  
With a shelf of the bare grey rocks girt round,  
The springs in their basin lay;  
Woods to the east and wolds to the north  
In the sundown sullenly bloomed;  
Dead black on a curtain of crimson cloth  
Large peaks to the westward loomed.  
I led Miladi through weed and sedge,  
She leisurely drank her fill;  
There was something close to the water's edge,  
And my heart with one bound stood still,

For a horse's shoe and a rider's boot  
 Had left clean prints on the clay;  
 Some one had watered his beast on foot,  
 'Twas he, he had gone—Which way?  
 Then the mouth of the cavern faced me fair,  
 As I turned and fronted the rocks;  
 So at last I had pressed the wolf to his lair,  
 I had run to his earth the fox.

I thought so. Perhaps he was resting. Perhaps  
 He was waiting, watching for me.  
 I examined all my revolver caps,  
 I hitched my mare to a tree—  
 I had sworn to have him, alive or dead,  
 And to give him a chance was loth;  
 He knew his life had been forfeited—  
 He had even heard of my oath.  
 In my stockinged soles to the shelf I crept,  
 I crawled safe into the cave—  
 All silent—if he was there he slept;  
 Not there—all dark as the grave.

Through the crack I could hear the leaden hiss!  
 See the livid face through the flame!  
 How strange it seems that a man should miss  
 When his life depends on his aim!  
 There couldn't have been a better light  
 For him, nor a worse for me.  
 We were cooped up, caged like beasts for a fight,  
 And dumb as dumb beasts were we.

Flash! flash! bang! bang! and we blazed away  
 And the grey roof reddened and rang;  
 Flash! flash! and I felt his bullet flay  
 The tip of my ear. Flash! bang!  
 Bang! flash! and my pistol arm fell broke;  
 I struck with my left hand then—  
 Struck at a corpse through a cloud of smoke—  
 I had shot him dead in his den!

## FROM THE WRECK

"TURN out, boys!"—"What's up with our super to-night?  
The man's mad—Two hours to daybreak I'd swear,  
Stark mad—why there isn't a glimmer of light."

"Take Bolingbroke, Alec, give Jack the young mare,  
Look sharp! A large vessel lies jammed on the reef,

And many on board still, and some washed on shore.  
Ride straight with the news—they may send some relief  
From the township; and we, we can do little more.

You, Alec, you know the near cuts; you can cross  
The "Sugar-loaf" ford with a scramble, I think;  
Don't spare the blood filly, nor yet the black horse.

Should the wind rise, God help them! the ship will soon  
sink.

Old Peter's away down the paddock, to drive  
The nags to the stockyard as fast as he can—  
A life and death matter; so, lads, look alive."

Half dress'd in the dark to the stockyard he ran.

There was bridling with hurry and saddling with haste,  
Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon;

"Be quick with those buckles, we've no time to waste."

"Mind the mare; she can use her hind legs to some tune."

"Make sure of the crossing place: strike the old track,  
They've fenced off the new one; look out for the holes  
On the wombat hills." "Down with the slip rails. Stand  
back!

And ride, boys, the pair of you, ride for your souls."

In the low branches heavily laden with dew,

In the long grasses spoiling with dead wood that day,  
Where the blackwood, the box, and the bastard oak grew  
Between the tall gum trees we galloped away—

We crashed through a bush fence, we splashed through a  
swamp—

We steered for the north, near "The Eagle-hawk's Nest."  
We bore to the left; just beyond "the Red camp,"

And round the black tea-tree belt wheel'd to the west—

We crossed a low range sickly scented with musk  
From wattle-tree blossom—we skirted a marsh—  
Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the dusk,  
And peal'd overhead the jay's laughter note harsh,  
And shot the first sunstreak behind us, and soon  
The dim dewy uplands were dreamy with light.  
And full on our left flash'd "The Reedy Lagoon,"  
And sharply "The Sugar-loaf" reared on our right.  
A smothered curse broke through the bushman's brown beard.  
He turned in his saddle, his brick-colour'd cheek  
Flush'd feebly with sundawn, said, "Just what I feared.  
Last fortnight's late rainfall has flooded the creek."

Black Bolingbroke snorted, and stood on the brink  
One instant, then deep in the dark sluggish swirl  
Plunged headlong. I saw the horse suddenly sink  
Till round the man's armpits the waves seemed to curl.  
We followed—one cold shock, and deeper we sank  
Than they did, and twice tried the landing in vain,  
The third struggle won it; straight up the steep bank  
We stagger'd, then out on the skirts of the plain.

The stockrider, Alec, at starting had got  
The lead, and had kept it throughout; 'twas his boast  
That through thickest of scrub he could steer like a shot,  
And the black horse was counted the best on the coast.  
The mare had been awkward enough in the dark  
She was eager and headstrong, and barely half broke;  
She had had me too close to a big stringy-bark,  
And had made a near thing of a crooked she oak;  
But now on the open lit up by the morn,  
She flung the fleecy white foam-flakes from nostril to neck,  
And chased him—I hatless, with shirt sleeves all torn  
(For he may ride ragged who rides from a wreck)—  
And faster and faster across the wide heath  
We rode till we raced. Then I gave her her head,  
And she—stretching out with the bit in her teeth—  
She caught him, outpaced him, and passed him, and led.  
We neared the new fence; we were wide of the track;  
I looked right and left—she had never been tried  
At a stiff leap. 'Twas little he cared on the black.  
"You're more than a mile from the gateway," he cried,

I clung to her head, touched her flank with the spurs,  
    (In the red streak of rail not the ghost of a gap),  
She shortened her long stroke, she pricked her sharp ears,  
    She flung it behind her with hardly a rap—  
I saw the post quiver where Bolingbroke struck,  
    And guessed the pace we had come the last mile  
Had blown him a bit (he could jump like a buck).  
    We galloped more steadily then for a while.

The heath was soon pass'd, in the dim distance lay  
    The mountain. The sun was clearing the tips  
Of the ranges to eastward. The mare—could she stay?  
    She was bred very nearly as clean as Eclipse:  
She led, and as oft as he came to her side,  
    She took the bit free and untiring as yet;  
Her neck was arched double, her nostrils were wide  
    And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met—  
“You’re lighter than I am,” said Alec at last,  
    The horse is dead beat and the mare isn’t blown.  
She must be a good one—ride on and ride fast,  
    You know your way now.” So I rode on alone.

Still galloping forward we pass’d the two flocks  
    At McIntyre’s hut and M’Allister’s hill—  
She was galloping strong at the Warrigal Rocks—  
    On the Wallaby Range she was galloping still—  
And over the wasteland and under the wood,  
    By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,  
She gallop’d, and here in the stirrup I stood  
    To ease her and there in the saddle I sat  
To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam  
    Of the track near the troughs—then she reeled on the rise—  
From her crest to her croup covered over with foam,  
    And blood-red her nostrils and bloodshot her eyes,  
A dip in the dell where the wattle fire bloomed—  
    A bend round the bank that had shut out the view—  
Large framed in the mild light the mountain had loom’d  
    With a tall purple peak bursting out from the blue.

I pull’d her together, I press’d her and she  
    Shot down the decline to the Company’s yard,  
And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee  
    I could feel her heart thumping the saddle flaps hard.



Yet a mile and another and now we were near  
 The goal, and the fields and farms flitted past,  
 And 'twixt the two fences I turned with a cheer,  
 And labourers, roused by her galloping hoofs,  
 Saw bare-headed rider and foam-sheeted steed;  
 And shone the white walls and the slate-covered roofs  
 Of the township. I steadied her then—I had need—  
 Where stood the old chapel (where stands the new church—  
 Since chapels to churches have changed in that town),  
 A short sidelong stagger, a long forward lurch,  
 A slight choking sob, and the mare had gone down.  
 I slipped off the bridle, I slackened the girth,  
 I ran on and left her and told them my news;  
 I saw her soon afterwards. What was she worth?  
 How much for her hide? She had never worn shoes.

## WHISPERINGS IN WATTLE BOUGHS

Oh, gaily sings the bird! and the wattle boughs are stirr'd  
 And rustled by the scented breath of spring;  
 Oh, the dreary wistful longing! Oh, the faces that are throng-  
 ing!  
 Oh, the voices that are vaguely whispering!

Oh, tell me, father mine, ere the good ship cross'd the  
 brine,  
 On the gangway one mute hand-grip we exchange'd,  
 Do you, past the grave, employ, for your stubborn, reckless  
 boy,  
 Those petitions that in life were ne'er estrang'd?

Oh, tell me, sister dear, parting word and parting tear  
 Never pass'd between us;—let me bear the blame,  
 Are you living, girl, or dead? bitter tears since then I've  
 shed  
 For the lips that lisp'd with mine a mother's name.



Oh, tell me, ancient friend, ever ready to defend,  
 In our boyhood, at the base of life's long hill,  
 Are you working yet or sleeping? Have you left this vale of  
     weeping?  
 Or do you, like your comrade, linger still?

Oh, whisper, buried love, is there rest and peace above?—  
 There is little hope or comfort here below;—  
 On your sweet face lies the mould, and your bed is straight  
     and cold—  
 Near the harbour where the sea-tides ebb and flow.

All silent—they are dumb—and the breezes go and come  
 With an apathy that mocks at man's distress;  
 Laugh, scoffer, while you may! I could bow me down and pray  
 For an answer that might stay my bitterness.

Oh, harshly screams the bird; and the wattle-bloom is stirr'd,  
 There's a sullen wend-like whisper in the bough:  
 "Aye, kneel, and pray, and weep, but HIS BELOVED SLEEP  
 CAN NEVER BE DISTURB'D BY SUCH AS THOU!"

A. LINDSAY GORDON.

## HEARTS OF GOLD

*Though poets have not yet sung you  
     Nor writers your true worth told,  
 I, who have wrought among you,  
     I know you for Hearts of Gold!*

TOILING with shovel and dray,  
     With reaper and harrow and drill,  
 For the old folks wrinkled and gray  
     In the old home under the hill;  
 Brave, broad-shouldered, and brown,  
     With the width of the world to roam,  
 Staying to battle a mortgage down  
     That a mother may keep her home. . . .  
     Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Toiling out on the blue-grass plains  
 With plunging leaders and ringing chains;  
 Working early and working late  
 To the click of the dusty drafting gate;  
 Steadying ponies scared and wild:  
 All for a mother, a wife, a child. . . .  
 Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Out in the scorching pitiless sun  
 Under the reeling, rocky sky,  
 With a comrade gasping, "Mate, I'm done!"  
 Making the last two drinks in one  
 Lest a good, true mate should die. . . .  
 Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Lending your arms when the floods are down,  
 Lest a neighbour's stock in the dark should drown;  
 Sweating with green boughs, turn and turn,  
 Lest a neighbour's crop in the night should burn;  
 Riding the hills at the risk of life  
 For a doctor's aid for a neighbour's wife. . . .  
 Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Men who have ridden all day,  
 Hungry and saddle sore,  
 Snatching a morsel and riding away  
 Maybe for ten hours more,  
 In the lined advance,  
 That the range may give  
 One more faint chance  
 To a child to live. . . .  
 Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Women alone in the Bush,  
 Mothers and wives,  
 Keeping your guard in the weird night-hush  
 Over the sleeping lives;  
 In woe or weal  
 Staunch and fond,  
 True as steel  
 To the marriage bond. . . .  
 Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Fighting the fires and floods and drought,  
 The nights of terror and days of doubt,  
 Shifting the outposts farther out. . . .  
     Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

Facing your fate as the years go by  
 With a hidden grief and a silent cry,  
 Dying gamely as bull-dogs die. . . .  
     Hearts of Gold! O, Hearts of Gold!

*By the trouble that will never tame you,  
 By the toil that will never withhold,  
 Whatever the dull world name you  
 I know you for Hearts of Gold!*

WILL OGILVIE.

## THE MAILS

*The tail rods leap in their bearings,  
 They rise with a rush and a ring;  
 They sink to the sound of laughter,  
 And hurried and short they sing—  
     We carry the Mails—  
     His Majesty's Mails—  
 Make way for the mails of the king!*

We've swung her head for the open bay,  
 And, spun by the prisoned steam,  
 The screws are drumming the miles away  
 Where the light star-shadows dream.  
 She lifts and sways to the ocean swell—  
 The lighthouse glares on high,  
 And the fisher lads in the boats will tell  
 How they saw the mail go by;  
 A-thrill from keel to her quiv'ring spars—  
 With the screw-foam boiling white,  
 And black smoke dimming the watching stars,  
 As she soared through the soundless night.  
 "Full speed ahead!" shout the racing rods—  
 "Full speed!" and spray on the rail!  
 We'll heed no order to stop save God's,  
 For we are the Ocean Mail.

The log fish shudder to hear the thud  
And stamp of our engine room,  
As we thunder on with our decks aflood  
Through the blind bewildering gloom.  
A faint hoarse hail, and a warning light,  
The whirr of our steering gear,  
And we are staggering in our flight  
With a fishing boat just clear.  
We carry the wealth of the world I trow,  
And the power and fame of men—  
The angry word, and the lover's vow,  
All held to the turn of a pen.  
And stars swing out in the skies athrill,  
And the weary stars grow pale;  
But night and day we are driving still  
For we are the Ocean Mail.

The sailing craft and the clumsy tramps  
Loom up and are lost astern,  
And the stars of their bridge and mast-head lamps  
Are the only stars that burn.  
To the clash and ring of the whirling steel,  
And the crash and swing of the seas,  
We carry the grief that the mothers feel  
As they sob and pray on their knees,  
The cares and joys of the throbbing world  
Are measured in piston-strokes,  
When the bright prow-smother is split and hurled  
And the hot wake steams and smokes,  
To the surging blows of the heavy throws,  
And the slide-valves' moaning wail,  
We'll swing and soar with our flues a-roar,  
For we are the Ocean Mail.

They watch for us at the harbour-mouth,  
And wait for us on the quay,  
Looking ever to East and South  
For our head-light on the sea.  
And onward, surging, we're racing fast  
Where the shy mermaiden dwells,  
And the crested kings of the deep ride past—  
(Oh! the pomp of the rolling swells).

## 200      When the Guns go into Battle

Some lighthouse-men when they see our star  
     Lift clear of the starry maze,  
 Will watch us swagger across the bar  
     And swing to the channelled ways,  
 Yet never a sign or a sound we give—  
     No blast of horn or a hail—  
 For we must race that the world may live,  
     And we are the Ocean Mail.

*The good screws labouring under,  
     Laugh loud as they lift and fling  
 The eddying foam behind them,  
     And muttering low they sing—  
         Make way for the Mails—  
         His Majesty's Mails—  
 We carry the mails for the king.*

### WHEN THE GUNS GO INTO BATTLE

WITH Death on the off-side lead,  
     And Duty stern on the limber,  
 The men of the British breed  
     Strain sinews, steel, and timber.  
 With jangling bar and trace,  
     And trail-eyes all a rattle,  
 The guns rush thundering in the race,  
 Where "last gun in" is a sore disgrace:  
 For the drivers drive at a reckless pace  
     When the guns go into battle.

See them breasting the rise,  
     With trace a-sweat and steaming,  
 Till the white hot lather flies  
     And the axles roar complaining!  
*Clatter ! Bump ! Bang !* They come  
     Galloping hard on the level—  
 Never a note of fife or drum—  
 Only the whirr of the wheels that hum,  
 (The fearless winds from the hills crouch dumb  
     When the guns crash on to the revel).

The hard-drawn trace-chains twang  
And the trace-hooks grip and rattle,  
The hammering trail-eyes bang  
When the guns go into battle.  
The drivers urge their teams  
With whip and spear and curses . . .  
A gun on the foot-hills glints and gleams—  
A flashing roar! And a shot horse screams—  
I have dreamed what I see, in horrid dreams  
Which the morning light disperses.

They have loosed the shot horse out,  
And left a gunner groaning.  
They are off with never a doubt  
Where the long death-song is moaning.  
The limbers leap and sway  
To the pole-bars' noisy banging—  
One horse's breath is a crimson spray,  
But he shakes his head and pegs away,  
For he does not want his mates to say  
They saw his short-trace hanging.

Oh! hear the riotous beat  
Of racing hoofs on the gravel—  
You can judge from their flashing feet  
'Tis their utmost pace they travel.  
The linch-pins clatter and ring—  
The harness strains and shivers,  
Each driver then is a battle-king;  
Each leaping gun a living thing,  
And the war-god's song their stout hearts sing,  
Tho' maybe a boy's lip quivers.

They're reining the right-flank team—  
The centre driver is falling,  
By his life-blood's pulsing stream  
His last réveillé's calling.  
But a comrade takes his place,  
And so, with scarce a falter,  
The gun is off again in the race,  
When "last gun in" is a sore disgrace.  
Oh! the British drivers' rollicking pace  
Is a pace that nothing can alter.

## 202      When the Guns go into Battle

To the firing line they sweep!

Then—"Action Front"—and swiftly

The active gunners leap,

And the gun's unlimbered deftly.

The limber goes; it's "Waggon Supply;"

The brass-capped shell is handed

From waggon to trail; and the strong hands ply

To many a jest and quick reply,

While the shells rush past with a shriek or sigh,

And the earth lifts where they landed.

Arms signal "Shot!" And the range?

"Eighteen hundred, with fuse seven!"

Ah! the men at the trails will change

As their bellowing guns shake heaven;

For, steadily spitting hate,

The rifle-bullets find them—

One moves too soon, and one too late,

When the tough spades lift the spent gun's weight.

Yet steady the fight, and grim the fate,

Though the grime and the sweat-streams blind them.

With Death on the off-side lead,

And Duty stern on the near one,

The men of the fighting breed

Ride in where the hot shells sear one.

With jangling bar and trace,

And fast big-hearted cattle,

The guns go thundering in the race

Where "last gun in" is a sore disgrace;

Oh! the drivers drive at a madman's pace

When the guns go into battle.

## THE CATTLE BOATS

*Four weeks from Monte Video,  
And sights that few Men sees—  
A-prayin' that the clouds will blow  
A healthy spankin' breeze;  
With glass a-showin', down below,  
A hundred odd degrees.*

WHEN God made out His shippin'-notes  
And sent this world to sea,  
He must have missed the cattle-boats  
And cattle-men like me,  
He meant all farms to be ashore,  
Not sailin' full and by  
With chokin' bullocks sweatin' gore  
And layin' down to die.  
He didn't authorise that hells  
Should wander on His seas,  
A-liftin' to the swingin' swells—  
Such reekin' hells as these,  
That squatter out and tumble in  
To be the shippers' gain,  
With cattle-keepers spoutin' sin,  
And cattle mad with pain.

*The sharks they slink around our flanks—  
The sharks are very wise;  
And oh ! they love the cattle tanks  
And every beast that dies.*

We ships 'em at the River Plate,  
And from the States they come,  
With bleedin' horns and starin' hate—  
Thank God the brutes are dumb!  
We rig up win's'ls so's to try  
And purify the air;  
So if they go and drop and die,  
That isn't our affair.  
The stokers sometimes feel that God  
Is workin' wonders near,



## The Cattle Boats

A-strengthenin' a fractured rod  
 That's fightin' Death and Fear.  
 But hoistin' up the dead and maimed  
 And dodgin' every roll,  
 A man might doubt, nor be ashamed  
 If he has got a soul.

*The sharks they fight a bit, and then  
 They swim a-grinnin' by—  
 Instead of beasts it might be men !  
 And oh ! them sharks are sly.*

We ain't in Heaven's shippin'-notes,  
 And God don't surely know  
 That such dam things as cattle-boats  
 Are tradin' to and fro—  
 A plugin' till their stock is piled  
 In heaps all blood and hair,  
 And men are killed, to put it mild,  
 For facin' Death too fair.  
 The coal-ships most are bound for where  
 Good coal is rulin' high;  
 The liner's dinner-bugles blare;  
 She swaggers stately by,  
 With passengers a-suckin' hard  
 At pipes and strong cigars:  
 They seem to know a cattle-yard—  
 It must be by our spars.

*Pass round that chain ! Now, easy ! Oh,  
 What cheerful tasks are these—  
 A-liftin' dead-uns from below  
 And prayin' for a breeze.  
 God didn't mean that Hell should go  
 A-howlin' on His seas.*

WILL LAWSON.

THE CHRIST OF THE "NEVER"

WITH eyes that seem shrunken to pierce  
 To the awful horizons of land,  
 Through the haze of hot days, and the fierce  
 White heat-waves that flow on the sand;  
 Through the Never Land westward and nor'ward,  
 Bronzed, bearded, and gaunt on the track,  
 Quiet-voiced and hard-knuckled, rides forward  
 The Christ of the Outer Out-back.

For the cause that will ne'er be relinquished  
 Spite of all the great cynics on earth—  
 In the ranks of the bush undistinguished  
 By manner or dress—if by birth—  
 God's preacher of churches unheeded—  
 God's vineyard though barren the sod—  
 Plain spokesman when spokesman is needed—  
 Rough link 'twixt the bushman and God.

He works where the hearts of all nations  
 Are withered in flame from the sky,  
 Where the sinners work out their salvations  
 In a hell-upon-earth ere they die.  
 In the camp or the lonely hut lying  
 In a waste that seems out of God's sight,  
 He's the doctor—the mate of the dying  
 Through the smothering heat of the night.

By his work in the hells of the shearers,  
 Where the drinking is ghastly and grim,  
 Where the roughest and worst of his hearers  
 Have listened bare-headed to him.  
 By his paths through the parched desolation,  
 His rides and the terrible tramps;  
 By the hunger, the thirst, the privation  
 Of his work on the furthestmost camps;  
 By his worth in the light that shall search men  
 And prove—ay! and justify each—  
 I place him in front of all churchmen  
 Who feel not, who *know* not, but preach.

HENRY LAWSON.

## CAMP FIRE MUSINGS

## I

THE camp fire plays upon the trees  
In waves of warm caressin' light,  
And on the mild and scented breeze  
Come all the whispers of the night,  
And now and then the dead leaves fall  
With just a rustle soft and low,  
But what's the meanin' of it all,  
I dunno!

## II

From all around me I can hear  
The sounds of things that live and die,  
And now and then from somewhere near  
The curlew's sad and hauntin' cry,  
Whilst near the fire here I sprawl,  
With thoughts that ever come and go,  
But what's the meanin' of it all,  
I dunno!

## III

There's such a lot of things that seem  
Beyond the range of human ken,  
The moon that shines, the stars that gleam,  
The sun that warms the heart o' men,  
The laugh that cheers, the tears that fall,  
The joys and grief that come and go,  
But what's the meanin' of 'em all,  
I dunno!

## IV

One hears again and yet again  
Of what a fellah ought to be,  
But still it don't seem very plain,  
Leastways, it don't seem so to me;  
I s'pose the watchword "Duty's Call"  
Should mark the road one has to go,  
But what one's duty is at all,  
I dunno!

## V

It's hard to mind what preachers say:  
Give unto every man his due,  
And always act in such a way  
As you would have men act to you!  
If any man with greedy lust  
Tries hard to score and lay you low,  
Well, ain't it right to "have" him fust?  
I dunno!

## VI

I s'pose for some the path of life  
Lies smooth and easy as they tread,  
For others there's the storm and strife  
And dark clouds frownin' overhead;  
No wonder that we trip and fall  
Or at the best go very slow,  
And what's the meanin' of it all,  
I dunno!

## VII

The good old bush is pretty rough,  
And when my spirits fade and die  
I sometimes think I've had enough,  
It seems no sort o' use to try;  
The mornin's break, the evenin's fall,  
And I—well, what have I to show?  
Can man e'er dare to hope at all?  
I dunno.

## VIII

And yet as on my back I lie  
And watch the bright stars gleamin' there,  
I fancy that beyond the sky  
Must be a land where doubt and care  
Have no more power to enthrall,  
A land where tired spirits go  
To rest in peace, forgettin' all!  
I dunno!

## THE STOCKRIDER

LONG and lean and wiry,  
Hollow-cheeked and brown,  
Bushbred and he stays there,  
Wants no bloomin' town;  
Got no city manners,  
Couldn't if he tried!  
Watch him in the saddle,  
See the beggar ride!

Hear him telling stories,  
Yarns of long ago;  
See him with the children  
Laughing soft and low.  
Just a great big baby,  
Mouth all gaping wide,  
Fetch along a raw 'un  
See the beggar ride!

Watch his big eyes moisten  
Then light up with fun,  
Reading verses writ by  
Bartie Paterson.  
Swears by good old Bartie,  
'Way down Sydney side,  
Says *he* knows the biz'ness  
HE knows how to ride—

Hear the beggar singing  
Songs of dreadful woe,  
Telling how his mother  
Left him long ago;  
Hear his cracked voice shaking,  
Droning how she died;  
Stop the beggar squalking,  
Shove him up to ride!

Watch him after cattle,  
When there's work to do,

Mother, home, forgotten  
Tea and damper too!  
See his white teeth gleaming,  
Taking in his stride  
Rocks and fallen timber,  
Lord, to see him ride!

Mark the maddened brumby  
Bucking all he knows;  
See the grim-faced rider  
Blood from ears to nose;  
Never yet buck-jumper  
Bound in hair and hide  
Knows the trick to shift him!  
Gosh, to see him ride!

Hear him on the ranges  
Make the stock whip crack,  
Racing down the gullies  
Straight to hell and back,  
Hear the flint stones rattle  
Down the mountain side,  
Hold your breath and wonder—  
*That's* the way to ride.

Talk of yelling Cossack  
Riding on his head!  
See the thing he rests on,  
Bloomin' four-post bed!  
Clever tricks for children!  
That can't be denied;  
Send him to Australia,  
There he'll learn to ride!

Just a stalwart giant  
Standing six foot two,  
Simple as a baby,  
Loyal, staunch, and true;  
Put him in the saddle,  
Hear the world decide,  
"Hats off to the master,  
He's the boy to ride."

## THE WATER-BELLOW

## I

TWENTY miles to travel  
Through tangled scrub and rock,  
Twenty miles to travel  
And mostly all the Stock  
Comprised of sickly heifers  
With sickly calves at heel,  
Well, sonny, you can fancy  
Exactly how I feel!

## II

Twenty miles to travel!  
I'd call it easy quite  
If we could camp till ev'ning  
And take the road at night.  
But in this rocky country  
One has to go by day,  
And guard the beasts at night-time,  
Or else they're bound to stray.

## III

Yes, now they're going nicely,  
I wish that it would last,  
But out across the sand-hills,  
The sun is rising fast,  
The heat will soon be awful  
The dust be something worse,  
And added to our troubles  
The want of water curse!

## IV

Just mark those weary heifers  
And note their heaving flanks,  
We'll have a job, my sonny,  
To keep them in the ranks;  
And look too at the leaders,  
Observe their artful knack  
Of stringing out for water,  
Just turn and ride them back!

V

Ah! now you know what heat is,  
 The sun's just blazing down,  
 You'll have a yarn to tell 'em  
 When you get back to town,  
 Of how with cattle dying  
 You, in your manhood strong,  
 Just proudly rode among 'em  
 And flogged the brutes along!

IV

Yes—flogged 'em! Lord, it's awful,  
 And makes me sick with shame,  
 I mean to chuck it, sonny,  
 And you can do the same—  
 We'll follow them on foot, lad,  
 And see what we can do  
 By driving them with branches,  
 Perchance we'll get them through.

VII

Perchance we'll get them through, lad,  
 Well, we can only try,  
 But half of them look ready  
 To settle down and die—  
 Ah, see that brindled heifer  
 Just give your whip full play,  
 She's down, but has the cunning  
 To try to slip away!

VIII

Another mile—Good Heavens!  
 Why what is that I hear?  
 Yes—there it is again, lad,  
 Like music on the ear:  
 The “water-bellow,” sonny,  
 As sure as eggs is eggs,  
 D'ye see that stumbling heifer  
 Rise up upon her legs.



## IX

Just listen to the crooning  
That's passing thro' the ranks,  
D'ye see their eyeballs flaming,  
D'ye note their heaving flanks,  
The leaders in the vanguard  
Have passed the word along,  
They sniff the water, sonny,  
And that's their joyful song.

## X

Great Scott, it acts like magic,  
They're going at the run,  
We'll have to ride like blazes  
And see what can be done  
To steady them a trifle,  
Or else it will be found  
That in the mad confusion  
Some hundreds will be drowned.

## XI

Too late! they're mad for water  
And naught can hold them back,  
You needn't fuss or worry  
To make your stock whip crack,  
They mean to get there, sonny,  
Despite what we can do,  
So we must sit and pray, lad,  
That half come safely through!

## XII

D'ye see the water seething,  
As in the leaders burst,  
It must be simply gorgeous  
To quench so great a thirst!  
Just listen to their roaring,  
The gruntings and the din,  
Let's pray they finish, sonny,  
Before the calves get in.

## XIII

Hurrah! they're crawling out, lad,  
 The calves can have their turn,  
 Ah! there they go, my sonny,  
 See how the waters churn.  
 Thank God, the danger's over  
 And on the other side  
 We'll muster without losing  
 A single bloomin' hide.

## XIV

Well, now you see what happens  
 And know the sort o' job  
 A man has got to tackle  
 When trav'ling with a mob;  
 Phew! pass the bacca, sonny,  
 The sun is dropping down;  
 Gad, there's a yarn to tell 'em  
 When you get back to town.

GUY EDEN.

## ROMANCE

THEY say that fair Romance is dead, and in her cold grave  
 lying low,  
 The green grass waving o'er her head, the mould upon her  
 breast of snow;  
 Her voice, they say, is dumb for aye, that once was clarion  
 —clear and high—  
 But in their hearts, their frozen hearts, they know that  
 bitterly they lie.

Her brow of white, that was with bright rose-garland in the  
 old days crowned,  
 Is now, they say, all shorn of light, and with a fatal fillet  
 bound.  
 Her eyes divine no more shall shine to lead the hardy Knight  
 and good  
 Unto the Castle Perilous, beyond the dark Enchanted Wood.

And do they deem, these fools supreme, whose iron wheels  
    unceasing whirr,  
That, in their rushing age of Steam, there is no longer room  
    for Her?  
That, as they hold the key of gold, that shuts or opens Mam-  
    mon's Den,  
Romance has vanished from the earth and left the homes and  
    hearts of men?

Yea, some there be who fain would see this consummation  
    dear,  
And set their God Machinery with iron rod to rule the year.  
They get their way, day after day, with forward-staring  
    famished eyes,  
Whose level glances never stray—fixed fast upon a sordid  
    prize!

The sun may rise in god-like guise, the stars like burning seraphs  
    shine,  
But ah, for those sad souls unwise, nor Earth nor Heaven  
    bears a sign.  
All visions fair, in earth or air, they gaze upon with sullen  
    scorn.  
God knows His own great business best; He only knows why  
    they were born.

They never saw, with sacred awe, the Vision of the Starry  
    Stream,  
That is the source of Love and Law; they never dreamt the  
    wondrous dream;  
They never heard the Magic Bird, whose strains the poet's  
    soul entrance;  
Their souls are in their money-bags—What should they know  
    of fair Romance?

She still is here, the fair and dear, and walks the Earth with  
    noiseless feet;  
Her eyes are deep, and dark and clear, her scarlet mouth is  
    honey-sweet;  
A chaplet fair of roses rare and lordly laurel crowns her head;  
Her path is over land and sea: she is not dead; she is not dead.

On roads of clay, 'neath skies of grey, though fate compel us  
to advance,

Beyond the turning of the way there sits and waits for us  
Romance.

Around yon cape of lion-shape, that meets the wave with lion-  
brow,

A ship sails in from lands unknown; Romance stands shining  
on her prow.

At dead of night, a fiery light from out the heart of darkness  
glares;

The engine, rocking in its flight, once more into the darkness  
flares;

The train flies fast, the bridge is past; white faces for a  
moment gleam—

And at the window sits Romance, and gazes down into the  
stream.

When first the child, with wonder wild, looks on the world  
with shining eyes,

Romance becomes his guardian mild, and tells to him her  
stories wise.

And when the light fades into night, and ended is their life's  
short span,

To other wonder-worlds she leads the spirit of the Dying Man.

Right grim gods be Reality, and iron-handed Circumstance.  
Cast off their fetters, friend! Break free and seek the shrine  
of fair Romance.

And when dark days with cares would craze your brain, then  
she will take your hand,

And lead you on by greenwood ways unto a green and  
pleasant land.

There you will see brave company, all making gay and  
gallant cheer—

Blanaid the Fair, the Deirdre rare, and Gold Gudrun and  
Guinevere;

And Merlin wise, with dreaming eyes, and Tristram of the  
Harp and Bow;

While from the Wood of Broceliande the horns of Elfland  
lively blow.

VICTOR DALEY,

## THE WOMEN OF THE WEST

THEY left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion on the hill,  
The houses in the busy streets where life is never still,  
The pleasures of the city and the friends they cherished best:  
In love they faced the wilderness—the Women of the West.

The roar and rush and fever of the city died away,  
And the old-time joys and faces—they were gone for many a day;  
In their place the lurching coach wheel, or the creaking bullock chains,  
O'er the everlasting sameness of the never-ending plains.

In the slab-built zinc-roofed homestead of some lately taken run,  
In the tent beside the bankment of some railway newly begun,  
In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's unrest,  
On the frontier of the nation, live the Women of the West.

The red sun robs their beauty, and in weariness and pain,  
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again;  
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words men cannot say—  
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away.

The wild bush holds the secret of their longings and desires,  
When the white stars in reverence light their holy altar fires,  
And silence, like the touch of God, sinks deep into the breast—  
Perchance He hears and understands the Women of the West.

For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet plies his arts—  
They only hear the beating of their gallant loving hearts.  
But they have sung with silent lives, the song all songs above—  
The loftiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love.

Well have we held our father's creed, No call has passed us  
by,  
We faced and fought the wilderness, we sent our sons to die,  
And we have hearts to do and dare, and yet, o'er all the rest,  
The hearts that made the Nation were the Women of the  
West.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS.

BABYLON

*(The City of Wild Contrasts)*

O CITY of wild contrasts, meetings strange,  
More magical than old Arabian tales,  
More wondrous than a youthful poet's dreams,  
More common than a harlot in her paint,  
More soul-benumbing than a factory's wheels,  
So beautiful and fair, so wan and poor,  
So brave and gallant, loathsome and so foul;  
Where Yesterday rubs shoulders with To-day,  
And old Romance and dreary Common-place—  
O! city of wild contrasts, meetings strange!

Pacing the Strand, that By-way of the World,  
The prying Yankee, there inquisitive  
(His women-folk with guide-books all a-row),  
Spies out his Broadway partner by the church  
Where Johnson prayed; and with a nasal note  
They pass together to the Templar's fane!

The sun-dried squatter from his Austral run,  
Yearning to meet again his old-time friend  
Whose sheep once browsed the salt-bush with his own,  
Takes ship to London, stalks past Bourse and band,  
Sees him, and coöes 'neath Paul's glorious dome.

## OVER THE SEA

*(The Ballade of the Children of New Worlds)*

OVER the sea, where our kinsfolk dwell  
 In cities built of their golden gain,  
 By Maori lakes, by the South Sea's swell,  
 In the Austral bush, or on station plain,  
 However the elders may fume and complain,  
 The children are singing and shouting with glee  
 In Shakespeare's tongue—to the gay refrain  
 Of old English pastimes—over the Sea!

Ye who hold forth in your clubs in Pall Mall,  
 Or squabble o' nights in the Parliament's fane,  
 O dull legislators, so anxious to tell  
 How to bind these lands in this bountiful reign,  
 Hark to these voices across the main!  
 Grey sophists be still—you will never agree;  
 But the bonny young bairns may be weaving a chain  
 To link us at Home to those over the Sea!

They can unite us—aye firmly and well—  
 In the bonds of a love that should ever remain;  
 The youngsters who romp in a sweet English dell,  
 Or rouse the bush echoes again and again,  
*They* are our law-givers honest and sane.  
 Ye then who pray that our flag may fly free,  
 That England's proud might may ne'er weaken and wane,  
 List to the little ones—over the Sea!

## THE CYNIC OF THE WOODS

*(The young poet and the laughing Jackass)*

I COME from busy haunts of men,  
 With Nature to commune,  
 Which you, it seems, observe, and then  
 Laugh out, like some buffoon.

You cease, and through the forest drear  
I pace with sense of awe,  
When once again upon my ear  
Breaks in your harsh guffaw.

I look aloft to yonder place  
Where placidly you sit,  
And tell you to your very face,  
I do not like your wit.

I'm in no mood for blatant jest,  
I hate your mocking song,  
My weary soul demands the rest  
Denied to it so long.

Besides, there passes through my brain  
The poet's love of fame—  
Why should not an Australian strain  
Immortalise my name?

And so I pace the forest drear,  
Filled with a sense of awe,  
When louder still upon my ear  
Breaks in your harsh guffaw.

Yet truly, Jackass, it may be  
My words are all unjust;  
You laugh at what you hear and see,  
And laugh because you must.

You've seen Man, civilised and rude,  
Of varying race and creed,  
The black-skinned savage almost nude,  
The Englishman in tweed.

And here the *lubra*<sup>1</sup> oft has strayed  
To rest beneath the boughs,  
Where now, perchance, some fair-haired maid  
May hear her lover's vows.

<sup>1</sup> Black woman.



## Wool Is Up

While you, from yonder lofty height,  
 Have studied human ways,  
 And with a satirist's delight  
 Dissected hidden traits.

Laugh on, laugh on! Your rapturous shout  
 Again on me intrudes;  
 But I have found your secret out,  
 O Cynic of the Woods.

Well! I confess, grim mocking elf,  
 Howe'er I rhapsodise,  
 That I am more in love with self  
 Than with the earth or skies.

So I will lay the epic by  
 That I had just begun.  
 Why should I babble? Let me lie  
 And bask here in the sun.

And let me own, were I endowed  
 With your fine humorous sense,  
 I too should laugh—aye, quite as loud,  
 At all Man's vain pretence.

A. PACHETT MARTIN,

## WOOL IS UP

EARTH o'erflows with nectared gladness,  
 All creation teems with joy;  
 Banished be each thought of sadness,  
 Life for me has no alloy.  
 Fill a bumper, drain a measure,  
 Pewter, goblet, tankard, cup,  
 Testifying thus our pleasure  
 At the news that "wool is up."

Thwart the empires, 'neath the oceans,  
 Swiftly speeds the living fire;  
 Who shall tell what wild emotions  
 Spring from out that thridden wire?

"Jute is lower, copper weaker,"  
 This will break poor neighbour Jupp;  
 But for me, I shout "Eureka!"  
 Wealth is mine—for wool is up.

What care I for jute or cotton,  
 Sugar, copper, hemp, or flax,  
 Reeds like these are often rotten,  
 Turn to rods for owner's backs.  
 Fortune, ha! I have thee holden  
 In what Scotia calls "a grup,"  
 All my fleeces now are golden,  
 Full troy weight—for wool is up.

I will dance the gay fandango,  
 Though to me its steps be strange,  
 Doubts and fears, you all can hang go,  
 I will cut a dash on "Change."  
 Atra Cura, you will please me  
 By dismounting from my crup—  
 Crupper, you no more shall tease me,  
 Pray get down,—for wool is up.

Jane shall have that stylish bonnet  
 Which my scanty purse denied;  
 Long she set her heart upon it,  
 She shall wear it now with pride.  
 I will buy old Dumper's station,  
 Reign as king at Gerrinhup,  
 For my crest, a bust of Jason,  
 With this motto, "Wool is up!"

I will keep a stud extensive;  
 Bolter, here, I'll have those greys,  
 Those Sir George deemed too expensive,  
 You can send them—with the bays.  
 Coursing, I should rather think so;  
 Yes, I'll take that "Lightning" pup:  
 Jones, my boy, you needn't wink so,  
 I can stand it—wool is up.

## Wool Is Down

Wifey, love, you're looking charming,  
 Years with you are but as days;  
 We must have a grand house-warming  
 When those painters mend their ways.  
 Let the ball-room be got ready,  
 Bid our friends to dance and sup.  
 Bother, how can I go steady?  
 I'm worth thousands—wool is up!

## WOOL IS DOWN

BLACKER than e'er the inky waters roll  
 Upon the gloomy shores of sluggish Styx,  
 A surge of sorrow laps my leaden soul,  
 For that which was at "two" is now "one six."  
 "Come disappointment, come," as has been said  
 By some one else, who quailed 'neath fortune's frown.  
 "Stab to the core the heart that once has bled,"  
 For "heart" read "pocket"—wool, ah! wool is down.

"And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,"  
 Thou sightless seer, indeed it may be so,  
 The road too well we know is somewhat steep,  
 And who shall stay us when that road we go?  
 Thrice cursed wire, whose lightning strikes to blast,  
 Whose babbling tongue proclaims throughout the town  
 The news, which being ill, has travelled fast,  
 The dire intelligence—that wool is down.

A rise in copper and a rise in jute,  
 A fall alone in wool, but what a fall!  
 Jupp must have made a pile this trip, the brute,  
 He don't deserve such splendid luck at all.  
 The smiles for him, for me the scalding tears,  
 He's worth ten thousand if he's worth a crown;  
 While I—untimely shorn by fate's hard shears—  
 Feel that my game is up when wool is down.

Bolter, take back those prancing greys of thine,  
Remove as well the vanquished warrior's bays,  
My fortunes are not stable, they decline;  
Aye, even horses taunt me with their neighs,  
And thou sweet puppy of the "Lightning" breed,  
Through whose fleet limbs I pictured me renown,  
Hie howling to thy former home with speed,  
Thy course with me is up—for wool is down.

Why, Jane, what's this?—this pile of letters here?  
Such waste of stamps is really very sad.  
Your birthday ball? Oh come, not twice a year;  
Good gracious me! the woman must be mad.  
You'd better save expense at once, that's clear,  
And send a bellman to invite the town!  
There—there—don't cry, forgive my temper, dear,  
But put those letters up—for wool is down.

My station "Gerringhup," yes, that must go,  
Its sheep, its oxen, and its kangaroos;  
First 'twas the home of blacks, the whites we know,  
Now is it a dwelling but for "the blues."  
With it I leave the brotherhood of Cash  
Who form Australian fashion's tinsel crown;  
I tread along the devious paths of Smash,  
I go where wool has gone—down, ever down.

Thus ends my dream of greatness—not for me  
The silken couch, the banquet, and the rout,  
They're flown—the base residuum will be  
A mutton chop and half a pint of stout—  
Yet will I hold a corner in my soul  
Where Hope may nestle safe from Fortune's frown.  
Thou hoodwinked jade! my heart remaineth whole—  
I'll keep my spirits up—though wool be down.

GARNET WALCH.

## THE SHIP

BOUND to the wharf,  
Dull-lapped on timid tides,  
Thy fierce fires quenched and thy great engines stilled,  
The splendid soul of thee at length asleep,  
Thy latest task fulfilled,  
Thou toy and tyrant of the infinite deep,  
Devourer of vast distances that dwarf  
Our parish miles to inches! . . .

Art thou content, O Ship?

O, great mute ship that answerest not, where is  
Thy terrible voice,  
That screamed derision through the thunderous night  
And hurled defiance at the hurricane,  
Thy voice that mocked the surges and outshrilled  
The shrieking army of the dead sea-folk  
Who ride for ever damned upon the wrack  
Of howling storms?—where is thy mighty voice  
That pealed tremendously across the dark  
That guards the gates of hell,  
O great mute ship?

Bound to the wharf,  
Soft-lulled by timid tides,  
With fierce fires quenched and great grim engines stilled,  
All dead and silent, ponderous and dumb,  
Art thou content, O Ship!

FRANK MORTON.

## THE RUINED HOMESTEAD

How broodingly, this gentle day,  
The sunshine lies amongst the gorse  
Of this old fence beside the way  
That skirts the farm of David Morse:

But David tarries here no more,  
Nor any of his kith or kin;  
Half-hingeless hangs the farmhouse door,  
And desolation dwells within.

The roof-trees of the house and sheds  
Are bent: the rafters, here and there,  
Stick through the rotting thatch, and shreds  
Of fastening whiten in the air:  
No quiet cows in the pastures feed,  
The fences all in ruin lie:  
And, where the clover grew, the weed  
Has reigned for many a year gone by.

A starling's song from one lone tree  
In mellow snatches sweetly comes,  
While here and there a vagrant bee,  
Drawn by the yellow gorse blooms, hums;  
And spiders' webs, where many a fly  
Has met its doom, the gorse enlace;  
But nothing else can ear or eye  
Detect of life about the place.

Like follows like; and David's life  
Was one long wreck, through witless ways,  
And, only for his wiser wife,  
The end had come in earlier days;  
But she, with her superior sense,  
And planning early, plodding late,  
Contrived to earn and save the pence  
Required to buy delay from Fate.

On this lean farm for thirty years  
The weary strife was carried on,  
With heart-aches too intense for tears,  
And hopes that gleamed and then were gone;  
But she—the brave, forbearing wife—  
Was not the woman to despair,  
Or try to mend a rueful life  
By crying forth its cark and care.

## Spring Morning

So year by year she played her part  
 With steady hand and steadfast mind,  
 Whereof the memory through my heart  
 Keeps moaning like a wintry wind;  
 For I—am Mary Morse's son  
 (A prodigal returned to-day),  
 And know how well her work was done,  
 Yet how it wore her soul away.

JOHN CHRISTIE.

## THE REAPER

WATCHING the rhythmic reaper from the hill—  
 Like a green sea the broken waves of wheat  
 Splashed with red, wilting flowers at their feet—  
 Two lovers in the twilight lingered still.

A breathing poppy fluttered to the air:  
 She touched it with her curling finger-tips,  
 And stooping, pressed to it her vivid lips—  
 'Twas like a butterfly imprisoned there.

"Thrice blessed one," said she, "that freshly blows  
 Safe from the swift destroyer's icy breath"—  
 Her lover whispered, "May the scythe of death  
 So spare the place whereon my flower grows."

LALA FISHER.

## SPRING MORNING

WHAT clearer than this earth and air?  
 The birds go flying everywhere  
     As I ride.  
 See the black swans, white-vanned pair,  
 Soaring from the pale swamp there  
     Up the wide  
 Lower heaven, so sweet and fair.

Hark, the pulsing magpie calls  
His melodious intervals

As I ride:

So my soul beyond the walls,  
Where her last low fetter falls

Glorified,

Sings to God glad madrigals.

F. W. ADAMS.

### SETTLERS

If the gods of Hellas do not tread our shaggy mountains—  
Stately white and golden, with unfathomable eyes:—  
Yet the lesser spirits haunt our forests and our fountains,  
Seas and green-brown river-pools no thirsty summer dries.

Never through the tangled scrub we see Diana glisten,  
Silver-limbed and crescent-crowned and swift to hear and  
turn,  
When the chase is hottest and the woods are waked to listen,  
While her maidens follow running knee-deep in the fern.

Of the great gods only Pan walks hourly here—Pan only,  
In the warm dark gullies, in the thin clear upland air,  
On the windy sea-cliffs and the plains apart and lonely,  
By the tingling silence you may know that he is there.

But the sea nymphs make our shores shine gay with light and  
laughter,  
At the sunset where the waves are mingled milk and fire,  
You may see them very plain, and in the darkness after  
You may hear them singing with the stars' great golden  
choir.

When the earth is mad with song some blue September  
morning,  
In the grove of myall trees that rustle green and grey,  
Through the plumes of trailing leaves hung meet for her  
adorning,  
See a dark-browed Dryad peep, and swiftly draw away!



In the deep-cut river beds set thick with moss-grown  
boulders,

Where the wagtails come to drink and balance lest they  
fall,

You may see the gleaming of a Naiad's slippery shoulders,  
And the water sliding cool and quiet over all.

Through the narrow gorges where the flying-foxes muster,  
Hanging from the Kurrapongs like monstrous magic grapes,  
Something spreads a sudden fear that breaks each heavy  
cluster—

See the furry prick-eared faun that chuckles and escapes!

Marble-smooth and marble-pale the blue gums guard the  
clearing,

When the winter fern is gold among the silver grass,  
And the shy bush creatures watching bright-eyed and  
unfearing,

See the slender Oreads while we unheeding pass.

Wreathed with starry clematis these tread the grassy spaces,  
When the moon sails up beyond the highest screening tree,  
All the forest dances, and the furthest hidden places  
Are astir with beauty—but we may not often see.

Centuries before the golden vision came to find us,  
Showing us the southern lands, these Grecians settled here:  
Now they throng the country, but our little hurries blind us,  
And we must be reverent ere the least of them appear.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.

## SEPTEMBER

THE morns are growing misty, the nights are turning cold,  
The linden leaves are falling like a shower of gold;  
*And over where my heart is, beneath the Southern sun,  
The shearing's nearly over and the spring's begun.*

*The crying flocks are driven to feed in peace again,  
They stream and spread and scatter on the smooth green plain,  
And in the sky above them the soft spring breezes keep  
A flock of clouds as snowy as the new-shorn sheep.*

Now later comes the sunshine, and sooner comes the dark;  
The barefoot newsboys shiver; the ladies in the Park  
Wear furs about their shoulders, for autumn winds are keen,  
And rusty, curling edges fleck the chestnuts' green.

The mists hang gauzy curtains of pearl and pigeon-blue  
Between us and the distance; the street-lamps shining through  
Wear each a golden halo, diaphanous and fair—  
But not one whit more lovely than my own clear air.

*More clear than you can dream it, as bright as diamond,  
It bathes the plains and ridges and the hills beyond,  
It bathes the pillared woodlands that ring with bell-bird notes,  
With mating-calls and answers from a thousand throats. . . .*

The lamps are lit in London, and in their searching light  
The smiling anxious faces look very strained and white:  
*And over where my heart is, twelve thousand miles away,  
The dewy grass is glinting at the break of day.*

## COLOUR

THE lovely things that I have watched unthinking,  
Unknowing, day by day,  
That their soft dyes had steeped my soul in colour  
That will not pass away:—

Great saffron sunset clouds, and larks from mountains,  
And fenceless miles of plain,  
And hillsides golden green in that unearthly  
Clear shining after rain;

And nights of blue and pearl; and long smooth beaches,  
Yellow as sunburnt wheat,  
Edged with a line of foam that creams and hisses  
Enticing weary feet.

And emeralds, and sunset-hearted opals,  
And Asian marble, veined  
With scarlet flame, and cool green jade, and moonstones  
Misty and azure-stained;

And almond-trees in bloom, and oleanders,  
 Or a wide purple sea,  
 Of plain-land gorgeous with a lovely poison,  
 The evil Darling pea.

There is no night so black but you shine through it,  
 There is no morn so drear,  
 O colour of the world, but I can find you,  
 Most tender, pure, and clear.

Thanks be to God, who gave this gift of colour,  
 Which who shall seek shall find;  
 Thanks be to God, who gives me strength to hold it,  
 Though I were stricken blind.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.

### THE UPPER DARLING

WHERE, like an oven in the sky,  
 Australia's sun is blazing high,  
 And from its distant inland source  
 The Darling winds its sinuous course,  
 'Mid dreary regions, parched and dry,  
 Whose sameness palls the wearied eye;  
 With sandy scrubs and salt-bush plains,  
 That scant reward the shepherd's pains;  
 And timber belts of straggling growth,  
 All stunted with the summer's drouth;  
 Where dusty clouds and teasing flies  
 Afflict the sight and bung the eyes:  
 While panting nature faints beneath  
 The hot sirocco's stifling breath;  
 Where, proper to that region rude,  
 Appears the Aborigine nude,  
 With agile form, and eye of fear,  
 Equipped with boomerang and spear,  
 A simple race, devoid of cares,  
 Who herd in camps, like beasts in lairs,  
 Exhibiting in their outlines—  
 As things grow coarse at their confines—  
 God's image's remotest trace,  
 The selvedge of the human race.

DUGALD FERGUSON.

## DEATH IN THE BUSH

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF BURKE AND WILLS

To die, to perish in the bush alone,  
With but the wilds to hear thy parting groan;  
With but the winds to catch thy parting breath,  
And mock the last long agony of death;  
To feel some message to the true and dear  
Clamour for utterance, yet with none to hear;  
To long with anguish health can never know  
For the last solace human hands bestow;  
Yet hear no gentle tone, no soft caress  
Soothing thy spirit's last and worst distress;  
To feel a thousand thoughts for language rise,  
Yet which must perish when the body dies;  
Where no kind voice can quell the rising fears,  
No gentle hand wipe off the bitter tears;  
To face the awful king unarmed, alone,  
Thy loss unnoticed, and thy fate unknown;  
To know not if thy wasted form shall lie  
And shrivel 'neath the sun's all-scorching eye;  
Or if the warrigal with rapture grim  
Shall tear thee piece from piece, and limb from limb;  
To know thine eyes may gaze unclosed to Heaven,  
Till from their orbs by crows and swamp-hawks riven;  
Which to their prey, while still thou'rt conscious, rush!  
God grant we face not death while in the bush.

MARGARET THOMAS,

## TO ONE IN ENGLAND

“ I SEND to you ”  
Songs of a southern isle,  
Isle like a flower  
In warm seas low lying:  
Songs to beguile  
Some wearisome hour,  
When Time's tired of flying.

Songs which were sung,  
 To a rapt listener lying  
 In sweet lazy hours,  
 Where wild birds' nests swung  
 And winds came a-sighing  
 In nature's own bowers.

Songs which trees sung,  
 By summer winds swayed  
 Into rhythmical sound;  
 Sweet soul-bells rung  
 Through the Ngaio's green shade  
 Unto one on the ground.

Songs from an island  
 Just waking from sleep,  
 In history's morning;  
 Songs from a land  
 Where night shadows creep,  
 When your day is dawning.

O, songs, go your way,  
 Over seas, over lands;  
 Though friendless sometimes,  
 Fear not, comes a day  
 When the world will clasp hands  
 With my wandering rhymes.

ELEANOR ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.

## OLD NEW ZEALAND

(1642-1769)

FAIR lay the land and lonely, by white man's foot untrod—  
 It seemed another Eden fresh from the hand of God,  
 When ABEL TASMAN, sailing through seas unpierced before,  
 Beheld with joy and wonder this sunny Southern shore—

Beheld the woods and mountains, all clad in radiant dress;  
 Beheld the myriad songsters, arrayed in loveliness;  
 Beheld the swarming people, on beach or headland high,  
 Who walked in grace and manhood with prideful step and eye!

All this saw ABEL TASMAN; men heard his wondrous tale,  
Incredulous, unheeding; neglect let fall her veil;  
Nor till another hundred years had passed in solemn train,  
Did eye of white man rest upon this virgin land again.

But TASMAN—young and ardent, and fired with warmest love  
For his dear native Zealand, and one he prized above  
All other maids—had left here, amid the Southern foam,  
Enduring tokens of his love and sweetheart and of home.

Behold where Cape Maria Van Diemen, on the north,  
Proclaims of TASMAN's lady-love the virtues and the worth;  
And while we name these islands "New Zealand," as to-day,  
The fame of ABEL TASMAN shall never fade away.

Twelve weary decades later, the Maoris gazed again;  
There came a sailor greater than TASMAN o'er the main;  
'Twas Cook, the brave explorer, the fearless and the free,  
Who found the lost New Zealand amid the Southern Sea.

He spied the country's borders—he spared not toil or time;  
He marked its soil productive, its bright and healthy clime;  
He saw its noble harbours, its lofty mountain chains,  
Grand woods, pellucid waters, and broad and fertile plains;

He marked the fluttering millions of birds of various hues;  
He saw the swarming people, in mighty war canoes;  
He marked how strange their language, their customs and  
their dress,  
While every tattooed visage would 'horrent wrath express!

How wild and fierce these Maoris no words may well describe,  
Rapine and rage were rampant; tribe fought 'gainst hostile  
tribe;  
Each village was a fortress; the sound of war ne'er ceased;  
Each battle was the prelude to a bloody *human* feast!

E'en woman, formed for sweetness, for love, and tender art,  
Here showed the tiger instinct, the hard and ruthless heart;  
Hers was the task in battle the wounded brave to slay,  
And cook the reeking corpses for the feast that closed the  
fray.

How sad and strange this horrid change from the sweet age  
of Gold!

And though the " why " and " wherefore " may not by man  
be told,

We know that human nature is perverse, weak, and vile,  
And soon ease turns to evil the good enjoyed erewhile.

As Jacob's offspring lusted for Egypt's spicy food,  
Perhaps the Maori thirsted once more for human blood;  
Then appetite perverted from nature's healthy course,  
Though long suppressed, might wake again with all resistless  
force!

Hence kindred preyed on kindred; the sire devoured the  
child;

Man (made in God's own image) had sunk, debased, defiled,  
Not lower than the angel, but lower than the beast,  
Which preys not on its kind, but turns in loathing from the  
feast.

Such the New Zealand Maori when Britons first arrived;  
But 'mid her degradation some Godlike traits survived,  
Brave, trustful, truthful, generous, he could at times be still;  
Strange compound be of diverse traits, extremes of good  
and ill.

J. LIDDELL KELLY.

## NEW ZEALAND

(1893)

God girt her about with the surges  
And winds of the masterless deep,  
Whose tumult uprouses and urges  
Quick billows to sparkle and leap.  
He filled from the life of their motion  
Her nostrils with breath of the sea,  
And gave her afar in the ocean  
A citadel free.

Her never the fever-mist shrouding,  
Nor drought of the desert may blight,  
Nor pall of dim smoke overclouding  
Vast cities of clamour and night,

But the voice of abundance of waters,  
The valleys that bright rivers lave,  
Greets the children, the sons and the daughters  
Of sunshine and wave.

Lo! here where each league hath its fountain,  
The isles of deep fern and tall pine,  
And breezes snow-cooled on the mountains,  
Or keen from the limitless brine,  
See men to the battlefield pressing  
To conquer one foe—the stern soil,  
Their kingship in labour expressing,  
Their lordship in toil.

Though young, they are heirs of the ages,  
Though few, they are freemen and peers,  
Plain workers—though sure of their wages  
Slow Destiny pays with the years.  
Though least they and latest their nation,  
Yet this they have won without sword,  
That woman with man shall have station,  
And Labour be lord.

The winds of the sea and high heaven  
Speed pure to her kissed by the foam.  
The steeds of her ocean undriven,  
Unbitted and riderless roam,  
And clear from her lamp newly lighted  
Shall stream o'er the billows uncurled  
A light as of wrongs at length righted,  
Of Hope to the world.

W. P. REEVES.

## NEW ZEALAND

THE rippling waters  
Of the Waitemata  
Dance light and joyous  
To the evening breeze;  
The bell-bird chimeth  
Pleasant anthems



To the locusts chirping  
     On the myrtle trees;  
 And orange blossoms  
 Around me falling,  
 And rosebuds smiling  
     Where the eye may rest;  
 The bright stars quiver  
 On the flowing river,  
 Like rubies shimmer  
     On an angel's breast.

The purple blossoms  
 In the woodland bowers,  
 The rippling brooklet  
     And the foaming spray;  
 The fern tree bending,  
 The tide up-surging,  
 And zephyrs laden  
     With perfumed spray.  
 These are thy beauties,  
 Oh, fair Zealandia!  
 And brave hearts beating—  
     With love and glee,  
 And thy lovely daughters,  
 Like thy laughing waters,  
 Trill light and joyous  
     Love songs to thee.

W. R. WILLS.

# FROM "RANOLF AND AMOHIA"

## *A South Sea Day Dream*

### THE ISLAND

O'ER scenes more fair, serenely wild,  
 Not often summer's glory smiled;  
 Where flecks of cloud, transparent, bright,  
 No alabaster half so white—  
 Hung lightly in a luminous dome  
 Of sapphire—seemed to float and sleep  
 Far in the front of its blue steep;

And almost awful, none the less  
 For its liquescent loveliness,  
 Behind them sunk—just o'er the hill  
 The deep abyss, profound and still—  
 The so immediate Infinite;  
 That yet emerged, the same, it seemed  
 In hue divine and melting balm,  
 In many a lake whose crystal calm  
 Uncrisped, unwrinkled, scarcely gleamed;  
 When sky above and lake below  
 Would like one sphere of azure show,  
 Save for the circling belt alone,  
 The softly-painted purple zone  
 Of mountains—bathed where nearer seen  
 In sunny tints of sober green,  
 With velvet dark of woods between,  
 All glossy glooms and shifting sheen;  
 While here and there, some peaks of snow  
 Would o'er their tenderer violet lean,

And yet within this region, fair  
 With wealth of waving woods—these glades  
 And glens and lustre-smitten shades,  
 Where trees of tropic beauty rare  
 With graceful spread and ample swell  
 Uprose—and that strange asphodel<sup>1</sup>  
 On tufts of stiff green bayonet-blades,  
 Great bunches of white bloom upbore  
 Like blocks of sea-washed madrepore,  
 That steeped the noon in fragrance wide,  
 Till by the exceeding sweet opprest  
 The stately tree-fern leaned aside  
 For languor, with its starry crown  
 Of radiating fretted fans,  
 And proudly-springing beauteous crest  
 Of shoots all brown with glistening down,  
 Curved like the lyre-bird's tail half-spread,  
 Or necks opposed of wrangling swans,  
 Red bill to bill—black breast to breast—  
 Aye! in this realm of seeming rest,

<sup>1</sup> Order Liliacæ, 10 to 40 feet high, leaves 2 feet, flower densely crowded.

What sights you met and sounds of dread!  
Calcareous caldrons, deep and large  
With geysers hissing to their merge;  
Sulphureous fumes that spout and blow;  
Columns and cones of boiling snow;  
And sable lazy-bubbling pools  
Of spluttering mud that never cools;  
With jets of steam through narrow vents  
Uproaring, maddening to the sky,  
Like cannon-mouths that shoot on high  
In unremitting loud discharge  
Their inexhaustible contents;  
While oft beneath the trembling ground  
Rumbles a drear persistent sound  
Like ponderous engines infinite, working  
At some tremendous task below!—  
Such are the signs and symptoms—lurking  
Or launching forth in dread display—  
Of hidden fires, internal strife,  
Amid that leafy, lush array  
Of rank luxuriant verdurous life:  
Glad haunts above where blissful live  
High revel, rove, enraptured dwell;  
But through them pierce such tokens fierce  
Of rage beneath and frenzies fell;  
As if, to quench and stifle it,  
Green Paradise were flung o'er Hell—  
Flung fresh with all her bowers close-knit,  
Her dewy dales and dimpled streams;  
Yet could not so its fury quell  
But that the old red realm accurst  
Would still recalcitrate, rebel,  
Still struggle upward and outburst  
In scalding fumes, sulphureous steams.  
It struck you as you paused to trace  
The sunny scenery's strange extremes,  
As if in some divinest face,  
All heavenly smiles, angelic grace,  
Your eye at times discovered, despite  
Sweet looks with innocence elate,  
Some wan wild spasm of blank affright,  
Or demon scowl of pent-up hate;

Or some convulsive writhe confest,  
 For all that bloom of beauty bright,  
 An anguish not to be repest.  
 You look—a moment bask in, bless  
 The laughing light of happiness;  
 But look again—what startling throes  
 And fiery pangs of fierce distress  
 The lovely lineaments disclose—  
 How o'er the fascinating features flit  
 The genuine passions of the nether pit!

#### TANGI—THE CHIEF

Such was this Tangi—such "The Wailing Sea;"  
 Of form almost gigantic he—  
 Bull-necked, square-jawed, firm-lipped, bold-eyed,  
 broad-browed,  
 His looks proclaimed his character aloud:  
 And when he stood forth in full height and pride  
 In flowing vest of silky flax, undyed,  
 But crimson-spotted with round knobs of wool,  
 Black points of cord, alternate, hanging free;  
 And o'er it, down to the brown ankles bare  
 A mantle of white wild-dog fur well-dressed,  
 Its skirt's broad rim tan-hued; his snowy hair  
 Crowned with a jet-black arching crest  
 Of hoopœ-feathers stuck upright,  
 Their tips a crescent of pure white;  
 And in his hand, to order with or smite,  
 The greenstone baton broad of war or rule,  
 Green, smooth, and oval as a cactus leaf—  
 Did he not look, aye, every inch a Chief?  
 Did not each glance and gesture stamp him then,  
 Self-heralded a God-made King of Men?

#### THE STORM

A thunderstorm was sweeping o'er the lake,  
 The hills had whitened off in sudden mist  
 That soon grew leaden-livid; flake on flake

The fine spray smoked along the watery floor—  
 Till plumb-down rushed the rain's impetuous pour;  
 A thousand claps of thunder seemed to break  
 Confusedly all at once—with clattering roar  
 Tumbled about the air or groaning rolled,  
 As if some race Titanic, storming Heaven  
 From ponderous unimaginable wains  
 On rocky grating causeways headlong driven,  
 Shot crashing mountains on the skiey plains;  
 Or if the tumult for a moment stopped  
 You heard the torrent rain how loud it hissed,  
 As if a hecatomb of bulls at least  
 Were broiling for some sacrificial feast;  
 And all about the liquid lightnings dropped  
 In points like grapestones shaped, of molten gold.  
 But Tangi, while the tempest raged, was told  
 That where his daughter might be no one knew—  
 They feared, upon the lake in her canoe.  
 Straightway the stoutest of his clansmen staunch  
 He sent in search of her their boats to launch;  
 Then set himself to charm away the storm;  
 And it was rare to see the grand old chief  
 Now in the haughtiness of fancied power  
 To cope with nature in her fiercest hour,  
 Quick pouring forth wild-ringing chaunt on chaunt  
 To bid Tawhiri—God of Storms—Avaunt!  
 Now in a rival storm of rage and grief  
 Threatening—reproaching—all his stalwart form  
 Dilating with defiance: outstretched arms  
 And head thrown back and milk-white fleece of hair,  
 And bloodshot eyes and dark-blue visage bare  
 Lit up by fits in the blue lightning's glare.  
 So plies he his monotonous rude charms—  
 So on the storm his vehement passion vents,  
 Hoarsely upbraiding the hoarse elements.

But soon the light canoe they saw

Come bounding o'er the breaking wave;  
 There sate, while mixed delight and awe

Beamed from her face, the maiden brave  
 With rapid change from side to side  
 A native youth the paddle plied—

A stranger, and his hearty will  
 Seemed matched with equal strength and skill.  
 Attentive to his least command  
 The maiden grasped with one firm hand  
 The sheet that held the shortened sail  
 That strained and tugged beneath the gale,  
 And with the other strove to bale  
 Fast as she could the water, still  
 Threatening the little bark to fill.  
 Begemmed with spray her dark hair streamed;  
 Her beauteous cheek no paler seemed  
 Though rain and spray-drops o'er it teemed  
 And all around the lightnings gleamed:  
 For neither lightning, rain, nor spray  
 Could turn her from her task away.  
 Still stood the sail and bending mast,  
 And they the beach were nearing fast.  
 Then through the waters' boiling strife  
 The clansmen rushed at risk of life;  
 A struggling, swimming, diving crowd,  
 They seized with acclamations loud  
 The gunwale of the light canoe;  
 On either side, a dancing row  
 Of rough black heads now rising through  
 Now sunk beneath the foamy snow,  
 With great triumphant shouts they bore  
 Canoe and maiden to the shore.

#### THE LEGEND OF TAWHÁKI

Then Amohia, tapping Ranolf's arm,  
 Said, "Listen, Pákeha<sup>1</sup>" —and with lifted hand,  
 Rounding—enchantress-wise,  
 When double soul she throws into a charm—  
 The solemn archness of her great black eyes,  
 Deep lighted like a well,  
 An ancient legend she began to tell  
 Of one God-hero of the land,  
 Of which our faithful lay presents  
 Precisely the main incidents,

<sup>1</sup> Foreigner.

Diluting only here and there  
 The better its intent to reach,  
 The language so condensed and bare,  
 Those clotted rudiments of speech:

"Once a race, the Pona-turi—in the oozy depths of ocean,  
 Fierce, uncouth, in gloomy glory, lived where light is none,  
 nor motion.  
 More than anything created, light, their bane, their death,  
 they hated;  
 So for night they ever waited ere ashore they seal-like  
 clambered  
 To their house Manáwa-tanē—their great mansion lofty  
 chambered;  
 Whence, if e'er a windy moon had caught them, you would  
 see them hieing  
 Homeward—sable-shapes beneath the crisping silver floating,  
 flying,  
 Swift as scattered clouds on high their snowy courses gaily  
 plying.  
 Young TAWHÁKI, well he knew them—did they not his  
 father mangle?  
 Hang his fleshless bones, a scarecrow, ghastly from their  
 roof to dangle?  
 Keep his mother, too, a slave, each day to give them timely  
 warning  
 Ere dark sky from earth uplifting left the first gold gap of  
 morning?  
 "Vengeance with his mother then he plotted. So by day-  
 light hiding  
 In their houseroof-thatch he couched, his slimy foes' arrival  
 biding.  
 Darkness comes; they land in swarms; their spacious house  
 they crowd and cumber;  
 Revel through the midnight reckless; drop at last in weary  
 slumber.  
 Like the distant ocean's roaring sinks and swells the mighty  
 snoring—  
 Out then steals Tawhákí chuckling: long ere day begins to  
 brighten,  
 Stops up every chink in doorway, window, that could let the  
 light in:

And the snoring goes on roaring; or if any sleeper yawning  
 Turned him restless, thinking, 'Surely it must now be near  
 the dawning,'  
 Growling, 'Slave, is daylight breaking? are you watching,  
 are you waking?'  
 Still the mother answered blandly, 'Fear not, I will give you  
 warning—  
 Sleep, O sleep, my Pona-turi—there are yet no streaks of  
 morning!'

"So the snoring goes on roaring. Now above the mountains  
 dewy,  
 High the splendour—God careers it—great TE RA, the TAMA  
 NUI.<sup>1</sup>  
 Sudden cries Tawhaki's mother, '*Open doors and windows  
 quickly!*  
*Every stop-gap tear out, clear out! On them pour the sun-  
 beams thickly!*  
 Through the darksome mansion—through and through those  
 sons of darkness streaming  
 Flash the spear-flights of the Day-God—deadly silent—  
 golden-gleaming!  
 Down they go, the Pona-turi! vain their struggles, yells, and  
 fury!  
 Like dead heaps of fishes stranded by the storm-spray,  
 gaping—staring—  
 Stiffened—so astonished, helpless, lay they in the sunbeams  
 glaring:  
 Fast as shrink upon the shelly beach, those tide-left discs of  
 jelly;  
 Fast as leathery fungus-balls in yellow dust-clouds fuming  
 fly off,  
 So they shrink, they fade, they wither, so those Imps of  
 Darkness die off!"

<sup>1</sup> Te Ra—the Sun. Tama Nui—the "great Son" of the Heavens and Earth.

"Te Ra, the Sun." A curious coincidence, if nothing more, that the Sun, personified or deified throughout Polynesia under the name "Ra," was worshipped under the same name Ra, or Rê, (*The Sun*, *Pi-Ra* = Phrah = Pharaoh, the royal title), universally throughout Egypt, and especially at Heliopolis in Lower Egypt, the "On" of the Jewish scriptures. See Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iv. p. 287, etc.



## AMOHIA'S FLIGHT

Then paddling off with all her might,  
 Away across the lake she flew,  
 And left a wake of foam snow-bright,  
 And broadening ripple glassy-blue;  
 While dashing after, less expert,  
 Soon Ranolf finds he must exert  
 His utmost skill to catch her, too.  
 But when, though less by skill than strength,  
 He nears her flying skiff at length—  
 With nimble paddle dodging back  
 She slips off on another tack,  
 With swiftly-flitting noiseless ease;  
 As—when some fisher thinks to seize  
 With gently-dropped and stealthy spear  
 A flounder, down in shallows clear,  
 'Mid mottling tufts of dusky weeds  
 And white sand-patches where it feeds—  
 The trembling shadow shifts away  
 Through faintly-shimmering water grey—  
 'Tis there—and gone—his would-be prey!  
 So, hovering round with wistful eyes,  
 While many a feint, to cheat, surprise,  
 That merry mocker, Ranolf tries,  
 She, at a little distance staying,  
 And watchful, with the paddle playing,  
 No move of his, no glance to miss—  
 Now darts alert that way, now this;  
 And at each foiled attempt again  
 Provokes him in alluring strain:

"Look! I'm one of those divine ones—joy and love of all  
 beholders,  
 Who had pinions, O such fine ones! growing from their  
 stately shoulders;—  
 Not that fond one too confiding—so in vain your bright eyes  
 watch me—  
 He, the last on earth residing . . . Ah! you need not think  
 to catch me! . . .

Who, beside his loved-one lying, let the maid while he was  
 sleeping,  
 Press his wings off, spoil his flying—lest he e'er should leave  
 her weeping!"

Then off she skims in circuit wide,  
 Resolved another plan to try.  
 Again with paddles swiftly plied,  
 Again across the lake they fly;  
 And as her little bark he nears,  
 A new defiance Ranolf hears:

"I'm Wakatau, he—  
 That Child of the Sea!  
 And my dearest delight  
 Is flying my kite.  
 Down beneath, on the sand,  
 With the string in my hand,  
 Under water I stand;  
 Or the kite in the air,  
 Like the day-moon up there,  
 Like an albatross strong,  
 Draws me swiftly along  
 As I float to and fro  
 On the green sea below.—  
 Apakúra, my mother  
 Can catch me, none other;  
 From the quickest alive,  
 Down—down—would I dive!—  
 Whoever you be—  
 Though fonder, though dearer,  
 You, you are not she,  
 Apakúra, O no!—  
 So if you come nearer  
 See—down I must go!"

Scarce on the gunwale had he laid  
 His hand, and scarce the words were said,  
 Ere, slipping from her loosened dress,  
 Her simple kilt and cloak of flax—  
 Just as a chestnut you may press  
 With careful foot ere ripened well,

Shoots from its green and prickly shell,  
 With tender rind so tawny-clean  
 And dainty-pure and smooth as wax—  
 She shot into the blue serene—  
 A moment gleamed, then out of sight,  
 Swift as a falling flash of light!  
 All round he seeks with anxious mien  
 The Naiad—nowhere to be seen:  
 A fearful time he seems to spy—  
 His heart beats quick—when lo, hard by,  
 A mermaid! risen on the rocks,  
 Whose diamond glances archly play  
 Through shaken clouds of glittering locks,  
 And glancing showers of diamond-spray:  
 "*You are not Apakúra! O, no, no, not you!*"  
 She cries—and dives beneath the blue.  
 He follows, watching where she glides  
 Beneath a drooping pall profound  
 Of boughs, that all the water hides.  
 Into the gloom he pushes: sound  
 Or sight of her is none around.  
 But hark!—'twas somewhere near the bank  
 That sudden splash! it takes his ear  
 As startingly as sometimes, near  
 A stream where June's hot grass is rank,  
 You hear the coiled-up water-snake  
 Your unsuspecting footsteps wake,  
 Flap down upon the wave below,  
 And wabbling through the water go.  
 Again to the mid-lake she hies;  
 In swift pursuit again he flies:  
 And see! she waits with face, how meek!  
 Till he can touch and almost clasp  
 The shining shoulders, laughing cheek;  
 Then, diving swift, eludes his grasp:  
 Just as, with quick astonished eye,  
 A wild-duck waits, until well-nigh  
 The ruddy-curled retriever's snap  
 Is gently closing like a trap  
 On its poor neck and broken wing,  
 Before with sudden jerk she dips,  
 Beneath the ripple vanishing.

From Ranolf so the maiden slips—  
And when, the chase renewed, he nears  
The spot where next she reappears,  
Look! floating on the glass she lies  
With close-sealed lips and fast-shut eyes,  
Still as a saint in marble bloom  
Carved snowy-dead upon a tomb.

ALFRED DOMETT.

## A COLONIST IN HIS GARDEN

### *He Reads a Letter*

“ DIM grows your face, and in my ears,  
Filled with the tramp of hurrying years,  
Your voice dies, far apart.  
Our shortening day draws in, alack!  
Old Friend, ere darkness falls, turn back  
To England, life and art.

“ Write not that you content can be,  
Pent by that drear and shipless sea  
Round lonely islands rolled,  
Isles nigh as empty as their deep,  
Where men but talk of gold and sheep  
And think of sheep and gold.

“ A land without a past; a race  
Set in the rut of commonplace,  
Where Demos overfed  
Allows no gulf, permits no height,  
And grace and colour, music, light,  
From sturdy scorn are fled.

“ I'll draw you home. Lo! As I write  
A flash—a swallow's arrow-flight!  
O'erhead the skylark's wings  
Quiver with joy at winter's rout:  
A gust of April from without  
Scents of the garden brings.

## A Colonist in His Garden

“The quickening turf is starred with gold;  
 The orchard wall, rust-red and old,  
     Glows in the sunlight long.  
 The very yew-tree warms to-day,  
 As the sundial, mossed and gray,  
     Marks with a shadow strong.

“Tired of the bold aggressive New,  
 Say, will your eyes not joy to view,  
     In a sedater clime,  
 How mellowing tones at leisure steal,  
 And age hath virtue scars to heal,  
     And beauty weds gray Time? ”

*He Speaks*

Good wizard! Thus he weaves his spell.  
 Yet, charm he twenty times as well,  
     Me shall he never spur,  
 To seek again the old, green land,  
 That seems from far to stretch a hand  
     To sons who dream of her.

For is my England there? Ah, no.  
 Gone is my England, long ago,  
     Leaving me tender joys,  
 Sweet, fragrant happy-breathing names  
 Of wrinkled men and gray-haired dames,  
     To me still girls and boys.

With these in youth let memory stray  
 In pleasance green, where stern to-day  
     Works Fancy no mischance.  
 Dear pleasance—let no light invade  
 Revealing ravage Time hath made  
     Amid thy dim romance!

Here am I rooted. Firm and fast  
 We men take root who face the blast,  
     When, to the desert come,  
 We stand where none before have stood  
 And braving tempest, drought, and flood,  
     Fight Nature for a home.

Now, when the fight is o'er, what man,  
What wrestler, who in manhood's span  
Hath won so stern a fall,  
Who, matched against the desert's power,  
Hath made the wilderness to flower,  
Can turn, forsaking all?

Yet that my heart to England cleaves  
This garden tells with blooms and leaves  
In old familiar throng,  
And smells, sweet English, every one,  
And English turf to tread upon,  
And English blackbird's song.

"No art?" Who serve an art more great  
Than we, rough architects of state  
With the old earth at strife?  
"No colour?" On the silent waste  
In pigments not to be effaced,  
We paint the hues of life.

"A land without a past?" Nay, nay.  
I saw it, forty years this day,  
—Nor man, nor beast, nor tree,  
Wide, empty plains where shadows pass  
Blown by the wind o'er whispering grass  
Whose sigh crept after me.

Now when at midnight round my doors  
The gale through sheltering branches roars,  
What is it to the might  
Of the mad gorge-wind that o'erthrew  
My camp—the first I pitched—and blew  
Our tents into the night?

Mine is the vista where the blue  
And white-capped mountains close the view.  
Each tapering cypress there  
At planting in these hands was borne,  
Small, shivering seedlings and forlorn,  
When all the plain was bare!

## The Passing of the Forest

Skies without music, mute through time,  
 Now hear the skylark's rippling climb  
     Challenge their loftier dome.  
 And hark! A song of gardens floats,  
 Rills, gushes clear—the self-same notes  
     Your thrushes flute at Home.

See, I have poured o'er plain and hill  
 Gold open-handed, wealth that will  
     Win children's children's smiles,  
 —Autumnal glories, glowing leaves,  
 And aureate flowers, and warmth of sheaves,  
     Mid weary pastoral miles.

Yonder my poplars, burning gold,  
 Flare in tall rows of torches bold,  
     Spire beyond kindling spire.  
 Then raining gold round silver stem  
 Soft birches gleam. Outflaming them  
     My oaks take ruddier fire.

And with my flowers about her spread  
 (None brighter than her shining head),  
     The lady of my close,  
 My daughter, walks in girlhood fair.  
 Friend, could I rear in England's air  
     A sweeter English rose?

## THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

ALL glory cannot vanish from the hills.  
 Their strength remains, their stature of command,  
 Their flush of colour ere calm twilight stills  
     Day's clamour and the sea-wind cools the land.  
 Refreshed when rain-clouds swell a thousand rills,  
     Ancient of days, in green old age they stand  
 In grandeur that can never know decay  
 Though from their flanks men strip the woods away.

But thin their vesture now—the restless grass,  
    Bending and dancing as the breeze goes by,  
Catching quick gleams and cloudy shades that pass,  
    As running seas reflect a wind-stirred sky,  
And lordlier their forest raiment was  
    From crown to feet that clothed them royally,  
Shielding their mysteries from the glare of day,  
Ere the dark woods were reft and torn away.

Well may these plundered and insulted kings,  
    Stripped of their robes, despoiled, uncloaked, discrowned,  
Draw down the clouds with white enfolding wings,  
    And soft aerial fleece to wrap them round,  
To hide the scars that every season brings,  
    Black smirch of fire, the landslip's gaping wound;  
Well may they shroud their heads in mantle gray,  
Since from their brows the leaves were plucked away!

Gone is the forest world, its wealth of life,  
    Its thrusting, climbing, coiling, strangling race,  
Creeper with creeper, bush with bush at strife,  
    Writhing and warring for a breathing space;  
Below the thicket, tangled rankness rife,  
    Aloft, tree columns, shafts of stateliest grace.  
Gone are the forest wrestlers. None might stay;  
Giant and dwarf alike have passed away.

Gone are the forest birds, arboreal things,  
    Eaters of honey, honey-sweet of song,  
The tui, and the bell-bird—he who sings  
    That brief, rich music we would fain prolong.  
Gone the wood-pigeon's sudden whirr of wings,  
    The robin, quaintly bold, unused to wrong.  
Wild, harmless, hamadryad creatures, they  
Lived with their trees, and died, and passed away.

And with the birds, the flowers, too, are gone  
    That bloomed aloft, ethereal, stars of light,  
The clematis, the kowhai, like ripe corn,  
    Russet, though all the hills in green were dight;  
The rata, draining from its tree forlorn  
    Rich life-blood for its crimson blossoms bright,  
Red glory of the gorges, well-a-day!  
Fled is that splendour, dead and passed away.



Lost is the scent of resinous sharp pines,  
Of wood fresh cut, clean-smelling, for the hearth,  
Of smoke from burning logs, in wavering lines  
Softening the air with blue, of cool, damp earth  
And dead trunks fallen among coiling vines,  
Brown, mouldering, moss-coated. Round the girth  
Of the green land, the winds brought hill and bay  
Fragrance far-borne, now faded all away.

Lost is the sense of sudden, sweet escape  
From dust of stony plain, from glare and gale,  
When the feet tread where shade and silence drape  
The stems with sleep below the leafy veil,  
Or where a pleasant rustling stirs each shape  
Creeping with whisperings that rise and fail  
Through labyrinths half-lit by chequered play  
Of light on golden moss now burned away.

Gone are the forest tracks, where oft we rode  
Under the silver fern-fronds climbing slow,  
In cool, green tunnels, though fierce noontide glowed  
And glittered on the tree-tops far below.  
There, mid the stillness of the mountain road,  
We just could hear the valley river flow,  
Whose voice through many a windless summer day  
Haunted the silent woods, now passed away.

Drinking fresh odours, spicy wafts that blew,  
We watched the glassy, quivering air asleep.  
Midway between tall cliffs that taller grew  
Above the unseen torrent calling deep;  
Till, like a sword, cleaving the foliage through,  
The waterfall flashed foaming down the steep:  
White, living water, cooling with its spray  
Dense plumes of fragile fern, now scorched away.

The axe bites deep; the rushing fire streams bright.  
Clear, beautiful, and fierce it speeds for man,  
The master, set to change and stern to smite,  
Bronzed pioneer of nations. Ay, but scan  
The ruined beauty wasted in a night,  
The blackened wonder God alone could plan,  
And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay  
Is this for Progress—beauty swept away.

W. P. REEVES.

THE LOW LINTEL <sup>1</sup>

AN Austral churchyard, very calm and still;  
It might be some forgotten village fane,  
So low the lintel, weather-worn the sill,  
The narrow windows showing many a pane.

Here Selwyn spoke; and down this quiet aisle,  
In troublous times, before these placid years,  
Imperial soldiers entered rank and file  
With vivid uniform and jangling spears.

Now Selwyn sleeps, and Cameron's men have passed;  
The graves are green, the roses blossom free;  
From opal hills and gloomy caverns vast  
Comes in the requiem music of the sea.

Hard by the gate a paltry tablet stands  
For sea-woe in the times that lie afar;  
By yonder cliffs the *Orpheus* with all hands  
Trapped to her doom upon the seething bar.

Full many a tale has reached its tragic close,  
Full many a wave has snatched its hapless prey,  
Since there were gathered here to long repose;  
Their comrades sleeping in the fatal bay.

This old-time sorrow is a roughened scar  
Beneath a casual hand that scarcely heeds;  
That new-made grave beneath the evening star?  
Forbear! Nor touch a recent wound that bleeds.

## POHUTUKAWA

'Tis not the holly red I sing  
'Neath Albion's snowy skies;  
Nor yet the rose that blushes sweet  
For lustrous Persian eyes;

<sup>1</sup> St. Peter's Anglican Churchyard, Onehunga, Auckland.

## Pohutukawa

Nor yet the stately palm that waves  
O'er Asiatic dome:  
But the dear old native Christmas flower  
Of my New Zealand home.

O'er-arched with blue in golden days  
On many a cliff and bight,  
With gnarled branches far outspread,  
Bedecked with tassels bright.  
I love thee well, I love thee well,  
Pohutukawa-tree;  
From infancy a subtle spell  
Thy blossom cast o'er me.

Is it because I love the sea?—  
The sea thou lovest so,  
Oft bending o'er until the depths  
Reflect thy crimson glow;  
Or mad and merry little waves  
Veil thee with silver spray,  
Dancing in gayest elfin sport  
On some fair Christmas Day?

If thou hadst bloomed on classic soil  
Where Sappho stirred the soul;  
Or by the lone, wild Orcades  
Where Ossian's echoes roll;  
Or even in the good old land  
When Royal Alfred sang,  
And baron's hall and lady's bower  
With merry music rang,

Thy fame had reached to other shores,  
And men had talked of thee,  
Our own Pohutukawa  
Beside the summer sea.  
For worthy art thou meed of praise  
As myrtle-tree or lime,  
As olive-tree or sandalwood  
Of cloudless Orient clime.

But far amid the ocean wide,  
And far adown the days,

Where shall we find the voice, the harp,  
To sound abroad thy praise?  
And yet right well we love to see  
Thy plummy, rich array,  
O tree of sunny mem'ries  
And southern Christmas Day!

The green Karaka's golden fruit  
Is ripening in the sun;  
Red Rata <sup>1</sup> wreathes the Kauri  
Where creeks in shadow run.  
The white clematis long ago  
Hath lost her starry flowers;  
Pohutukawa's crimson plumes  
Must deck our Christmas bowers.

## MANUKA

Acres on acres of low, hilly, poor land  
Is the Manuka's peculiar domain;  
Acres on acres like heath on the moorland,  
White with its blossom, like snow on the plain.

Acres on acres to battle a path through,  
Growing o'erhead like the tall pampas grass,  
Wirily branched with prickly foliage;  
Woe worth the day when the stranger shall pass!

Acres on acres, and acres on acres,  
Fire hath swept clean through the length of the land;  
But the Manuka will ne'er be demolished  
Until old Neptune comes over the strand.

Acres on acres like heath o' the moorland,  
White with its blossom, like snow on the plain;  
For the fair sun-lighted land of the Maori  
Is the Manuka's peculiar domain.

<sup>1</sup> Wild vine.

## MY LITTLE MAORI AXE OF JADE

I HEAR, I hear the wild wind blow  
     Adown the gorge a rover free;  
 It hustles round the virgin snow,  
     And jars the blue lakes' reverie,  
 Till foaming torrents madly flee  
     From dizzy uplands, sore dismayed—  
 A stone lay there that came to be  
     My little Maori axe of jade.

I hear, I hear the korero,  
     Beside the prostrate kauri tree,  
 I see the iwis come and go,  
     Year after year right patiently.  
 With shouts of labour, songs of glee,  
     The mighty war canoe is made  
 Fit for the sea, with tools like thee,  
     My little Maori axe of jade.

I hear, I hear dread sounds of woe,  
     The haka warriors bend the knee,  
 Like crouching tigers on the foe  
     Impelled at once in fierce mêlée;  
 Nor Nordenfeldt, nor Martini,  
     Nor curious Damascus blade—  
 Yet heaps on heaps of slain—Ah, me!  
     My little Maori axe of jade.

*Envoy*

Chief, on the warpath cap-à-pie,  
     I conjure up thy harmless shade;  
 The crystal where weird sights I see,  
     My little Maori axe of jade.

## COMPARISON

THE days of our years, the days of our years,  
Alike with their record of smiles and tears,  
Advance and recede like waves on the shore;  
Engulfed in the past we behold them no more.

And some days are like to the deep sea wave  
That often, caressingly, gently doth lave  
The shell-strewn sand, and, e'er gliding away,  
Makes polished and gleaming each pebble-stone gray.

So glad days roll on o'er the strand of time,  
When happiness ringeth a sweet, clear chime,  
And the heart unfolds like some fair sea-flower  
'Neath the sunbeams that fall in a golden shower.

But let summer wane, in the autumn eve  
How sadly the dark sunless waters heave!  
Unsparking and cold they creep in with a moan,  
And retire, leaving darker each rock and stone.

So seasons of trouble with sorrow rife  
Approach in this changeable human life;  
The bravest oft shrink from a nameless pain,  
For heart-wounds may heal, but the scars remain.

How wildly the storm-winds in winter rave,  
How sadly they wail o'er the sailor's grave!  
When the hurricane rages, 'mid lightning-lit gloom,  
Oh, many a gallant barque meets her doom!

As in the sad night of bereavement and woe,  
When the mourner his impotent frailty doth know,  
In the deafening turbulent surge of despair  
The buffeted soul can scarce think a prayer.

But, oh! in the silence of dawning to be,  
When the sunrise illumines the wonderful sea,  
And life-full each bright-crested wavelet appears,  
The glory and gladness banish all fears.

And such may the morn of eternity be,  
When the shadows of time and mortality flee;  
A life bright, unending as night's starry spheres,  
Begin when we've numbered the days of our years.

MARGARET A. SINCLAIR.

### THE MOA

IN forest deeps, where the sunlight creeps  
And struggles dimly through,  
The veil of leaves, which Nature weaves,  
And keeps for ever new;  
Where the rota vine to the graceful pine  
Clings with a Judas kiss;  
Where blooming flowers make fitting bowers  
In a fairer world than this;

Where the ferny sod, by man untrod,  
Is tender, green, and soft;  
Where the Weka might raise her curious gaze  
To the Tui that sings aloft;  
Where the cataract shakes the woods and wakes  
The echoes of rock and glen—  
In the cool dark shade of a punga glade,  
The Moa has made his den!

In the deepest grot of this secret spot  
Does the Moa choose to dwell;  
And whitened bones, round circled stones,  
Of his slaughtered victims tell.  
Now harsh, shrill cries of rage arise  
High over the cataract's boom,  
For the mighty bird has a footstep heard,  
And he sounds the huntsman's doom.

Brave Maori! Here thy club and spear  
Are weapons weak and vain;  
The feathered foe has laid thee low,  
Thou ne'er shalt hunt again:

The Moa's young shall pluck thy tongue  
Warm from its quivering root,  
And thy bones, picked bare, shall to men declare  
The victory of the Brute.

## TAHITI

THERE is a land that lieth  
Amid the Southern Sea,  
Where the soft zephyr sigheth,  
Across the odorous lea;  
Where smiles a radiant heaven  
On seas of constant calm;  
Where added charms are given  
Of orange tree and palm;  
Where rise basaltic mountains  
With fadeless foliage crowned,  
And leaping, sparkling fountains  
Spread melody around.

A gentle race there dwelleth  
Within the land so fair,  
Whose happy laughter telleth  
Of bosoms free from care;  
Where merry youths and maidens  
In peace their years employ—  
Their voices join in cadence,  
Their life is love and joy;  
The grace of form and feature  
No ugly fashions mar;  
The paragons of Nature  
These gentle people are!

How shall I tell the glories  
Of that bright Orient clime,  
Whose beauties shame the stories  
Brought down from olden time  
Of Asiatic splendour—  
Of scenes by Art made bright;  
Of maidens warm and tender,  
Whose eyes have Love's own light?



## Slumber Song

How shall my feeble fingers  
 Portray, with futile art,  
 That nameless grace which lingers  
 Like fragrance round my heart?

Not, as in fable olden,  
 From azure fields above  
 Descends that City Golden,  
 Where all is peace and love;  
 From seas of pearl and coral  
 This Island rises fair,  
 While beauteous offerings floral  
 Adorn her glossy hair,  
 O lovely Papeete,  
 Of earthly scenes the pride!  
 O glorious Tahiti,  
 Old Ocean's chosen bride.

J. LIDDELL KELLY.

## SLUMBER SONG

Now the golden day is ending,  
 See the quiet night descending,  
 Stealing, stealing all the colours, all the roses from the west,  
 Safe at home each bird is keeping  
 Watch o'er nest and children sleeping,  
 Dreaming tender dreams of sunshine, sleeping warm, for  
 sleep is best.  
 Sleep, then, sleep, my little daughter,  
 Sleep to sound of running water,  
 Singing, singing through the twilight, singing little things to  
 rest.

Down beside the river flowing,  
 Where the broom and flax are growing,  
 Little breezes whisper gently, as night's music softly swells;  
 And, like bells of Elfin pealing,  
 Lonely through the shadows stealing,

Tinkling, tinkling through the twilight comes the sound of  
cattle bells.

Sleep, then, sleep, my little daughter,  
Cattle bells, and wind, and water,  
Weaving, weaving chains of slumber, cast about thee Dream-  
land's spells.

MARY H. POYNTER.

### THE TANIWHA

I WILL tell you, my sons and daughters,  
Of the monster that dwells in the waters,  
The Taniwha fearful and fierce,  
Who is clad from head to tail  
In a coat of scaly mail  
No club or spear can pierce.

The Taniwha! Ah, he is longer  
Than a war canoe, and stronger  
Than the strongest shark or whale;  
At his mouth of dreadful size,  
And the gleam of his fiery eyes,  
The bravest heart might quail.

Have I seen him? Nay, my daughter;  
But I've seen the troubled water,  
When he lashed it while in rage.  
The *tohungas*,<sup>1</sup> wise and old,  
Have seen him, and have told  
Of his deeds from age to age.

Have you seen the strong man swimming  
In the rivers' waters brimming,  
Sink with a cry of pain?  
Have you seen the staunch canoe  
Go out o'er the waters blue  
And ne'er return again?

Have you heard, in the eerie gloaming,  
Sounds as of spirits roaming  
Through the vaulted paths below?

<sup>1</sup> Priests.

## The Woman in the Moon

Have you seen the waters boil  
Through the crackling, quaking soil,  
With a wailing sound of woe?

Those sights and sounds bewild'ring  
From the Taniwha come, my children;  
For the *Atua* <sup>1</sup> gives him power  
To roam from his secret den,  
To prey on the sons of men,  
And slaughter them and devour.

Then pray ye, my sons and daughters,  
To the mighty god of waters  
That ye be not untimely killed;  
And a choice food-offering take  
To yon rock in the lonely lake,  
That the Taniwha's wrath be stilled.  
J. LIDDELL KELLY.<sup>2</sup>

## THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

(*A Maori Legend*)

HIGH in the dull blue heaven the round-faced moon,  
Paling the twinkling stars, looks calmly down  
On Rona hast'ning from the slumb'ring town  
Towards the lake—her path nigh bright as noon—  
To fetch fresh water which her mother craves,  
She bears a vessel: now she stays a space,  
To view the mirrored moon's reflected face;  
But as she stoops she falls into the waves,  
Misled by the deceptive moon's pale ray:  
She rising curses his illusive light.  
Then from the heaven swoops down the God of night,  
And seizing Rona, bears her quick away.  
Though parted from her friends, she's still in sight,  
For in the moon she will be seen alway.<sup>3</sup>

ALEXANDER BATHGATE.

<sup>1</sup> Spirit.

<sup>2</sup> This is given as an aged Maori's description of the mythical monster, the *taniwha*, which figures largely in Maori tradition and nomenclature.

<sup>3</sup> Other versions in which Rona is a man.

## THE LEGEND OF HINEMOA

HEARKEN, friends, to this quaint idyll,  
From the love-lore of the Maori,  
From the ancient native records,  
Of the maiden Hinemoa,  
Of the Rotorua beauty,  
Of the beautiful Wahine:  
Straight, yet lissome as the sapling  
Growing graceful by the river;  
Hinemoa with the fine eyes  
Dark as midnight's gloom unfathomed,  
While a star of light illumed them—  
Eyes that drew the gaze of others;  
Held them, as the old Tohunga,  
But in sweeter thralldom held them,  
By their spell of sweeter magic.  
Maiden with the midnight tresses  
Glossy as the Tui's plumage;  
With the lithe form and the fleet foot;  
With the witching smile revealing  
Milk-white teeth, 'twixt lips of coral.  
This alluring child of Nature  
Stole the hearts of all the young men,  
Won the love of all the warriors;  
Left her sisters of the Hapu,  
Left her sisters all behind her.  
While they strove for admiration,  
She obtained it without effort,  
Beauty's undisputed birthright.  
Sunbeam of the Raupo Whare,<sup>1</sup>  
Queen of maidens, gay, alluring,  
In a land of merry maidens,  
Her land called Te Ika a Maui—  
Where the skies are blue in summer,  
Where the winter passes swiftly,  
Where the mountains rise majestic,  
Where the vales are green as emerald,  
Where the lakes are gems of turquoise,

<sup>1</sup> Dwelling.

And the falls shower glittering diamond  
Where the rivers, like fond children,  
Hasten toward their father Ocean.  
Island home of Hinemoa—  
Where the Bush is grand and gloomy,  
With the massive stately Kauri,  
With the Matai and Totara,  
With the Kowhai and the Hinau,  
With the Rata and the Rimu—  
Twining Rata, drooping Rimu;  
Densely grown, with Rangiora  
Showing silvery in the distance,  
When the spring winds hurry through it.  
And the Raupo by the river  
Bends its thousand, thousand rushes  
As the morning wind sweeps o'er it,  
When the creamy Toi-toi  
Waves its soft and plummy feathers,  
Downward drooping o'er the Raupo.  
Such the swamps where moorhens wander,  
Where the wingless Kiwis wander  
Through the silent starlit watches;  
Such the swamps where lurk the spirits,  
Good and evil spirits also:  
So the sire of Hinemoa  
Taught his little dark-eyed daughter;  
Taught her, too, the chanting mournful  
Sung to ward away the Taipo<sup>1</sup>—  
Sung to ward away the spirits  
Lurking in the Bush or flax-swamp;  
For the spirits flee from music  
As the wild beast shuns the camp-fire.  
Such the lore, and such the legends,  
Hinemoa heard in childhood,  
In her own sequestered Hapu<sup>2</sup>  
On the shores of Rotorua—  
Rotorua famed in story,  
Rotorua praised in poem,  
Giving back the blue of heaven,  
Flashing back the golden sunbeams,  
Murmuring softly in the twilight,

<sup>1</sup> The nether world.<sup>2</sup> Family.

Mirror for the constellations,  
Southern Cross and bright Orion;  
Beautiful in summer moonlight,  
Fairy, dreamlike in the moonlight;  
With its island and its cascades,  
With its depths and sandy shallows,  
With its terraces and geysers,  
With its fringe of softest verdure,  
Fringe of varied fern and Nikau.  
In this realm of scenes entrancing  
Dwelt the maiden Hinemoa,  
Watched the dawning of the daylight  
From the little Raupo Whare,  
Watched the sun peep o'er the mountain,  
Kiss the vale, and leave it smiling,  
Glint across the lake and level.  
Hinemoa heard the birds sing  
In the Bush all dark and dewy,  
Heard the shining cuckoo's welcome  
To the tender flowers of springtime—  
Pretty Pīpiwharaua!  
Fostered by Te Riroriro;  
Heard the long-tailed swallow also,  
Heard the Te Kohoperoa,  
In the winter-time a lizard,  
In the summer-time a swallow,  
Say the ancient Maori legends,  
Say the treasured old traditions.  
Hinemoa heard the birds sing  
In the Bush all dark and dewy,  
Heard the Tui and the bell-bird,  
Heard the bell-bird's liquid music,  
Heard the Korimako calling—  
Just as sweet, more faintly, softly,  
Breathed her lover's flute at evening,  
Tutanekai's flute melodious.  
Tutanekai's tribe and people  
Lived not on the ample mainland,  
But upon the little island  
In the lake of Rotorua.  
Tutanekai of the island  
Loved the beauty of the mainland,

With a love that lives in story.  
But between them lay deep waters—  
Depths of jealousy and envy:  
For the people of the mainland  
Hated those upon the island,  
Came between fair Hinemoa  
And her lover Tutanekai.  
So the lovers met in secret,  
On this fashion met they nightly.  
When the darkness softly shrouded  
Lake and mountain, rock and geyser,  
Evening's mantle thrown around them;  
Then the quick ears of the maiden  
Heard a little strain of music,  
Heard a plaintive strain of music  
Borne across the listening water,  
From the little lonely island.  
(Love, inventive, laughs at locksmiths—  
Laughs at lakes, and every hindrance.)  
From the mainland swiftly, softly,  
Issued then upon the waters,  
With a noiseless, dreamy motion,  
With a cautious, gliding motion,  
Hinemoa's barque of Kauri,  
Braving darkness, braving danger,  
Fear absorbed in love all-powerful;  
Nightly the intrepid beauty  
Answered Tutanekai's signal.  
But one night the signal sounded  
Often, often, louder, fainter,  
O'er the lake of Rotorua,  
O'er the hushed and listening water.  
Tutanekai watched and waited  
Long, and longer, for his loved one,  
Breathed a strain of dulcet music,  
Hushed the strain of dulcet music,  
Listening for the dip of paddles  
In the Rotorua waters,  
In the lake of Rotorua;  
Tried to pierce the veil of darkness,  
Tried to see young Hinemoa,  
Tried to see her boat of Kauri;

But, in answer to his music,  
He but heard the Morepork, Morepork,  
Heard the owl still calling Morepork  
From the dense Bush, from the mainland,  
When, all suddenly, beside him,  
Suddenly, and close beside him,  
On the margin of the island,  
On the white beach of the island,  
From the shadowy Rotorua,  
From the lake called Rotorua,  
Rose the beauteous Hinemoa,  
Rose the dauntless Hinemoa;  
Rose this feminine Leander,  
Happier than poor Leander;  
Rose this water-wraith, this vision—  
Fairer than the famous mermaid,  
Like a water-nymph or Naiad;  
Stood before him in her beauty,  
Shy, and graceful as the white crane,  
Beautiful as the young wild hawk,  
By her presence on the island  
Telling more than words could ever  
All the love within her young heart.  
Had it not o'ercome her weakness,  
Overcome her woman weakness,  
Overcome her fears and fancies,  
Nerved her with a desperate courage,  
When her lover's signal sounded,  
And she found that friends and parents  
Had removed canoe and paddles,  
Left her none to cross the lake with?  
Then the dauntless Maori maiden  
Lost no time in useless wailing,  
Quickly made a simple life-belt,  
Made of empty gourds a life-belt,  
Girt it silently about her,  
Left the mainland in the darkness  
For the island in the darkness;  
Boldly swam across the water,  
Swam across the gloomy water,  
O'er the mighty Rotorua,  
O'er the lake of Rotorua.



## The Legend of Hinemoa

Guided only by the music,  
Hinemoa swam on bravely  
Through the dark and heaving water,  
Till she reached the lonely island,  
Reached the Rotorua island;  
Then uprose before her lover  
In her innocence and beauty,  
In the silence 'mid the shadows—  
Gladly welcomed, fondly vested  
In a woven mat of feathers,  
In a mat of golden feathers;  
Then conducted to his Whare  
His true wife to be henceforward.  
Drama fair of Rotorua,  
Drama of the days departed,  
Of the beauteous Hinemoa  
And the noble Tutanekai,  
From the love-lore of the Maori,  
From the ancient Maori legends,  
Told by chiefs with tattooed faces,  
Told by lithesome dusky maidens,  
Told by youths of manly grandeur,  
Who count backwards in their lineage  
To the noble Tutanekai  
And the peerless Hinemoa.

MARGARET A. SINCLAIR.

SOUTH AFRICAN POETRY



# SOUTH AFRICAN POETRY

“ 1909 ”

## A VISION AND A CRY

I SAW thee set upon a height,  
Midmost a wondrous summer night.  
Resting an elbow on thy knee,  
Wistful, thine eyes turned towards the sea;  
And like sierras black and vast  
The ranges round thy feet were cast;  
A snake of silver, dim and slow,  
Followed each river's weary flow,  
While far behind the ranges' walls,  
Rose the dull thunder of the Falls;  
And far beneath thy sandal'd feet,  
Clusters of fireflies seemed to beat—  
As where some little dorps were seen  
By candle-dip or kerosene;  
Now, ever, like a brilliant smoke,  
The cities by the coast awoke;  
A glare that burned like some red brand,  
Masked the night labour on the Rand,  
While veld and city, mine and sea,  
Commingled in this poesie:  
Lo, we that reap the grain,  
And we that tend the kine,  
And we that see the rain  
And sunshine fill the vine,  
And we that take the drill within the deepest mine,  
For gem whose burning thrill  
Throbs in the heart like wine;  
For gold to store or spend—  
(Or break your heart and mine)—  
And we who take and tend  
Whate'er the fates assign;

Whate'er our duties be,  
By veld or mine or sea,  
This boon we crave of thee:  
Let all the frontiers go,  
With all the devil's woe.  
Let our Five Nations glow,  
In one bright diadem, whate'er the cries,  
The lesser issues, or the sacrifice.

JOHN RUNCIE.

### SOUTH AFRICA

ALL that she gave us was tears,  
Sorrow of heart and of head;  
Land of bewildering years,  
Woman of passion and dread.

Others were fairer than she,  
Summer was sweet in their eyes,  
Kindly their laughter and free,  
Women to love and to prize.

Yet we approved not their worth.  
Man after man in his mood  
Turned to this creature of earth,  
Sullen and savage and rude;

Gave her his heart for a toy,  
Her without pity or ruth,  
Gave her to build or destroy  
Hopes and ambitions and youth.

Careless she took them and gave  
Terrible gifts in return;  
Thirst and the night for a grave;  
Death in the spaces that burn.

What is her charm and her power?  
Scornful she takes of our best,  
Makes us the sport of an hour,  
Flings us aside with the rest.

Uncomprehended, unknown,  
 Still she attracts and allures;  
 Still on the steps of her throne  
 Blood of her victims endures.

Something she has that compels  
 Wonder and worship through pain,  
 Vainly her lover rebels,  
 Striving to loosen his chain.

Lo, she is stronger than he!  
 Great is her magic and wide,  
 Stretching its spell o'er the sea,  
 Drawing him back to her side.

Many have wooed her with heat,  
 Proud in their manhood and strength,  
 Only to reel in defeat,  
 Shattered and broken at length.

Ah! will she never be kind?  
 Is there no man that shall prove  
 Strong to embrace her and find  
 Sweetly the face of her love?

Surely the heart of her keeps  
 Splendour of passion, and dear  
 Wealth of affection, that sleeps  
 Mute till her master appear.

Then shall she bear to her lord  
 Children of glorious breed,  
 Warriors wielding the sword,  
 Statesmen with laws for her need,

Then shall the branches of peace  
 Prosper and spread in the land,  
 Commerce expand and increase,  
 Factories rise at command.

## A Song in Season

Then shall her poets essay  
 Wonderful thoughts of her dreams,  
 Brush of her painters portray  
 Hints of her exquisite gleams.

Virgin since time was begun,  
 Who shall attain to this bride?  
 None hath possessed her, not one  
 Touched the deep heart of her pride.

F. G. WALROND.

## A SONG IN SEASON

I HEARD one say: Ye have so little faith  
 In this great land, because of years grown lean,  
 That straightway in a gust of wailing breath,  
 Your words come harsh and mean.

Fulfilled in æons lost to seer or scribe,  
 Your harvest home was led through rock and loam,  
 God swept aside each dark and murdering tribe,  
 For men to make a home.

From war and tumult ye have lain forspent,  
 Mouthing at quibbles which in smiles may cease;  
 And turning back along the path ye went  
 Ye drown the eyes of Peace.

By grain or gold or gem shall ye fulfil  
 That destiny enscribed on rock and mire?  
 Nay, not by these, but by one common will  
 That may not halt or tire.

Some cry a curse on the golden dust,  
 Holding it leagued with evil for our bane;  
 So, too, are all things rank with pride and lust,  
 So, too, are all things vain.

Roar on, O Rand! by day or red-lit night,  
 I see men build, I hear the roar of trade;  
 Even so the foundry furnace, wide and white,  
 Shall win the toilers' bread.

I see the sluices opening far and near  
On famished spaces of the wan Karroo,  
And little dorps come closer year by year  
With fields and orchards new;

Even so the far-led water shall attest  
The mine's wide largesse to the desert brown,  
And sweet lucerne against the farmer's breast  
Shall win his beeves renown.

Blue hills a-dream in hazes of the noon,  
Wide silent spaces of the lonely sun,  
Wan pastures calling for their only boon,  
And, oh, so much undone!

So much undone! The decades drifting by,  
Gather the futile dust of idle days,  
While underneath your blue and matchless sky  
The land's smile prayer always.

Bind closer race to race and state to state;  
Go forward, one in purpose, faith, and aim;  
They live the best who labour on, elate,  
Through sacrifice and shame.

By stamp and plough and furnace ye may wake  
A vast and federate land to nobler life;  
But what is all your work unless ye make  
An end of racial strife?

### LITTLE THORNBACK

AMID the wind and spindrift on that historic day,  
Beneath the Blaauwberg Mountains the stricken *Haarlem*  
lay;

Was ever gale so fraught with fate again in Table Bay?

They found the cool sweet water, they saw the land was good;  
Above them swung the splendid sun, o'er mountain, plain,  
and wood,  
And the spirit of the soil cried out, and lo! they understood.



Here was the land for willing hands, for harvests yet unborn,  
For goodly vine, and pear and plum, and yellow wheat and  
corn;  
And they passed the word to homing ships and home the word  
was borne.

And who looms now across the page of primal storm and  
stress?  
Van Riebeck, "Little Thornback," come to rule the wilder-  
ness,  
To raise the fort, and build the hut, to guide and ban and  
bless;

Quick-tempered, keen of eye and ear, the little doctor seems,  
In belted coat and buckled shoe, more of romance and  
dreams—  
A man set out in some rich light that by an altar streams.

Great days were those of conquest, of sacrifice and wrath,  
The lion roared by garden gates, the leopard watched the  
path  
And the vanished pools of Capetown where the lumbering  
hippos bath.

In these large days of progress the glory seems but small;  
We have built the gleaming city o'er the old-time fort and  
kraal,  
And, behold, to the far Zambesi our flag waves over all—

Yet here the tale beginneth, whatever pride may be,  
In affluent power and traffic from war and victory,  
With the keen-eyed Little Thornback stepping shoreward  
from the sea.

#### PAUL KRUGER

Not on these shores his bier is made,  
He died in exile far away;  
Old, old and weary, broken, gray,  
Glad now of rest, Oom Paul is dead.

Not ours to picture in this hour  
His vanished dream, his humbled pride;  
The dead sleep gently side by side,  
The living dream of pride and power.

Great will of adamant, and brain  
Begotten of the storm and stress  
That filled the wild old wilderness,  
And mocked at toil, and grief, and pain—

You mocked at us, and scorned our aim,  
That, set in freedom, strives to make  
All men as free as we, who break  
All bonds that bind with hurt and shame.

No matter—all the decades go  
To dusty death, and hate decays;  
Large charity outlives always  
The little wrath of foe and foe.

Farewell, old Paul! We too may feel  
Such pride as any, that the land  
Bears such as thou to take command  
In other years of woe or weal.

## OLD KIMBERLEY DAYS

THE Inland Transport Company have taken down their sign;  
The coaching lights of Cobb and Co. are not to-day ashine.

Ye may inspan the ox or mule from Wellington again,  
And cross the Hex in sun and dust or drenched and swamped  
in rain.

But not in Kimberley to-day shall trek that sanguine brood:  
Who sat and smoked and talked and slept beneath a waggon  
hood.

The red dust flashed within their throats and baked their  
flesh like clay,  
And if the whiskey held, the Lord was gracious all the way.

Not all were of the hardened palm and spatulated thumb—  
Sign manual of the digger's craft to each prospective chum.

By kopjes bare of tree or bush and furnaced in the sun;  
Where boulders lay with blackened flanks in lumps of twenty  
ton—

By dongas where the snake out-poured its dozen feet of coil;  
And hissed against the faring foot that crumbled down the  
soil.

So rose the callous brow of dawn, so flared the staring noon;  
So came the big-eyed evening star that piloted the moon.

Through stinging dust that powdered up at passing hoof or  
wheel;  
Through flashing rain that smote the veld in many a gash and  
weal—

They saw the meercat haunched beside the conical ant hill;  
The heavy paauw's unwieldy flight, the vulture's iron bill.

Lean jackals slouching through the still and strange be-  
jewelled gloom,  
While bleating far away foretold some ewe's or wether's  
doom.

Such vastness largely-eyed with stars, which then as now  
ashine,  
Had calcined in the world's red youth the light that gemmed  
the mine.

Such vastness of the secret deeps that locked away in night  
The "white stuff" won with pick and spade and now with  
dynamite.

Such vastness to the slim youth's eyes from Christ's or  
Magdalene's,  
Such vastness to the wastrel's eyes grown bleared in vile  
shebeens.

In different wise the brown veld sloped athwart each eager  
soul,  
The folly of the stintless cup, or ease, or power, the goal.

So came the hobo of the world, the strong man and the weak;  
The "bloke" from Seven Dials and the "toff" that rhymed  
in Greek.

And leavened all by common toil with rocker, pick, and spade,  
They found the grace of sympathy among the friends they  
made.

Large-hearted to the broken chum athirst and down at heel,  
They held no briefs from Exeter Hall against the "ne'er-do-  
weel."

They raked no past from out the mire of half-forgotten years;  
Du Toit's Pan road was wider then and hid away their fears.

Ah, little specks of rocker left among its curious dross;  
The garnets and the crystal slag, what ruled the gain or loss?

An awful soak in vile champagne in some tin-roofed caboose?  
The price of Mignon's silken gown or Renée's lacquered  
shoes?

Or cast upon the ample pile that made the dealer stare,  
The wise man saw the fruited hope of all his toil and care.

By flawless carats cut and set upon some bosom fair;  
Or hung like stars amid the night that was some lady's hair—

The dreamer bare of arm and breast who found his dreams as  
frail  
As aureoles above his pipe, beheld his dream prevail.

In crown and sceptre flames the light the digger washed to  
view,  
And on the finger of a maid, to show that love is true.

The rocker swung for rich and poor in those rough days fore-  
done,  
When rich and poor at Kimberley were diggers every one.

When claims on Colesberg Kopje marked the highest grade of  
"swell."

Who boiled his copper billy and washed his shirt as well.

From ghettos of the North and South, from Teuton coast or  
vale,

From British shire and Latin slope they sought the digger's  
Grail.

They found in mire the hidden trove or tramped away at last;  
Sundowners steering for the coast, to ship before the mast.

But largely writ on Kimberley, the labour and the name,  
Of one who dreamt a Titan dream upon his digger's claim.

Who took the gems from out the mine to light his own path-  
way,  
That pierced within the wilderness wherein he lies to-day.

Strong-willed to tide through early loss and bitter years that  
spent  
Their fury on the work he made along the path he went.

Who turned betimes from Titan schemes to fancies quaint and  
old—

A vase, a chair, a rare carafe, or medal chased and scrolled.

Who laid his paths for all to tread mid lavender and rose,  
In artless art, while grasses grow and gracious water flows.

## ADVENTURE

ABOVE the soundless tide that flowed  
Blood-red athwart the wounded sun,  
There floated from her far abode,  
The Maiden Perilous; she is one  
I had long read of in a book,  
Who fetters all men by a look.

Her lips were full and taunting sweet,  
Her eyes' large lustre pierced me through;  
And wreathed about her hidden feet,  
A flower-like stole in circles blew;  
She looked but once, and passed me by,  
Uplifting swiftly in the sky.

Disdain was in her brilliant smile,  
And scorn to wound her lovers true,  
For well she knows the powerful wile  
Of tardy favours, far and few;  
And in my heart arose a cry:  
"Lo! I will seek thee till I die."

Warm hearts foreclosed an ancient bond,  
And dared me then the price to pay;  
"If ye should seek the world beyond,  
Then hearken to the word we say—  
So will ye bring us to the dust,  
By this, your wild, world-faring lust."

I hearkened, praying: "Let me bide  
Within the hearthlight till I die;"  
And as I prayed, I saw the tide  
Blood-red athwart the purple sky;  
And mocking sweet the Maiden came  
And thrilled me through with love and shame.

Am I the least of them that see  
The challenge in her brilliant eyes  
That I should tarry? Woe is me,  
Since I am young, and age is wise;  
Albeit can ye chain the tide,  
Or keep the winds from wandering wide?

For as the tide must follow when  
The Lady Moon serenely wills,  
And as the winds arise and fare  
Beyond the colder seas and hills,  
O Lady! I must follow thee  
Over the mountains and the sea.

JOHN RUNCIE.

## THE CALL OF THE VELD

WHAT siren has taught you to call us  
Where wind-swept lands sigh for the rains?  
Who gave you the lures to enthrall us,  
O drought-stricken plains?  
Ah, but the clear light of dawning!  
Ah, but the freedom it spelt!  
The limitless width of life's morning,  
The call of the Veld!

No land of your sons has bereft you,  
No magic can make them forget,  
For those who have loved you and left you  
They dream of you yet.  
They dream of the brown and red grasses,  
The homestead where once they have dwelt;  
They hear on the wind as it passes,  
The call of the Veld!

And we who have seen of life's treasure,  
And hunger of travel have known,  
Have drunken our fill of its pleasure  
Till weary we've grown;  
And then with the sob that comes after  
The mirth, as our throbbing hearts melt,  
We hear above sound of our laughter,  
The call of the Veld.

We yearn for the home when we're tired,  
Horizons where veld and sky meet,  
To shake off the dust that has mired  
Our wandering feet.  
All wonder of love in new semblance,  
Strange gods at whose altars we knelt,  
Are naught when we call to remembrance  
The god of the Veld.

Whose pathway is o'er the blue mountains,  
Whose breath is the keen-scented air,  
Whose storm-clouds have hollowed the fountains  
And made the veld fair.

To haunt us in joy or in weeping,  
Whichever our fate may have dealt,  
To give us at last a long sleeping  
Safe under the Veld!

MARY BYRON.

THE SPIRIT OF HIDDEN PLACES

OVER the mountain's shoulder, round the unweathered cape,  
In lands beyond the sky-line, there hides a nameless shape,  
Whether of friend or goddess, no mortal well may know;  
But when she speaks—with flushing cheeks, they one by one  
must go.

To men in far old cities, scanning the curious chart,  
Her voice would sound at midnight like music in the heart;  
Across the wrinkled parchment a glory seemed to fall,  
And pageants pass like shapes in glass along the pictured  
wall.

She led the sails of Lisbon beyond the Afric shore;  
Winning a world of wonders by seas unknown before.  
She watched the sturdy captains of Holland's India fleet  
Planting their post on that grim coast where the two oceans  
meet.

Yea, and in earlier ages, what ghostly race were they  
Who left the eastward waters to tread the inland way?  
Who bore the gold of Ophir and built the tower of stone—  
But left no sign save empty mine, and rampart overthrown.

But others find their footsteps, and strike the trail anew.  
How fared the burghers onward across the wild Karroo!  
And still, with hand at bridle and eyes that search the wind,  
With strain and stress, the white men press that mocking  
sprite to find.

We seek her by the valley—she moves upon the height;  
The rainbow stands athwart us to blind her from our sight;  
Along the sea-bound bastion her steps are hid in spray.  
And though we dream—with morning gleam the lustre dies  
away.



Yet sometimes for a moment men think to feel her nigh:  
 When first the lost Moon Mountain unveils to Stanley's eye;  
 Or when the great white wanderer beheld Zambesi leap  
 With earthquake-stroke and sounding smoke down the  
 stupendous steep.

And then again we lose her, for lack of wizard skill,  
 Only the message liveth, that tells us, *Further still!*  
 Yet could we come upon her, and seize, and hold her fast,  
 The onward track would something lack of its old magic past.

No secret on the ridges, no whisper in the air,  
 No sense of paths untrodden, no shadow anywhere;  
 Earth robbed of half her glamour, and ocean void of awe—  
 The proud pursuit that brings not fruit is man's eternal law.

LANCE FALLAW.

## AFAR IN THE DESERT

(*Abridged*)

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;  
 Away, away from the dwellings of men,  
 By the wild deers' haunt, by the buffaloes' glen;  
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,  
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeeste graze;  
 And the kudu and eland unhunted recline  
 By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine;  
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,  
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;  
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;  
 O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry  
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;  
 And the timorous quagga's shrill wheedling neigh  
 Is heard by the fountain by twilight grey;  
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;

And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,  
Hieing away to the home of her rest,  
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,  
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view  
In the pathless depths of the wild Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;  
Away, away, in the wilderness vast  
Where the white man's foot hath never passed;  
And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán  
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;  
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
Which man hath abandoned from famine or fear;  
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;  
Where grass nor herb nor shrub takes root,  
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;  
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,  
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the salt lake's brink;  
A region of drought, where no river glides,  
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;  
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,  
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,  
Appears to refresh the aching eye;  
But the barren earth and the burning sky,  
And the blank horizon, round and round,  
Spreads, void of living sight and sound.  
And here, while the night winds round me sigh,  
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,  
As I sit apart by the desert stone,  
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,  
"A still small voice" comes through the wild  
(Like a father consoling a fretful child),  
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—  
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

THE CORANNA <sup>1</sup>

FAST by his wild resounding river  
 The listless Coran lingers ever;  
 Still drives his heifers forth to feed,  
 Soothed by the Gonah's humming reed;  
 A rover still unchecked will range,  
 As humour calls or seasons change;  
 His tents of mats and leathern gear  
 Are packed upon the patient steer.  
 Mid all his wanderings hating toil,  
 He never tills the stubborn soil;  
 But on the milky dams relies,  
 And what spontaneous earth supplies.  
 Should some long parching droughts prevail  
 And milk and bulbs and locusts fail,  
 He lays him down to sleep away  
 In languid trance the weary day;  
 Oft as he feels gaunt hunger's stound,  
 Still tightening famine's girdle round;  
 Lulled by the sound of the Gareep,<sup>2</sup>  
 Beneath the willows murmuring deep;  
 Till thunder-clouds surcharged with rain  
 Pour o'er due o'er the panting plain,  
 And call the famished dreamer from his trance,  
 To feed on milk and game, and wake the moonlight dance.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

## NAMAQUALAND

A LAND of deathful sleep, where fitful dreams  
 Of hurrying spring scarce wake swift fading flowers;  
 A land of fleckless sky, and sheer-shed beams  
 Of sun and stars through day's and dark's slow hours;  
 A land where sand has choked once fluent streams—  
 Where grassless plains begirt by granite towers

<sup>1</sup> An inland tribe, mentioned by Livingstone and other African travellers.

<sup>2</sup> The Orange River.

That fright the swift and heaven-nurtured teams  
Of winds that bear afar the sea-gleaned showers.  
The wild Atlantic, fretted by the breath  
Of fiery gales o'er leagues of desert sped,  
Rolls back and wrecks in surf its thunderous wrath  
On rocks that round the wan wide shore are spread;  
The waves for ever roar a song of death.  
The shore they roar to is for ever dead.

## 'NKONGANE

OLD—some eighty, or thereabouts;  
Sly as a badger alert for honey;  
Honest perhaps—but I have my doubts—  
With an eye that snaps at the clink of money:  
Poor old barbarian, your Christian veneer  
Is thin and cracked, and the core inside  
Is heathen and natural. Quaint and queer  
Is your aspect, and yet, withal, dignified.

When your lips unlock to the taste of rum,  
The tongue runs on with its cackle of clicks—  
That like bubbles break as their consonants come,  
For your speech is a brook full of frisky tricks.  
You love to recall the days of old—  
That are sweet to us all, for the alchemist Time  
Strangely touchest the basest metals to gold,  
And to-day's jangled peal wakes to-morrow's rich chime.

But not the past in a moony haze,  
That shines for us sons of Europe, is yours—  
You glow with the ardour of bloodstained days  
And deeds long past—you were one of the doers—  
Of spears washed red in the blood of foes,  
Of villages wrapped in red flame, of fields  
Where the vulture gorged, of the deadly close  
Of the impi's horns, and the thundering shields.

Strange old man—like a lonely hawk  
In a leafless forest that falls to the axe,

You linger on; and you love to talk,  
Yet your tongue full often a listener lacks.  
Truth and fiction, like chaff and grain,  
You mix together; and often I try  
To sift the one from the other, and gain  
The fact from its shell of garrulous lie.

You were young when Chaka, the scourge of man,  
Swept over the land like the Angel of Death,  
You marched in the rear, when the veteran van  
Mowed down the armies—reapers of wrath!  
You sat on the ground in the crescent, and laid  
Your shield down flat when Dingan spoke loud—  
His vitals pierced by the murderer's blade—  
To his warriors fierce, in dread anguish bowed.

And now to this: to cringe for a shilling,  
To skulk round the mission-house, hungry and lone;  
To carry food to the women tilling  
The fields of maize! For ever have flown  
The days of the spear that the rust has eaten,  
The days of the ploughshare suit you not;  
Time hath no gift that your lot can sweeten,  
A living death is your piteous lot.

### THE BUSHMAN'S CAVE

I STAND behind the waterfall  
That downward shoots, till spent in spray,  
It clinging clasps the rocky wall  
That beetles o'er the river way;  
A secret cave is here fast tied  
In swathing bands of forest dense,  
A casket with a rocky lid,  
Within the stream's circumference.

'Tis here the vanished bushman dwelt—  
He, with his brood, long years ago—

Beneath this ledge; and deftly spelt,  
In pictures that still freshly glow,  
The wild-wood creatures, not more wild  
Than he, who, hiding thus apart,  
His idle days and hours beguiled  
At his strange, harmless limning art.

Here human creatures hoped and loved,  
And feared and hated in their turn—  
Rejoiced when fortune kindly proved,  
And over life's despites did mourn;  
Here women nursed their babes, here maids  
Oft listened to their lovers rude;  
Here death has thrown a deeper shade  
Of darkness o'er the gloomy wood.

There in the cleft is still the mark  
Of bygone fires whose flames are dead  
As those who lit them—life's strange spark  
And glowing ember, each has sped.  
And by the south wind's gentle sigh  
The flickering sunlit leaves are turned  
And from the cliffs the brown hawks cry  
To-day as when each brightly burned.

Through fancy's glass I see around  
The shades of long dead forms arisen;  
They move and breathe without a sound,  
And live in their brief poet-season;  
There lie their bows, their arrows keen,  
Whilst on the fire an earthen pot  
Holds, simmering slowly, foul and green  
The arrow-poison's fœtid clot.

There lies an antelope, fresh killed,  
By hungry stomachs close surrounded,  
And there's a wicker-basket filled  
With luscious locusts, freshly pounded;  
And look the glowing coals upon  
A scaly snake is slowly toasting,  
Whilst on that ledge, there in the sun,  
The hunters of their deeds are boasting.

## Two Graves

'Tis gone; 'twas but a glimpse, a flash,  
 That for an instant lit the past;  
 I see now but the water dash  
 In quivering spray-sheets downward cast,  
 And on the rocks, in deathless hue,  
 The records of a perished race,  
 That from this land of ours withdrew  
 In silence, leaving scarce a trace.

Poor waifs upon creation's skirts,  
 Your melancholy history,  
 To men of earnest mind, asserts  
 A problem and a mystery:  
 Whence came ye? Wherefore did ye live  
 To wither from the sphere of being?  
 And why did nature to you give  
 No ears to hear, no eyes for seeing—

The music and the light, whereby  
 All men must walk, to guide your steps  
 Along life's path beneath the sky,  
 Between the snaring pitfalls' depths?  
 Ye sank from something higher far,  
 And, distanced in life's struggling race,  
 Your last and failing remnants are  
 Erased from off the great world's face.

## TWO GRAVES

*(Dr. Livingstone's and His Wife's)*

## I

THE one lies low beneath a tropic sun,  
 Where huge Zambesi—spent and tired of rage,  
 And silent after roarings, and the leap  
 From heights, the wonder of the world—slow glides,  
 And presses ocean backwards in his strength.  
 It holds the dust of what was once a woman,  
 A woman, who from distant Scotland came  
 To help her hero-husband to maintain—

As errant knight of God, in foremost rank—  
The peaceful war of love, and truth, and light.  
Against the hordes of darkness, hate, and death  
She came; and three short months had scarcely gone  
When fiery fever held her in his grip;  
Then death came, and from ruined body drew  
The faithful soul, and rendered it to God.  
No woman's hand was there to flicker cool,  
And drop its balmful touches on her brow;  
No thought of piteous comfort might she take,  
That in some holy spot amongst the tombs  
That held her kindred's ashes, hers would be  
A shrine for love's devotion to adorn.  
Alas! She knew that he whose hot tears fell  
Upon her dying face, ay, even he,  
Her husband, might not linger by her grave,  
But, by the trumpet tones of duty called,  
Must hasten onward, even to his death.

## II

Within the lofty fane where sacred dust  
Of heroes, saints, and singers lie in state,  
His bones are laid. He died upon his knees,  
Alone, and far from sympathy of man,  
His head upon his buckler Bible laid;  
Weary and spent, he answered to the call  
When God said to His servant, "Come and rest."  
And faithful hands then bore his body far  
O'er swamps and desert-sands unto the sea;  
And heaven's winds swift wafted it across  
The sea-fields to the far sea-girded isle  
Whose son he was; and Britain, with one voice  
Of reverent mourning, voted him her first  
And highest honour, and with sad acclaim  
Bestowed a seat in the high Pantheon  
Of famed Westminster.

## III

Though their dust apart  
Is separated by the Lybian waste,  
That stretches from the Mountains of the Moon



To where old Atlas stands and tells the sky  
 The secrets of the desert and the lore  
 Of his wild daughter Ocean; tho' the curve  
 Of the world's strong shoulders swells between;  
 Yet sure they are together.

### SONG OF THE SEASONS

WHAT says the antelope,  
 Crouched in the fern?  
 Winter is cold,  
 When will spring-time return?  
 Moist wind from the sea, set the fountains aflowing,  
 Hie hitherward, spring, set the wild flowers blowing.

What says the snake,  
 As he creeps from the shadow?  
 Summer bides far,  
 Spring is chill in the meadow.  
 Sun climb aloft, slanted beams quicken slowly;  
 Sheer-shed, they warm both the high and the lowly.

What says the lory,  
 Hoarse from the spray?  
 Autumn brings fruit  
 After summer alway.  
 Droop flowers vain, for your mission is ended,  
 To bear the seed-babes was your beauty intended.

What says the world?  
 Winter's my rest;  
 After a revel—  
 Slumber is best.  
 Sigh, sad south wind, o'er the wild ocean faring,  
 From ice-fields afar your white frost burthen bearing.  
W. C. SCULLY.

## THE PIONEER

A LITTLE mound on the mountain, a little cross in the clay,  
And wheel-spoor filling with water where the waggons turn'd  
away;

A trampled break in the long grass where the cattle were  
inspann'd,  
And the Pioneer has wander'd to look for his newer land.

The clouds still hung on the skyline, the grass still bent with  
the rain,

When the crows came back to the outspan to peck for wasted  
grain,

And a jackal tripp'd to the clearing to nuzzle, and tremble,  
and peer,

And to scratch, 'tween whiles of waiting, the tomb of the  
Pioneer.

Only a jackal anigh him in the bed where he is laid,  
And six lone feet of the highveld by the road that he had  
made

For the feet of the coming peoples, far back and so long ago—  
Yet they cursed his road for an ape-track . . . Ah, brother,  
they did not know!

He was the bravest among them, he was the pick of the crowd,  
Dauntless, and frugal, and cunning; tireless, blooded, and  
proud.

But he gave his pride to his people, and he spill'd his blood  
for the land,

And he alter'd, and alter'd, and alter'd—and they could not  
understand. . . .

He was the first man to venture, he was the first man to find!  
Trusting his life to his rifle, groping ahead in the blind!  
Seeking new lands for his people!—This is the end of the day,  
A little mound on the mountain, a little cross in the clay;

A hungry jackal above him, a sombre flock of crows,  
A trampled break on the highveld where the sour hill-grass  
grows,

And six lone feet in the bleakness where the weeping hill-  
winds sigh,  
For his work is done and accomplish'd, and—he is not  
wanted now.

This is the end of his labour, this is the end of his play:—  
Fresh wheel-spoor, filling with water, where the waggons  
turned away;  
Cold sleep on the sodden upland that he was the first to find,  
And never a voice to mourn him, but the voice of the wet  
hill-wind.

*A little brown in the greenness, an empty tin by the trail,  
Smoke-wreaths sinking to leeward as the dying fires fail;  
Pattering paws above him, and hungry eyes that peer,  
Is the end of a gallant venture; the pay of the Pioneer.*

## THE HUNTING OF SHUMBA

“Now cometh the old lion from the pool.”—STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

### I

THE hairs about his muzzle tipp'd with wet;  
The last sun glinting on his tawny mane,  
And burnishing his hide; veil'd eyes that yet  
So slumbrous-solemn flash and slowly wane.

Veil'd slumbrous-solemn eyes, that half-asleep  
Seem utter-careless of the wild around;  
Soft seeming-careless steps that seek the deep  
Gloom'd bush—but give no shadow of a sound.

Loose-limb'd, he slouches shambling in the cool;  
Head down, hide rippling over lazy might;  
Thoughtful and terrible he leaves the pool—  
Shumba the Lion, passing to the night.

## II

A grass-blade breaking!  
Swift, in awful calm,  
The mighty limbs at length along the ground;  
Steel muscles tightening—  
A sense of harm,  
Intangible . . . no shadow of a sound. . . .

But savage eyes unveil'd,  
Intense as death;  
Purs'd lips and lower'd ears and bated breath,  
Dread vigour hail'd  
From every nerve and tissue—crouching there  
Blent with grass—incarnate, awful FEAR!  
A leap—a scream—a thud;  
And it is done.  
Silence awhile, and the hot smell of blood.  
Silence, then slowly, with the sinking sun,  
The rend of flesh. . . . The crickets wake and sing,  
The frogs take up their song, the night-jars wing  
Weird in the azure dusk. As had been will'd,  
Chance brought him food; and Fate has been fulfilled.

## UMFETI, THE WITCH DOCTOR

HERE, where the gnona<sup>1</sup> bask  
But fifty yards away,  
Under a wither'd palm  
Where children never play—  
Sacred to HIM alone,  
This strip of baking land—  
'Feti the Witch Doctor,  
Sits on the sand.

Here where the lizards climb  
Over his shrunken limbs,  
Kindly the great sun shines,  
Kindly the great sun dims

<sup>1</sup> Gnona, crocodiles.

Thoughts of the sombre past,  
Thoughts of the horrors done;  
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,  
Nods in the sun.

High in the depthless blue  
The circling vultures wheel,  
Over the burning sand  
Their silent shadows steal—  
Over the agéd man  
Silent a shadow flits:  
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,  
Sleeps where he sits.

Utter the silence reigns,  
The lazy lizards sleep,  
Even the fishes doze  
Down in the river's deep.—  
Back to the wither'd palm,  
Chin on his sunken chest:  
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,  
Dreams in his rest.

The magic bones have slipp'd  
Out of the shrivell'd hand  
Down to the magic bag  
Propp'd in the shimmering sand;  
But all his rest has gone,  
And all forgetting fled:  
'Feti, the Witch Doctor,  
Speaks with the dead.

Out of the writhing void,  
Out of the creeping dark,  
There comes the form of *her* . . .  
That is *he* speaking—hark!  
(Blacker the darkness grows,  
Thicker the shadows lie)  
“Umfeti, Witch Doctor,  
Jiwa must die.”

Jiwa! His secret love,  
Child of the mighty King!  
Never! Imambo! . . . but  
Grimly the echoes ring,  
Echo on echo wails  
Mockingly monotone,  
Mocking the Witch Doctor:  
"King, it is done."

. . . . .  
Down to the river's brink  
Go girls to fetch water,  
Stop they at sight of him,  
The father of slaughter,  
Stop with averted eyes,  
Tremble and curtsey deep:  
Tremble at sight of him  
Sitting asleep.

He is the touch of death,  
He is the fear'd of all,  
Chiefs shake at sight of him,  
And the warriors tall  
Shuffle uneasily—  
Fearing the eyes that pierce,  
Fearing the Witch Doctor,  
'Feti the fierce.

Not so in days gone by:  
He was the healer then,  
A friend to the ailing,  
Belov'd of the children,  
Father of fatherless,  
And the hater of blood—  
'Feti, the kind doctor,  
'Feti, the good.

Sudden the silence breaks,  
The waken'd lizards fly,  
For, gasping with terror,  
He awakes with a cry.

Ha! Have the spirits gone  
 Back to the sombre past  
 Leaving him living yet—  
 Yet to this last?

Over the burning sand,  
 Into the flaming white,  
 Shaking with hoary age,  
 Blinking before the light:  
 Mutt'ring with trembling lips,  
 And a blot on the day:  
 'Feti, the Witch Doctor,  
 Shuffles way.

### THE BASTARD

NEITHER the one nor the other, neither the White nor the  
 Black,  
 By the side of the dusty waggon outspanned on the highveld  
 track,  
 Alone by the dung-fed fire where the sad-voiced night-jars  
 wheel  
 Goliat Witbooi, the half-caste, partakes of his evening meal.

Not clear is the path of the black man, nor easy the road of  
 the white,  
 But the trail of a man who is neither is wanting all glimmer  
 of light,  
 The man who is both, but is neither; the sport of a sudden  
 fire  
 Of a woman who saw not the meaning and a man who was  
 dull'd by desire.

At odds with God in his heaven, at sixes and sevens with  
 man,  
 The colour showing beneath the white, the white beneath  
 the tan,

Despised and distrusted by White and by Black; wifeless,  
childless, and lone—

Father, how could you have done it? O mother, you might  
have known. . . .

Not blind to the aching pity, but dumb for the hot excuse,  
He would hide the shame of his being in a passion of wild  
abuse

From those whose stare is an insult, from those who will slam  
the door

On the shame that is his and yet is not, for the wrong of the  
Two Before.

Embitter'd, unlettered, unloving; homeless, nameless, for-  
lorn;

Doomed by a fact that he cannot mend—by the fact that he  
was born—

Drinking his beaker of coffee, and eating his dole of bread,  
Well might he pray for the end to be near and wish that he  
were dead.

But no. For hope is still present, and hope is a father to all,  
And the long road stretches to northward—and he hears the  
long road call—

And the veld is a kindly mother, the bullocks doze at the  
chain,

Umfaan will return by morning, and he will trek on again.

Yea, good is the road to the northward, and good is the light  
of the sun,

And good is a pipe in the evening when the long day's trek is  
done—

When the bullocks browse in the valley and the moon comes  
over the kop,

And the voorlooper makes the cookies, and Witbooi drinks  
his dop;

And the fire lights up the waggon, and the smoke goes by with  
the breeze,

And he dreams of the good north hunting—old camps be-  
neath the trees



## 300    Song of the Afrikander Woman

In the timber'd low-veld country where the game is as thick  
as stock,  
With never a White man to scorn him and never a Black man  
to mock.

Yea, good is the road to the northward through the sun-  
warmed winter days  
When the fine dust blows to leeward and the track leads  
round the vleis,  
To sit on the fore-part locker and to drone to the warm spent  
wind  
The chant of the New before one, and the dirge of the Old,  
behind.

Song of the home that is moving past kopje and valley and  
plain—  
Song of the very simple things: the sun and the wind and  
the rain  
And the warm brown earth beneath one and the sky where  
the vultures soar—  
With only the bad behind one and only the good before.

*Neither the one nor the other, neither the White nor the Black,  
By the side of the dusty waggon outspann'd on the highveld track,  
Wrapped in a coloured blanket, and dreaming of his desire  
Lies Goliath Witbooi, the half-caste, asleep before the fire.*

### SONG OF THE AFRIKANDER WOMAN

WHY do you stand there at the gate,  
Out there where the roadway goes?  
Is it me you watch under the rim of your hat,  
Me or the rose?

There you stand by your cart,  
And you look at the rose, not me,  
For I am very old.  
But the bloom of the rose is the light of my eyes,  
And the root of the rose my heart.

Here died he by the threshold  
(Piet, Piet, how young were we!)  
But they drank his blood with their assegais  
And left the home so cold—  
And desolate unto me. . . .

The homestead and the land  
Left desolate unto me,  
But his blood broke out in the sand  
In this rose that never dies;  
This rose in the burning sand.

The dew on the leaves of the rose?  
They are *tears* that never dry;  
The *thorns* on the stem of the rose?  
They are hate that waits *that* hand—  
The hand that slew my man,—  
God shall not pass it by!  
Nothing shall hinder, nothing let!  
God knows the road by which he goes,  
And God shall not forget!

God shall remember yet  
The tears that never dry,  
And the hundred men to one  
That knew the way to die. . . .  
I talk and I talk out here in the sun,  
Where the dusty roadway goes,  
With the stranger there with his cart,  
Who stops to see the rose—  
I, who have seen the assegais . . .  
While the red rose burns with the light of my eyes,  
And the rose roots grope in my heart.

Why do you stand there at the gate,  
Out there where the roadway goes?  
Is it me you watch under the rim of your hat?  
Not so, but the rose.

## FEAR

## I

DEEP-BOSOMED night, and all-pervading dark,  
 Long distances immeasurably lone,  
 Still waters glancing starlight, and the stone  
 White face of mountains blindly to the blue  
 Up-yearning grimly . . . as the valleys hark,  
 Fear-centred, mighty-shadow'd, drear and deep  
 Between the timber'd ranges, where they keep  
 The corners of the grass-flats, wet with dew.

## II

No sleep for you, dark ranges, nor for me;  
 No rest, O valleys, for your teeming heart;  
 From out tumultuous dreamings do we start  
 Fear-gasping to the coldness of the night;  
 (We are as one)—waiting for what Will Be . . .  
 We are as one in terror; while the bright  
 White stars stare mocking, though they cannot light  
 The vast unknowledge of Eternity.

## III

Wet waiting plains that are but half-awake  
 (Asleep with weariness, awake with fear),  
 The weight of thousands on your breast you bear,  
 Fear-haunted, silent thousands, dumb and shy,  
 Soft-footed, stealing under bush and brake,  
 Wide-nostrill'd, nervous, staring in the gloom  
 Where food and life await them, or where loom  
 The yellow muzzles by the which they die;

## IV

(The crouching muscle blended with the shades,  
 Intangible and terrible, alive,  
 And irresistible . . .). Brown plains, you strive  
 To keep your horror hidden, as I do;  
 Your night-dews wash the blood drops from the blades  
 Of broken grass imperfectly; the stains  
 Are there; the fear, though hidden, yet remains.  
 Yea, though we laugh, we are the same, we two,

## V

Through outer emptiness the planets roll  
Weaving a threadless pattern in the skies—  
That cloth of measureless infinities,  
Whose utter hugeness baffles all desire  
To probe beyond sight's limit, though the soul  
Should soar beyond the systems to a shore  
Where neither fear nor sorrow evermore  
Shall rob the spirit of its glorious fire.

## VI

Beyond all comprehension swing the suns,  
(Mere needle-points by distance)—but the tale  
Renews its dull monotony: we wail  
“ Ah God, ah God, show us what Will Befall!  
The darkness and the mystery that stuns,  
Cold-handed, holds us terror-bound; we writhe  
At moments, horror-conquer'd—rise and strive,  
Sob-choked, to curse the riddle of it all! ”

## VII

Happy is he who fears but Death alone;  
His path is plain with power, for he goes  
Guarded and carefully by ways he knows,  
With certain footsteps—easy to be brave!  
But there are others who may not atone—  
Nor find fulfilment, peace, nor any hope,  
But only further terror, by the slope  
That drags dumb tongues beyond the restless grave.

## VIII

Cold whispering night; and shrouding velvet dark;  
Great distances unmeasured and alone;  
Deep waters, splash'd with starlight; and the stone  
Grey face of krantzes staring at the blue  
In half derision . . . while the valleys hark  
Awe-silenced, soaked in shadows, where they keep  
Ill-hid the ranges' horror; whiles they weep  
Dank hill-streams to the grass'd plains, wet with dew.

## IX

Th' umsasas trace a network on the sky,  
 The cold stars glitter in the icy air  
 From out unclouded deepness; and the drear  
 Hyena howls his load of savage shame  
 To th' uncaring wilderness;—while I,  
 Sitting upon my blankets by the fire,  
 Rake, like the ashes of my lost desire,  
 The dying embers of the perish'd flame.

KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE.

## THE VELDT

CAST the window wider, sonny,  
 Let me see the veldt,  
 Rolling grandly to the sunset,  
 Where the mountains melt,  
 With the sharp horizon round it,  
 Like a silver belt.

Years and years I've trekked across it,  
 Ridden back and fore,  
 Till the silence and the glamour  
 Ruled me to the core;  
 No man ever knew it better,  
 None could love it more.

There's a balm for crippled spirits  
 In the open view,  
 Running from your very footsteps  
 Out into the blue;  
 Like a waggon-track to heaven,  
 Straight 'twixt God and you.

There's a magic, soul-compelling,  
 In the boundless space,  
 And it grows upon you, sonny,  
 Like a woman's face—  
 Passionate and pale and tender,  
 With a marble grace.

There's the sum of all religion  
In its mightiness;  
Winged truths, beyond your doubting,  
Close about you press.  
God is greater in the open—  
Little man is less.

There's a voice pervades its stillness,  
Wonderful and clear;  
Tongues of prophets and of angels,  
Whispering far and near,  
Speak an everlasting gospel  
To the spirit's ear.

There's a sense you gather, sonny,  
In the open air;  
Shift your burden ere it breaks you:  
God will take His share.  
Keep your end up for your own sake;  
All the rest's His care.

There's a promise, if you need it,  
In the time to come;  
All the veldt is loud and vocal  
Where the Bible's dumb.  
Heaven is paved with gold for parsons,  
But it's grassed for some.

There's a spot I know of, sonny,  
Yonder by the stream;  
Bushes handy for the fire,  
Water for the team.  
By the old home outspan, sonny,  
Let me lie and dream.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE CEMETERY OF THE VELD <sup>1</sup>

THE slender shaft, memorial of their grief,  
Time's swift forgetfulness defies and braves,  
Pointing to Heaven from the lonely hill  
Above the crowding graves.

Here, while the man fought out the bitter fight,  
The woman in rebellious wrath immured,  
Bore for his sake the immemorial pain,  
The primal curse endured.

Here she saw die children she could not save,  
Clutched hard-won infants to her throbbing breast,  
Sternly relentless, ignorant, and brave—  
Leave to her God the rest.

And here that God who judges desperate hearts,  
And pardons all because He understands,  
Weighed up the anguish in unfaltering scales,  
And stretched forth pitying hands.

"*Be steadfast*," there the firm words glow and shine,  
Beyond man's little round of cruel strife  
So much remains those bitter hours have won  
That passes not with life.

Love, the divine inheritance of man,  
The dauntless angel with the brooding wings,  
Who, undismayed, disputes the narrow way,  
With Azrael, King of Kings.

Love, who points onward—even with a sword,  
Destroying evil where his feet have trod,  
Has done his work and left his high reward,  
Ambassador of God.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

<sup>1</sup> Written in reference to an article in *The Cape* on the "Concentration Camp."

## THE KAPJI BLUE

BESIDE the glancing, dancing Vaal  
A maiden walks divinely tall;  
Her tresses hid in Kapji blue,  
She waits, she waits, her lover true.  
    Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,  
    Concealed within the Kapji blue,  
    Red lips await thy lover's kiss:  
    Come, come, and claim love's hour of bliss!

Beside the grey and sullen Vaal  
A maiden walks; ah! sad tears fall.  
She whispers from the Kapji blue:  
"Thy duty calls, I will be true!"  
    Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,  
    Tears fall beneath the Kapji blue;  
    One lingering kiss from white lips take,  
    And then farewell, for duty's sake.

Beside the rushing, swollen Vaal  
A heart is broken. "That is all."  
A maiden walks, low-bowed her head;  
On field of blood her love lies "dead."  
    Oh, lover true, oh, lover true,  
    No more she wears the Kapji blue!  
    Oh, lover true, oh, lover brave,  
    The veld wind moans across thy grave.  
                    H. WOODHOUSE NEALE.

## PICKET

STRAINING me eyes in the darkness,  
    Gazing away into ink,  
Busting me ears for the things that I hears,  
    And thinking the things that I think.  
Looking at nothing come closer,  
    Watching that nothing draw near,  
Seeing them plain through the mist and the rain,  
    Then finding there's nothing to fear.



Picket, oh, beautiful picket,  
 Oh, skylines at night in the cold,  
 Oh, sweet little hills with yer mist and yer chills,  
 And your deaths that never have been told.  
 Picket, oh, beautiful picket,  
 Oh, bridles that clink in the dark,  
 Oh, me and oh, you, an' the fears that we knew,  
 Jest me and jest you in the dark.

Picket, poor devil on picket,  
 With yer bayonet atop of yer gun;  
 How naked you seemed, when you watched and you dreamed,  
 And thought of things that you done.  
 Jest counted them all on the kopje,  
 And thought of them, oh, and the shame;  
 Jest counted them all from the first to the fall,  
 Calling her name.

Straining me eyes in the darkness,  
 Seeing her face in the ink,  
 Busting me ears for the things that I fears,  
 And thinking the thing that I think.  
 Waiting for love in the clover,  
 And watching for death in the dark.  
 Oh, poor little sod, with m' love and m' God,  
 Jest praying alone in the dark.

“ MOME.”

### MY LOVE KARIN

My love Karin's little hand,  
 By God's loving wonder plann'd  
 Holds about my finger light,  
 As it were a jewel bright.

My love Karin's sunny eyes,  
 How they open in surprise  
 When her little red balloon  
 Soars above her like a moon!

My love Karin's lovely face—  
God's own smile is in that place—  
Beams ecstatic when she sees  
Branches bowing in the breeze.

My love Karin's coral lips  
Can reveal two ivory tips—  
God, what beauty can'st thou make  
When Thou love and life dost wake!

My love Karin's silver voice  
Makes her mother's mind rejoice—  
God, what music there can be  
In her ringing laugh of glee!

My love Karin, nine months old—  
Half the wonder is untold!  
God made man, but did He know  
All the joy He did bestow?

HUGH J. EVANS.

### KATRINA

FROM beneath her cotton "Kappie"  
Bright grey eyes demurely shining;  
Even-tempered, plump, and happy,  
Never groaning or repining—  
Ach, Katrina!

Just one flaxen curl escaping  
From the primly fastened setting:  
One of nature's make and shaping  
Yet a curl there's no forgetting—  
Ach, Katrina!

And such merry joyous laughter,  
Rippling on with lilt and catches,  
Charming once, and ever after;  
And a voice that—well it matches!  
Ach, Katrina!

“ Lala, 'Sana Lwam ! ”

When I offer her a posy  
 She regards me, half beguiling,  
 With a cheek becoming rosy—  
 Looks provoking, coyly smiling.  
 Ach, Katrina!

“ Dat is mooi; ja dat is prachtig!  
 Foei! your heart is torn with sorrow.  
 Sis toch! malkop! (allemachtig!)  
 Dag, Mynheer—until to-morrow.”  
 Ach, Katrina.

“ SNEYD.”

“ LALA, 'SANA LWAM ! ”<sup>1</sup>

(*Kaffir Lullaby Song*)

THE hoeing of day is done,  
 The weary heat of the sun,  
 The wood is gathered, the water drawn,  
 And now we can rest till the coming of dawn;  
 Till the coming of dawn, my babe,  
     Lala, lala, 'mtwana wam;  
     Lala, 'sana lwam!

O soothing season of night!  
 Bringing a respite sweet  
 To aching hands and weary feet,  
 From the burden of toil  
 And the sting of the heat:  
 O soothing season of night!  
     Lala, lala, 'mtwana wam;  
     Lala, 'sana lwam!

Calm and fair is the night,  
 The moon shines over the hill,  
 Flooding with magical light  
 Forest and field and rill,  
 All is peaceful and still,  
 Save the hungry jackal's howl.  
 Calm and fair is the night,  
 The moon shines over the hill.  
     Lala, lala, 'mtwana wam;  
     Lala, 'sana lwam.

<sup>1</sup> Sleep, sleep, my child, sleep, my babe.

## IN THE MATOPPOS

In lone Matoppos now he lies,  
Can we forget?  
Our leader, seer; his hills, his skies,  
Are near him yet!

Like to the Hebrew seer of old,  
Who, within sight  
Of promised Canaan, passed away  
On Nebo's height—

So he: he only saw the dawn  
Of promised day  
Break o'er the hills of his lov'd land:  
He might not stay

To see the splendour of that noon,  
For which he wrought  
Thro' the long, weary, waiting years  
With anxious thought.

Strange to our purblind eyes the tools  
Which, with due care,  
The great inventor takes to build  
His kingdom here.

He sought to further the strong sway  
Of Britain's isle,  
But all unconsciously for God  
He wrought the while.

In lone Matoppos now he lies,  
Our leader, seer;  
His hills, his woods, his streams, his skies  
Are ever near!

F. C. SLATER.

## THE DIGGER'S SONG

Oh, mates, the veldt is brown and bare,  
And drought is on the land;  
But beneath lie the glittering veins of gold,  
Like the cords in this broad brown hand.

Then dig for the glittering gold!  
Dig for the wealth untold!  
Dig with a fire that can never tire,  
Down, down to the glittering gold.

Oh, mates, we left some living friends  
Away across the sea;  
But my sweetheart here, in the brown earth's breast,  
Is dearer far to me.

Then hurrah for the glittering gold!  
Hurrah for the wealth untold!  
We'll win it, we'll spend it, we'll drink it, we'll lend it,  
We'll live for the glittering gold!

My sweetheart's hair is yellow, bright  
As the sun in yonder sky;  
But shy my sweetheart is, and dark  
The place where she does lie.

Then drink to the glittering gold!  
Drink to the wealth untold!  
Drink deep and long, with laughter and song,  
Drink, drink to the glittering gold!

My sweetheart's bright as the rising sun,  
And cold as the waning moon;  
And hard as the stones in the watercourse  
'Neath the dust and glare of noon.

Then a health to the glittering gold!  
A health to the wealth untold!  
A health, my lads, to the fairest of maids,  
A health to the glittering gold!

AMY SUTHERLAND.

## SHADOW

THE shadowy mist rolls sadly  
Down o'er the mountain's breast;  
The shivering foam springs madly,  
Torn from the billow's crest:  
Low on my eyes is creeping  
The gathering cloud of tears;  
High at my feet is leaping  
The breaking tide of years.

The spray and the vapour mingle;  
I hear the sea-bird's cry,  
Hoarse in the grating shingle,  
Shrill in the wild wind's sigh:  
My fugitive spirit flutters,  
Borne on the wayward breeze,  
And deep is the moan it utters  
As the murmur of the seas.

The light of heaven is failing,  
The smile of earth has gone;  
To laughter follows wailing,  
And the sable veil is drawn:  
The joys of time are shrouded  
And buried one by one;  
The sun of life is clouded  
Ere yet the race is run.

I list to the sough and sobbing,  
I think of the vanished scene;  
I feel my pulses throbbing  
With pleasures that have been:  
For love then fans the embers  
And ashes of regret,  
And still with pain remembers  
What sorrow would forget.

The wreathing mist now covers  
The winding mountain's side;

The scattered spume now hovers  
 High o'er the flowing tide:  
 I am whelmed in the rain and plashing,  
 Blinded with chilling tears,  
 'Mid floods of memory dashing,  
 And the broken surf of years.

HENRY MARTYN FOOT,  
*January 1874.*

### THE PACE OF THE OX

WHAT do we know—and what do we care—for Time and his  
 silver scythe,  
 Since there is always time to spare, so long as a man's alive?—  
 The world may come, and the world may go, and the world  
 may whistle by,  
 But the pace of the ox is steady and slow, and life is a lullaby.

What do we know of the city's scorn, the hum of a world  
 amaze,  
 Hot-foot haste, and the fevered dawn, and forgotten yester-  
 days?—  
 For men may strain, and women may strive, in busier lands  
 to-day,  
 But the pace of the ox is the pace to thrive in the land of  
 Veldt and Vlei.

The daylight breaks in the Eastern sky, and sinks to sleep in  
 the West;  
 Thus it is that our days go by, bringing their meed of rest.  
 The Future's hidden behind the veil, and the Past is still the  
 Past,  
 And the pace of the ox is the sliding scale that measures our  
 work at last.

The song of the ships is far to hear, the hum of the world is  
 dead,  
 And lotus life in a drowsy year our benison instead—  
 Why should we push the world along, live in a world of flame,  
 When the pace of the ox is steady and strong, and the end is  
 just the same?

CULLEN GOULDSBURY.

EAST AND WEST INDIES AND  
CEYLON





# EAST AND WEST INDIES AND CEYLON

## ON THE ABOLITION OF SUTTEE<sup>1</sup>

RED from his chambers came the morning sun  
And frowned, dark Ganges, on thy fatal shore,  
Journeying on high; but when the day was done  
He set in smiles, to rise in blood no more.  
Hark! heard ye not? The widow's wail is over,  
No more the flames from impious pyres ascend,  
See Mercy, now primeval peace restore,  
While pagans glad the arch ethereal rend,  
For India hails at last her father and her friend.

Back to its cavern ebbs the tide of crime,  
There fettered, locked, and powerless it sleeps;  
And History, bending o'er the page of time,  
Where many a mournful record still she keeps,  
The widowed Hindoo's fate no longer weeps;  
The priestly tyrants' cruel charm is broken,  
And to his den alarmed the monster creeps;  
The charm that mars his mystic spell is broken,  
O'er all the land 'tis spread he trembles at the token.

Bentinck, be thine the everlasting meed!  
The heart's full homage still is virtue's claim,  
And 'tis the good man's ever honoured deed  
Which gives an immortality to fame:  
Transient and fierce, though dazzling is the flame  
That glory lights upon the wastes of war:  
Nature unborn shall venerate thy name,  
A triumph than the conqueror's greater far,  
Thy memory shall be blessed as is the morning star.

<sup>1</sup> Suttee declared illegal in 1829.

He is the friend of man who breaks the seal,  
The despot custom sets in deed and thought,  
He labours generously for human weal  
Who holds the omnipotence of fear as nought;  
The winged mind will not to earth be brought,  
'Twill sink to clay if it imprisoned be;  
For 'tis with high immortal longings fraught;  
And these are dimmed or quenched eternally,  
Until it feels the hand that sets its pinions free.

And woman hath endured, and still endures  
Wrong, which her weakness, and her woes should  
shield,  
The slave and victim of the treacherous lures  
Which wily arts, to man the tyrant, yield.  
And how the sight of star, or flower, or field,  
Or bird that journeys through the sunny air,  
Or social bliss, from woman has been sealed.  
To her, the sky is dark, the earth is bare,  
And Heaven's most hallowed breath pronounced for-  
bidden fare.

Nurtured in darkness, born to many woes,  
Words, the mind's instrument but ill supplied,  
Delight, even as a name she scarcely knows,  
And while an infant sold to be a bride,  
To be a mother, her exalted pride;  
And yet not hers a mother's sigh or smile,  
Oft doomed in youth to stem the icy tide  
Of rude neglect, caused by some wanton's wile,  
And forced at last to grace her lord's funeral pile.

Daughters of Europe! by our Ganges side  
Which wept and murmured as it flowed along,  
Have wives, yet virgins, nay yet infants died,  
While priestly fiends have yelled a dismal song  
'Mid deafening clamours, of the drum and gong:  
And mothers on their pyres have seen the hands,  
Which clung around them when those hands were young,  
Lighting around them such unholy brands  
As demons kindle when they rave through hell in bands:

But with prophetic ken, dispelling fears  
 Which haunt the mind that dwells on Nature's plan,  
 The Bard beholds through mists of coming years  
 A rising spirit speaking peace to man,  
 The storm is passing, and the Rainbow's span  
 Stretcheth from North to South: the ebon car  
 Of darkness rolls away; the breezes fan  
 The infant dawn, and morning's herald star  
 Comes trembling into day: O! can the Sun be far?  
 HENRY LOUIS VIVIAN DEROZIO.

## CAWNPORE

(*In Memoriam*, July 11, 1857—1901)

LINGER and muse awhile, for little change is here;  
 This is the place, the vale of death, the haunt of shame and  
 fear;

Linger and muse and mark the gleaming river pass,  
 The brazen sky, the shimmering air, the tall white-tufted  
 grass.

This is the place of doom, where darkest shades are near,  
 Where deepest grief is mute and still, and wrath can shed no  
 tear;

Haggard and worn and wan, in garments ghastly red,  
 The phantom shapes flit to and fro, the spirits of our dead!

Hunger and pain and thirst, and fever's burning breath  
 Long since had slain all hopes of aid, save hope of kindly  
 death;

See in yon grisly den, with anguish pale and wild,  
 Waiting for death, their only friend, Mother and Maid and  
 Child!

Ah, bitter was their cup, and ah, the fatal day,  
 When one fierce fiend in human shape o'er life and death held  
 sway!

Horror beheld aghast, and Murder veiled her eyes,  
 When men went forth, if men they were, to work such  
 butcheries.

There is the place of death, unchanged by fifty years,  
And still we wet the nameless grave with bitter, blinding  
tears;  
Though graves like grass decay, and Time must change the  
spot,  
Full many a fifty year shall pass ere these shall be forgot.

Now peace be on the dead, thrice peace beneath the sod,  
Unknown to us who weep their fate, how surely known to  
God!  
Low in your grave lie still! Saith not the Lord of Hosts,  
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay"? Lie still, ye piteous  
ghosts!

Low in your grave lie still, ye hapless tortured souls,  
Till the new Dawn shall rise to light the darkness of the  
poles,  
Justice and Truth on earth, with Mercy shall prevail,  
And the great trump in glorious might the Lord of Hosts shall  
hail.

C. W. WADDINGTON.

### THE HINDU ASCETIC

HERE as I sit by the Jumna bank,  
Watching the flow of the sacred stream,  
Pass me the legions, rank on rank,  
And the cannons roar, and the bayonets gleam.

Is it a God or a King that comes?  
Both are evil, and both are strong;  
With women and worshipping, dancing and drums;  
Carry your Gods and your Kings along.

Fanciful shapes of a plastic earth,  
These are the visions that weary the eye;  
These I may 'scape by a luckier birth,  
Musing, and fasting, and hoping to die.

When shall these phantoms flicker away?  
 Like the smoke of the gun on the wind-swept hill,  
 Like the sounds and colours of yesterday:  
 And the soul have rest and the air be still.  
 SIR ALFRED COMYN LYALL.

THE PURDAH NASHIN<sup>1</sup>

HER life is a revolving dream  
 Of languid and sequestered ease;  
 Her girdles and her fillets gleam  
 Like changing fires on sunset seas;  
 Her raiment is like morning mist,  
 Shot opal, gold, and amethyst.

From thieving light of eyes impure,  
 From coveting sun or wind's caress,  
 Her days are guarded and secure  
 Behind her carven lattices,  
 Like jewels in a turbaned crest,  
 Like secrets in a lover's breast.

But though no hand unsanctioned dares  
 Unveil the mysteries of her grace,  
 Time lifts the curtain unawares,  
 And sorrow looks into her face—  
 Who shall prevent the subtle years,  
 Or shield a woman's eyes from tears?

## SUTTEE

LAMP of my life, the lips of Death  
 Have blown thee out with their sudden breath;  
 Naught shall revive thy vanished spark—  
 Love, must I dwell in the living dark?

Tree of my life, Death's cruel foot  
 Hath crushed thee down to thy hidden root;  
 Naught shall restore thy glory fled—  
 Shall the blossom live when the tree is dead?

<sup>1</sup> Purda women, or women of the curtain.

Life of my life, Death's bitter sword  
Hath severed us like a broken word,  
Rent us in twain who are but one—  
Shall the flesh survive when the soul is gone?

#### NIGHTFALL IN THE CITY OF HYDERABAD.

SEE how the speckled sky burns like a pigeon's throat,  
Jewelled with embers of opal and peridote.

See the white river that flashes and scintillates,  
Curved like a tusk from the mouth of the city-gates.

Hark, from the minaret how the muezzin's call  
Floats like a battle-flag over the city wall.

From trellised balconies languid and luminous  
Faces gleam, veiled in a splendour voluminous.

Leisurely elephants wind through the winding lanes,  
Swinging their silver bells hung from their silver chains.

Round the high Char Minar sounds of gay cavalcades  
Blend with the music of cymbals and serenades.

Over the city bridge Night comes majestic,  
Borne like a queen to a sumptuous festival.

#### THE INDIAN GIPSY

IN tattered robes that hoard a glittering trace  
Of bygone colours, broidered to the knee,  
Behold her, daughter of a wandering race,  
Tameless, with the bold falcon's agile grace,  
And the lithe tiger's sinuous majesty.

With frugal skill her simple wants she tends,  
 She folds her tawny heifers and her sheep  
 On lonely meadows when the daylight ends,  
 Ere the quiet night upon her flock descends  
 Like a black panther from the caves of sleep.

Time's river winds in foaming centuries  
 Its changing, swift, irrevocable course  
 To far off and incalculable seas;  
 She is twin-born with primal mysteries,  
 And drinks of life at Time's forgotten source.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

### GOOD AND BAD THOUGHTS

*(From the Dhammapada)*

OUR natures all proceed from thoughts  
 In thought they lie, all thoughts they are;  
 If with a thought with evil fraught  
 Or words or deeds one doth unbar,  
 Then one by pain is chased and sought,  
 As is the best by wheel or car.

Our natures all proceed from thought,  
 In thought they lie, all thought they are;  
 If with a thought with goodness fraught  
 Or words or deeds one doth unbar,  
 Then one by bliss is chased and sought,  
 As by one shadow going far.

### SONG OF IND

*(From Roby Tagore)*

O CHARMER of the whole world's round,  
 O land of brightest sunshine, Ind,  
 My parents' parent thou!

Thy feet are washed by azure seas,  
 Thy green hem trembles on the breeze,  
 Thy sun-kist front the snow mount is,  
 White frost doth crown thy brow.



The earliest dawn was on thy dome,  
 Psalms earliest from thy woods did come,  
 Spread earliest on thy sylvan home  
 Knowledge and truth enow.

O blest, thou ever hallow'd land,  
 That feedest many a foreign strand,  
 Flowest into Gangee, Jumna bland,  
 Pure nectar-bosomed thou!

## ON TIBET

DEEP in the bosom dark of Mystery,  
 Housed in the gleam of days that are no more,  
 And dreams that like her Himalayas soar  
 To height incredible—methinks I see  
 The land of mystic faith and Llamas hoar!

A glamour through the creeping sunset steals,  
 Weird Tibet, o'er thy snow-encircled brow;  
 A glamour from the Occident, that now  
 Silent pursues thy gloom engirdled heels,  
 Mother of fossil modes and customs thou!

Thou mighty miracle of centuries  
 To us, the dwellers in the setting sun,  
 Perpetual dream-land, child of sunrise dun,  
 Who "tearest out of thought" man's memories,  
 Grim in thy glory, till thy race be run!

Land of the faith by pensive Bhudda rear'd,—  
 Where thought is stable, prayers are roll'd by wheels,  
 Faith moves with a dull motion as she feels  
 Her way thro' gloom of births—where Fate is feared,  
 God is unknown, and man in darkness reels!

ROBY DATTA.

SONG OF KĀLINDĪ <sup>1</sup>

The Hindus divide the year into two seasons, placing the dewy season between winter and spring, and the rains between summer and winter.

THE fresh wind blows from Northern snows;  
 The nights are dark with dew;  
 A mound of fire the Simal <sup>2</sup> glows;  
 The young rice shoots anew;  
 In mornings cool from reedy pool  
 Up springs the whistling crane;  
 The wild fowl fly through sunset sky;  
 The sweet juice fills the cane.  
 Come, Krishna! <sup>3</sup> from the tyrant proud  
 How long shall virtue flee?  
 The lightning loves the evening cloud,  
 And I love thee.

The breeze moves slow with thick perfume  
 From every mango grove;  
 From coral-tree to parrot bloom <sup>4</sup>  
 The black bees questing rove:  
 The koil wakes the early dawn,—  
 He calls the spring all day;  
 The jasmine smiles by glade and lawn;  
 The lake with birds is gay.  
 Come, Krishna! leave Vaskunthas' <sup>5</sup> bower;  
 Do thou our refuge be;  
 The koil loves the mango flower,  
 And I love thee.

Low from the brink the waters shrink;  
 The deer all snuff for rain;  
 The fainting cattle search for drink  
 Cracked glebe and dusty plain;

<sup>1</sup> Kālindī is the daughter of the Sun.

<sup>2</sup> The silk cotton-tree—a mass of red blossom before its leaves come.

<sup>3</sup> Krishna was an incarnation of Vishnu.

<sup>4</sup> An orange scarlet pea-flower—thought like the parrot's beak.

<sup>5</sup> The heaven of Vishnu.

The whirlwind like a furnace blast,  
 Sweeps clouds of darkening sand;  
 The forest flames; the beasts aghast  
 Plunge huddling from the land.  
 Come, Krishna! come, beloved one!  
 Descend and comfort me:  
 The lotus loves the summer sun,  
 And I love thee.

With dancing feet glad peafowl greet  
 Bright flash and rumbling cloud;  
 Down channels steep red torrents sweep;  
 The frogs give welcome loud;  
 From branch and spray hang blossoms gay;  
 The wood has second birth;  
 No stars in skies, but lantern-flies  
 Seem stars that float to earth.  
 Come, Krishna! come, in our day of gloom  
 Be thou our Kalfa<sup>1</sup> tree;  
 The wild bee loves the Paska<sup>2</sup> bloom,  
 And I love thee.

The skies are bright with cloudless light,  
 Like silver shells that float;  
 The stars and moon loom large by night;  
 The lilies launch their boat;  
 Fair laughs the plain with ripened grain;  
 With birds resounds the brake;  
 Along the sand white egrets stand;  
 The wild fowl fill the lake.  
 Come, Krishna! come, let thy servants soon  
 Thy perfect beauty see;  
 The water-lily loves the moon,<sup>3</sup>  
 And I love thee.

The morning mist lies close and still;  
 The hoar frost gems the lea;  
 The dew falls chill, the wind blows shrill;  
 The leaves have left the tree;

<sup>1</sup> Tree of heaven which grants every wish.

<sup>2</sup> The white lotus.

<sup>3</sup> The white water-lily opens its blossoms by night.

The cups are gone; the fields are bare;  
 The deer pass grazing by;  
 And plaintive through the twilight air  
 Is heard the curlew's cry.  
 Come, Krishna! come, my lord, my own!  
 From prison set me free;  
 The Chakravāki<sup>1</sup> pines alone  
 As I for thee.

## THE LAMENTATION OF AGA

*(From the Raghuvansa, a Chronicle of Raghu's line.)*

King Aga, son of Raghu and grandfather of Rāma, was married to a nymph enchanted to the form of a princess. Her spell was to cease when she met the flowers of her native paradise. When the king and queen were walking in a wood Nārada passed and a gust of wind carried his garland to the queen, on which she swooned and died.

My own, my loveliest,  
 I clasp thee to my breast,  
 A lute with chords unstrung;  
 Hushed is thy music tone,  
 An evening lotus lone,  
 No bee to murmur deep its snowy leaves among.

Hath beauty power to slay?  
 Loved blossoms sweet and gay  
 Destroy that perfect form?  
 Ay! softest natures oft  
 Death smitest with weapons soft;  
 Snow-rills the lotus kill which braved the pelting storm.

Then wreath of vakul sweet  
 Remaineth incomplete,  
 We plaited hand in hand;  
 Thou didst begin the rite  
 These graceful trees to unite,<sup>2</sup>  
 But now their yearning boughs must long unwedded stand.

<sup>1</sup> Brahmin duck—Indian emblem of conjugal affection.

<sup>2</sup> It was a favourite amusement of Hindu ladies to arch by a marriage ceremony two trees in their garden.

The Ashokas' <sup>1</sup> fertile shoot,  
 Of thy sweet touch the fruit,  
     Its flower above thee weeps;  
 I thought to bind thy hair  
 With these blossoms red and fair;  
 How can they deck the pyre whereon my darling sleeps?

The Chakravaka <sup>2</sup> soon  
 Rejoins his mate; the moon  
     Brings joy once more to night;  
 These wait and trust, but I  
 Look vainly to the sky,  
 Which mocks my kisses with winds that wave thy ringlets  
     light.

The tinkling girdle pressed  
 So close thy gentle breast,  
     It knew each secret beat;  
 Now on thy heart it lies,  
 Silent in its melodies,  
 As though its spirit still went with its mistress sweet.

A bitter tear-mixed draught  
 Must by thy shade be quaffed  
     For wine of glad desire;  
 A couch of leaves new-spread  
 Was once too harsh a bed;  
 How will thy tender limbs endure the cruel pyre?

Thy voice the koils <sup>3</sup> show,  
 Thy timid glance the doe,  
     To lighten my distress;  
 The swans thy stately pace,  
 The wind-waved boughs thy grace;—  
 But these are not my love, and I am comfortless.

My light is fled to-day;  
 My glory wanes away;  
     My state a joyless throne;  
 My songs henceforth have ceased;  
 My year is void of feast;  
 My brave array is lost; my couch is dark and lone.

<sup>1</sup> Jossesia asoca—said to flower when touched by a lady's hand

<sup>2</sup> Brahmin's duck,

<sup>3</sup> The Indian cuckoo.

Had I offended aught,  
 Thy gentle heart no thought  
 Of anger felt to me;  
 Why are my prayers unheard?  
 Without one farewell word,  
 To leave thine only love, who never loved but thee!

Thy friends were true each one;  
 An orbéd moon thy son;  
 Thy husband, thine through life.  
 Oh, what to me is left,  
 By death of thee bereft,  
 The partner of my joys, my friend, companion, wife?  
 WILLIAM WATERFIELD.

## TRANSLATION OF BURMESE SONGS

### A LOVER'S LAMENT

HARD is my lot, and unassuaged my yearning.  
 How have the gods ordained?  
 (Wrap well my robe about me, for I shiver.)  
 Distraught with sorrow, on my gold-lacquer couch  
 Wildly I ask myself, Where is my love, my glorious jewel?  
 Is't in the round heaven,  
 Where the moon spreads his beams afar, afar,  
 Radiating,  
 Radiating over all,  
 Reaching into the dimness with shimmering waves?  
 Under a load of grief I reel and swoon,  
 Blinded, dazed, bowed down with sorrow,  
 With remembrance of my woe.

### IN THE FOREST

THE place is dim and grey, the darkness spreads:  
 The feet of cloudland enter, the silver mists commingle.  
 Sweet-smelling zephyrs whirl and kiss each other,  
 And many a flower blossoms in the glades.

Clusters of lilies deck the way,  
 Clusters of scented lilies.  
 But that I yearn for is not,  
 And I am weary: yet 'tis sweet—  
 The woods, the driven mist on the hillsides—  
 'Tis wondrous sweet!

## LOVE-DITTY

LITTLE one, whose radiance fills  
 All the house with light:  
 Dainty form that daily thrills  
 Thy lover with delight!  
 Flashing black with emerald sheen  
 Like wing of humble-bee  
 Tresses trim that measure sure  
 Cubits more than three!  
 Pure thou art as gold refined,  
 Ne'er a blemish thine:  
 Thuza's self is not more fair,  
 Nor Saddam's form divine.  
 Smooth limbs with beauty graced:  
 Swelling bosom, supple waist:  
 Not Zābu itself, I ween,  
 That enchanted isle, could show,  
 Searcht from end to end, a maiden  
 Fairer than my queen!

R. GRANT BROWN.

## VALE !

FAREWELL, ye rocks of sandstone;  
 Farewell, ye sodden *Kwins* ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye stately toddy-palm groves;  
 Ye shady *thayet-bins*.<sup>2</sup>

Farewell, ye teak-tree forests,  
 That fringe the fertile plains;  
 Farewell, ye rain-swept mountains;  
 Ye dusty village lanes.

<sup>1</sup> *Kwins* : Fields,<sup>2</sup> *Thayet-bins* : Mango trees.

Farewell, ye rocky torrents;  
 Ye trickling sandy *choungs* ;  
 Farewell, swift Irrawaddy,  
 The home of racing *loungs*.<sup>1</sup>

Farewell, ye gaudy parrots;  
 Ye sober birds that pipe;  
 Ye iridescent peacocks;  
 Ye jungle-fowl and snipe.

Farewell, sagacious *hathis*,<sup>2</sup>  
 That toil at Kemmendine;  
 Ye gallant-hearted ponies;  
 Ye patient ploughing-kine.

Farewell, ye gold pagodas;  
 Ye bright melodious *tees* ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Farewell, ye milk-white temples  
 Beneath the tamarind trees.

Farewell, ye laughing maidens;  
 The sunshine of your smiles  
 Extends across the oceans,  
 Five thousand watery miles!

#### AUDI ET ALTERAM PARTEM

WHEN you first went out to Burma,  
 To the dust and glare and heat,  
 Where the white man's food is garbage,  
 And the *moorghie* <sup>4</sup> does for meat,  
 You abused the shrill mosquito,  
 You anathematised the *dhoop*,<sup>5</sup>  
 And you cursed the gentle *poochie* <sup>6</sup>  
 For expiring in your soup.

<sup>1</sup> *Loung* : A Burmese racing boat.

<sup>2</sup> *Hathis* : Elephants.

<sup>3</sup> *Tee* : The part of the pagoda from which the bells are suspended.

<sup>4</sup> *Moorghie* : Hind for fowl.

<sup>5</sup> *Dhoop* : The sun.

<sup>6</sup> *Poochie* : An insect.



*Refrain*

But to-day that you are pensioned  
 And frequent St. James' Square,  
 You revile the British climate  
 With its cold and misty air.  
 You complain if *chicken* curry  
 Ain't upon the bill of fare;  
 And you yearn for juicy mangoes,  
 And a jail long-sleever chair.

You remember how you shivered  
 (In the shade, 'twas ninety-nine)  
 When malaria turned your muscles  
 Into masticated twine;  
 When, like molten lead, the fever  
 Burned its way along your veins,  
 And you vowed that h-ll were better  
 Than the Delta in the rains.

*Refrain*

But to-day that you are pensioned  
 And frequent St. James' Square,  
 You bewail the blinding blizzard  
 (Fit to freeze a polar bear);  
 Round about you folks are ailing  
 From bronchitis and the "flue,"  
 And you sigh for sunny Burma  
 Where no blizzard ever blew.

In the wild archaic eighties,  
 When you chased Boh Nam-le-boo,  
 On Chicago beef and biscuits,  
 And a striker miner's "screw,"  
 You were worked until you sweated  
 Like a coolie in the Rand;  
 And you cursed the day you travelled  
 Out to "India's coral strand."

*Refrain*

But to-day that you are pensioned  
 And frequent St. James' Square,

You step gently on the carpet  
And select the cosiest chair.  
Once again you fight your battles—  
Draw the elongated bow,  
And declare, "The good old days, sir,  
They have gone to Jericho!"

All alone amidst the jungles,  
You endured an exile's life;  
For the pay that Simla grudged you  
Would not let you take a wife;  
Sickly rodents squirmed around you,  
Plague came prowling round your doors,  
And you prayed the gods to let you  
Quit those pestilential shores.

*Refrain*

But to-day that you are pensioned  
And frequent St. James' Square,  
Vain to seek for boyhood's comrades—  
They have "climbed the golden stair."  
Ah! your thoughts drift back to Burma,  
To your pals a-toiling there,  
To the Shwe Dagon at sunset;  
To—your Judson's dictionnaire!

A LAY OF THE DERBY SWEEP

"BENGALI chap" was Chandra Dass,  
Loquacious, lying, and an ass;  
The telegraphic Babu he  
At calorific Twinkleghi.  
Though versed in all Vedantic lore,  
He loved Finance a great deal more.  
Like Gunga Din, the lust of pice  
Was Chandra D.'s prevailing vice.

## A Lay of the Derby Sweep

One day he thought he'd try a "flutter,"  
 So sent an order to Calcutta,  
 And bought (he deemed it far from cheap)  
 A ticket in the Derby Sweep.  
 Oh, wond'rous are the ways of Fate!  
 His ticket—number 978,  
 With *nom de plume* "A Slave of Morse"—  
 Drew Marmaduke, the favourite horse.

The race was fixed for June the third.  
 An earlier date he'd have preferred,  
 So many things might well take place  
 Before the running of the race.  
 He heard (it seemed a shame—a sin)  
 That "favourites" do not always win;  
 That (worse!) they sometimes strain the heart,  
 Or sprain a limb and fail to "start."

Upon the first of steaming June,  
 A telegram came from Rangoon  
 For Mr. Bland, the D.S.P.  
 (The message passed through Chandra D.):  
 "Fear Marmaduke, when jumping wall,  
 Has injured knee—a nasty fall;  
 Impossible to start on third."  
 Thus ran the wire (a "State deferred!")

When Chandra Dass this message read,  
 He beat his breast, and bowed his head;  
 In bitter disappointment, he  
 Shed saline tears, and sweated ghee.  
 Then falling on his knees, he prayed:—  
 "Oh! Vishnu, I implore thy aid,  
 I cannot win; assist me then  
 To save my stake of rupees ten."

This abject plea moved Brahma's sire  
 The doleful suppliant to inspire,  
 Who straightway called his peon Ko Poo,  
 A cooly lout—a mere Yahoo.  
 Said Chandra: "Man, I owe you pay—  
 Your stipend for the month of May.  
 To square my debts I never fail:  
 I'll pay you now upon the nail.

"Well, here's the coin. I must remark  
Of pity you have not a spark.  
Does not your wife, at Sandoway,  
Deserve a portion of your pay?  
The sum—let's say—of ten rupees  
Your faithful wife would surely please.  
You nod your head. Ah! you agree  
To do this act of charity.

"Now, if by hand, this sum you send,  
You may be swindled by your friend;  
On money orders sent by post,  
Commission is an extra cost.  
So swap with me this Turf Club ticket  
For ten rupees. You simply stick it  
Within a cover, which you'll post.  
The postage costs two pice at most.

"You nod your head. I clearly see  
That you, once more, agree with me.  
But, lest you some distrust might feel,  
In front of witnesses we'll deal.  
So that by neither can be said  
This covenant was never made."  
To terminate this patchwork screed,  
Suffice it that Ko Poo agreed.

Upon the third the race was run,  
And Marmaduke, the "favourite," won!  
The Babu could not understand  
Until he saw wee *Marmie Bland*,  
Who, when he came to Twinklegiyi,  
Still slightly limped upon one knee!  
'Twas then he twigged (in racing "gup")  
How he had sold himself a pup.

#### *Envoi*

Ko Poo scooped in a lakh or two;  
He owns an oil-field at Singu,  
While Chandra Dass (he might do worse)  
Is still a toiling "Slave of Morse!"

M. C. CONWAY POOLE.

## PERFIDE ALBION

(*A hitherto unwritten chapter of Oriental History*)

DID you e'er meet a Gaul, patriotic in *ton*,  
Who didn't call England "perfide Albion" ?  
If you haven't as yet, you are certain to hear him  
Whenever you mention the taking of Perim.

This Perim's an island

Devoid of a tree,

A baked bit of dry land

Below the Red Sea.

No Government owned it

A few years ago,

Till Great Britain boned it,

As soon I shall show.

It's dreadfully rocky, and frightfully hot,

And out of it not e'en a weed's to be got.

In fact, upon islands at large it's a blot.

And I'd rather be shot

Than be told that my lot

Was to dwell on that desolate, desolate spot.

But it stands in a strait at the Red Sea's mouth,  
Commanding the passage or North or South;  
And should matters in Eastern parts ever be critical,  
Perim might prove of some value political.  
At all events this was the statesmanlike view  
That was taken by each diplomatic Mossoo.  
"Ne possédent-ils pas Aden, ces Anglais, mon Dieu!  
Oui; nous aurons Perim: Pourquoi non? Sacré bleu!"

This was what the *Bureaux* designate *une idée*,  
And the next thing to do was to make it *un fait*.  
That's the usual course in affairs Continental  
So why not adopt it in things Oriental?

"*Ces Anglais*" might swear,

Crying out 'twas unfair,

And a robbery bare;

And *The Times* in a leader might offer a prayer  
For a country so greedy and mad as to dare

To maraud in the East, for the world was aware  
 That the East was Old England's peculiar care;  
 And *The Times*, as *The Times*, would have Frenchmen beware,  
 For that Perim might prove, after all, but a snare,  
 Entailing an outlay they couldn't well spare;  
 That France had already far more than her share—  
 Bourbon, Pondicherrey, and Chandernagore—  
 And 'twas monstrous to think she could want any more;  
 That other encumbrance might drain, couldn't better her,  
 And the sooner she dropped it—et caetera, et caetera!

Thus argued Mossoo  
 That Old England would do;  
 But he added a pregnant corollary too:  
 "Let her talk if she likes,  
 She looks fierce, never strikes.  
 For John Bull is the servant of Mr. Bill Sikes.  
 She may swagger and bluster, and warn us, but we  
 Will inform her the thing is *un fait accompli*;  
 And you'll probably see  
 That, although very hurt,  
 She will let matters be,  
 And will swallow the dirt."

The project thus having been carefully hatched,  
 "*Un ordre*" was to Bourbon or somewhere despatched  
 Telling Monsieur le Chef to send off a fast frigate  
 To Perim and, ere that the British could twig it,  
 To hoist the French *drapeau* upon it and prig it.  
 So a frigate was sent  
 With this wicked intent,  
 And with gaudy new *drapeaux* was heavily laden;  
 And the ship on her way  
 Just put in for a day  
 At the British adjacent possession of Aden.

Now, of course, what the *rôle*  
 She should play or the goal  
 She'd in view not a soul  
 On this freebooting ship  
 Gave the slenderest tip;  
 She might have been trying to find the South Pole.

The sailors were fêted,  
And some got elated,  
And Frenchmen and English a—malgamated.  
But never a word  
Of their mission was heard.

And this silence you'd think neither strange nor absurd  
When I tell you that none of them knew. It was wrapped in  
The innermost cell in the breast of the Captain.  
The name of the Captain was Naucois de Bonheur,  
Of, I hardly need say so, *le Légion d'honneur* ;  
And our Gov'nor's name was Sir Thomas, he  
Being *ça va sans dire*, a distinguished C.B.  
The latter invited the Captain to dine,  
And placed on his board some uncommon good wine.  
Now, whether 'twas due to the port or the sherry,

A high seasoned fare,  
Or British "portare,"  
Or the tropical air,  
I cannot declare;

But somehow or other they grew pretty merry.  
Sir John Thomas, rising, rejoiced beyond measure,  
In fact it was hard to express all his pleasure,  
To see at his table  
So gallant and able,  
So brave and devoted,  
So noble and noted,

A sailor of France as the guest on his right,  
And he felt with a kind of prophetic foresight  
That the object—he hoped they'd excuse the remark—  
The object they kept so remarkably dark—  
Be it fishing for turtles or finding new seas,  
Or searching the East for proscribed refugees,  
Or trying a gun on some beggarly village,  
Or practising hands at a wee bit of pillage,  
Would, unless some unfortunate accident dished it,  
Be crowned with the thorough success that he wished it.

Then the gallant Mossoo,  
With his hand on his star,  
Said, "I tank you, parbleu!  
Varee moash, de ma part;  
C'est défendu de dire,

Ce que nous allons faire,  
 J'ai juré par l'Empire  
 Ma patrie et ma mère,  
 Mais . . ." perhaps 'twas the port had relaxed his discretion,  
 Perhaps he conceived  
 We'd be better deceived

By a make-show of candour, a touch of confession;  
 Perhaps he felt sure 'twas too late in the day  
 To matter if now he disclosed *le secret* ;  
 However it came about, this much is certain,  
 He raised for a moment a bit of the curtain.

For he went on to say,  
 In a roundabout way,  
 That although 'twasn't proper to flash his *objet*,  
 He was bound, in his quest of it, up the Red Sea;  
 To some place which was only conjectured to be;  
 That he hadn't in view any war or alliance,  
 That his mission was purely connected with science;  
 And that simply to fill up a page in his log,  
 And look at a shore, which to him was "incog.,"  
 He intended to order his master to steer him,  
*En passant*, quite close to the island of Perim.

Then he grew sentimental, and red in the face,  
 And smothered an aide-de-camp in an embrace,  
 And swore he thought Aden a glorious place,  
 And kissed "Sir Jhon Thomars" (who made a grimace),  
 And called that brave soldier a vare joli tar  
 And wound it all up with a "heep, heap, hourah!"

At the mention of Perim, Sir John nearly rose  
 From his chair, but recovered by blowing his nose.  
 He blew it a good twenty minutes at least,  
 And appeared to have done himself good when he ceased,  
 For there seemed something like to a wink in his eye,  
 As he whispered some words to an aide sitting by;  
 Which aide, when he heard, looked half funny half grave  
 As a man meditating a pun or a shave;  
 Stole a glance at the captain, then one at Sir John,  
 Then seemed most intently the ceiling to con;  
 Then stared in his wine-glass right down to the bottom  
 As though there were flies in his wine, he'd got 'em:



Then fidgeted jerkily looking behind,  
 As if to skedaddle occurred to his mind:  
 Then finally vanished in haste from his chair,  
 As if he'd the toothache or needed fresh air.

When he got well outside,  
 Where the darkness could hide,  
 He walked down the hill out of sound of the revel,  
 Then his cap up he shied,  
 And he laughed till he cried.

Then he took to his legs and he ran like the d——l—  
 Ran till he stood, void of breath, on the poop  
 Of a nice little tight little British war-sloop;  
 And the message he gave, amid roars, to the skipper  
 Was, just as that worthy expressed it, a clipper.  
 The night was still young when the snug little ship  
 Left Aden as on some mysterious trip;  
 And the aide saw the rock sinking down to a speck,  
 As he danced an expressive *pas seul* on the deck.

The feed came, of course, like all feeds, to a close.  
 Potations concluded, the Frenchmen all rose.  
 There were farewells ecstatic, embracings convulsive,  
 And kisses—eugh! slobberings, that is the word:  
 Sir John thought le Capitaine highly repulsive,  
 Le Capitaine thought Sir John highly absurd;  
 But they hugged and they shrugged,  
 And parted in sorrow,  
 And spoke very huskily both of the morrow,  
 As if it would dawn on twin hearts rudely cleft,  
 And it wasn't all humbug and over the left.

Well the morrow did dawn, and the jaunty French ship,  
 At the first streak of light gave her moorings the slip.  
 De Bonheur arose too betimes from his bed,  
 With a dolorous sense of possessing a head.  
 But he said to himself as he fixed his two eyes on  
 The island of Perim, just on the horizon—  
 "Sir John Thomas, when he shall hear of my prize,  
 Will possess a head too, and will flatter my eyes."

Then his sabre he buckled,  
 And swaggered and chuckled,  
 And got the new *drapeaux* all out of the hold,

And ordered the gunners,  
To fire off some stunners  
That the glory of France might be properly told.

Soon the desolate shore  
Topped the waves more and more,  
Till the land, red and bare  
In the pitiless glare,  
Became clear to the view  
Of the gallant Mossoo.

He balanced himself with his glass and looked out.  
And, after a pause, put it down as in doubt!  
Looked again: took his *mouchoir* and polished his lens;  
Looked again: pitched it down and took one of his men's;  
Looked again: blew his nose, rubbed his eyes, and once more  
Took a long steady look—same result as before.  
Laid it down, put his hands in his pockets, and swore.  
He *sacré-bleu*-ed awful a minute or so,  
And tapped at his brow as he paced to and fro,  
As if he half dreaded his brains had got loose,  
Or some fiend with his vision was playing the deuce.  
At length, somewhat calmed, he returned to the charge,  
This time with a telescope wonderfully large.  
He looked: let it fall: stared to landward a bit  
With protruding blank eyes, and—fell down in a fit.

And now, gentle reader, it's time that you knew  
What horrors had burst on le Capitaine's view.  
On a ridge on the island, which highest appeared,  
A pretty tall flagstaff was solidly reared.  
So tall 'twould have certainly shamed all the trees  
Had there been any there; and afloat on the breeze  
Streamed the swelling expanse of the glorious old flag,  
Which English affection and slang call "the Rag."  
While beneath, hat in hand, were a group of Jack tars,  
Engaged evidently in shouting hurrahs;  
And astride on a rock, 'neath an umbrella's shade,  
Like the Sprite on the Scene, our acquaintance the aide.

Thus Perim was won,  
And the Frenchmen were done,  
And if a bit shabby,  
'Twas very good fun.

ALIPH CHEEM.

## THE SHORES OF NOTHING

THERE'S a little lake that lies  
In a valley, where the skies  
Kiss the mountains as they rise  
    On the crown;  
And the heaven-born élite  
Are accustomed to retreat  
From the pestilential heat  
    Lower down.

When the mighty for a space  
Mix with beauty, rank, and grace  
(I myself was in the place  
    At my best!)  
And the atmosphere's divine,  
While the deodar and pine  
Are particularly fine  
    For the chest.

And a little month ago,  
When the sun was lying low,  
And the water all aglow  
    Like a pearl,  
I, remarkably arrayed,  
Dipped an unobtrusive blade  
In the lake—and in the shade—  
    With a girl.

O, 'twas pleasant thus to glide  
On the "softly-flowing tide"  
(Which it's not!), and, undescried,  
    Take a hand  
In the sweet, idyllic sports  
That are known in such resorts,  
To the sympathetic snorts  
    Of the Band.

Till when o'er the "still lagoon"  
Passed the golden afternoon,

The preposterous bassoon,  
     Growling deep,  
 Saved the King and knelled the day  
 As the crimson changed to grey  
 And the little valley lay  
     Half asleep.

It is finished. She was kind,  
 “ Out of sight is out of mind,”  
 But the taste remains behind  
     (And the bills),  
 And I'd give the world to know  
 If there's some one else in tow  
 With my love (a month ago)  
     In the Hills!

O ye valleys, tell me, pray,  
 Was she on the lake to-day?  
 Does she foot it in the gay  
     Social whirl?  
 O ye mountains of Gilboa,  
 Send a bird, or kindly blow a  
 Breeze to tell me all you know a-  
     Bout that girl!

“ KAL ”<sup>1</sup>=TO-MORROW

SWEET word, by whose unwearying assistance  
 We of the ruling race, when sorely tried,  
 Can keep intrusive persons at a distance  
 And let unreasonable matters slide;  
 Thou at whose blast the powers of irritation  
 Yield to a soft and gentlemanly lull  
 Of solid peace and flat Procrastination,  
 These to thy praise and honour good old Kal!

For we are greatly plagued by sacrilegious  
 Monsters in human form, who care for naught  
 Save with incessant papers to besiege us,  
 E'en to the solemn hour of silent thought;

<sup>1</sup> Kal-ao=return to-morrow; Kal-lao=bring it back to-morrow, each of which phrases is the euphemistic equivalent of Jao—“ go away (and stay there).”

They draw no line, the frightful joy of giving  
 Pain is their guerdon; but for Thee alone  
 Life would be hardly worth the bore of living,  
 No one could call his very soul his own.

But in thy name th' unfortunate besetter  
 Meets a repelling force that none can stem;  
 Varlets may come (they do) and go (they'd better!),  
 Kal is the word that always does for them!  
*To-morrow* they may join the usual muster;  
 To-day shall pass unnotably by;  
 BEELZEBUB Himself for all his bluster  
 Would get the same old sickening reply.

And for thine aid in baffling the malignant,  
 Who with unholy art conspire to see  
 Our ease diseased, our dignity indignant,  
 We do thee homage on bended knee.  
 And I would add a word of common gratitude  
 To those thy coadjutors, ao and lao,  
 Who take with Thee th' uncompromising attitude  
 From which the dullest mind deduces Jao.

DUM DUM.

### LANKA (CEYLON)

IN that fair Isle for pearls renown'd,  
 Where lustrous gems far-famed are found;  
 Where quartz-formed snow-white sand-plains yield  
 Rich spice from fragrant laurels<sup>1</sup> peel'd;  
 Where as with emerald girdle bound  
 The shore with palms is belted round;  
 Where inland strewn lie relics vast,  
 Proud monuments, that ages past  
 Were built, while time should be, to last;  
 Where legends venerable declare  
 Abode mankind's primeval pair,  
 Adam with Eve, surpassing fair;  
 Where, in grand Indian epic old  
 Which rings of feats and exploits bold,

<sup>1</sup> The *Laurus cinnamomum*.

In times when gods of men were made,  
Scenes that with interest thick are laid;  
When Sita from her loved land lured,  
Ravana Demon-King immured,  
Till, aided by Saguva's train,  
Rama the ravisher had slain;  
Where, when with wisdom glorious shone  
King Solomon on Israel's throne,  
Her merchants came in quest of gold  
In ships with Tyrian crews enroll'd;  
Where Gautama, the Prince and Sage,  
And man most wondrous of his age,  
The Bhuddist faith implanted firm  
Long ere commenced the Christian term;  
Where, eras ere the Norman slew  
Harold, and Britain brought to rue,  
Wijaya, with his warlike horde,  
Outlaws from Ind, by force or fraud  
A monarchy supreme had gain'd  
Where since eight-score-five kings have reign'd;  
Where centuries past the Iberian race  
'Neath flags of Portugal found place,  
Till from each stronghold both were hurl'd,  
And Holland's standard proud unfurl'd,  
To float thrice fifty years, then droop  
And vanish at Britannia's swoop:—  
O'er all that Isle Ceylon yclept  
Where Kandian kings their thrones had kept  
And sceptres held against the clutch  
Alike of Portuguese and Dutch,  
The Mistress of the Sea her sway  
Now holds; her mandates all obey.

THE KNUCKLES <sup>1</sup>

(*A Mountainous District in the North-east of Ceylon*)

DUE East, majestic uprise  
And spread their summits to the skies  
In group that mark'd resemblance points  
To a clench'd hand's protruding joints,

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1868.

The "Knuckles"—hills with contour grand  
Embosoming a fairy land.

The district thus distinctive named  
Here as in horse-shoe form is framed,  
Each heel a massive mountain steep  
Scarp'd with stern precipices deep;  
The whole a vast granite screen  
Ere o'er whose ridge the sun is seen,  
From Ocean's bed that orb sublime  
The eastern slope an hour must climb,  
His advent heralding with rays  
On far-off western peaks that blaze,  
Then o'er the hills, dales, valleys, streams,  
Sudden pours down her glowing beams  
And bathes at once the prospect bright  
In floods of vivifying light.

Not many an island scene can vie,  
Or more entrance the raptured eye,  
Than that, outspread as on a map,  
Beheld from Battagalla gap.  
From this high stand point, all around  
Rise mountains huge—drop depths profound—  
Spring watercourses—streamlets brawl—  
Rush oyas<sup>1</sup> here—there cascades fall—  
While far away, like ribands red,  
Roads o'er the hills and valleys spread,  
And built on many a charming spot  
The planters' homes the landscape dot.

The elk and elephant have here  
In forests dense their coverts drear,  
Harried and hunted only when  
They trespass on the haunts of men.  
Here, with his grunting brood, the boar  
Roams, roots about with savage mien  
Watching, and whetting his curv'd tusks keen  
A dangerous brute:—with visage hoar  
Here the black wanderoos are seen,  
Gambolling on the foliage green,  
But soon as stranger's form they pry,

<sup>1</sup> Streams.

As swift as twinkling of an eye,  
With bellowing, back from tree to tree  
They bound, and far his presence flee.

Exuberant in every form  
Springs vegetation here—moist, warm  
The atmosphere, where run the streams  
That sparkle in the sun's bright beams,  
Wide scattering spray—and rich the tints  
Dame Nature lavishly imprints  
On grapes, trees, buds, ferns, and flowers,  
With which her kingdom here she dowers.

While soaring in the blue serene  
Aerial hunters may be seen,  
Birds of the swift-wing'd falcon tribe,  
That sweeping circles vast describe,  
Or swoop like lightning from the sky  
When they their destin'd prey descry.  
These at this height, where rarely man  
Ventures the prospect broad to scan,  
The sense of solitude relieve,  
And bid the gazer glad receive  
Each beauteous view that eye doth strike,  
And mind and heart delight alike,  
While from the vastness of the whole  
Sense of sublime steals o'er the soul.

WILLIAM SKEEN<sub>g</sub>

# RONDEAU

(*By Kandy Lake*)

O PLACID lake! I, standing nigh,  
Scarce can preserve an undimmed eye,  
So deep thy beauty. On thy marge  
The bamboo shyly bends. At large,  
Unchecked, the gracile herons fly  
Swift skimming o'er thy mimic sky  
Of blue intense. Bright cloudlets lie  
Athwart the bows of yon brown lurking barge,  
O placid lake!



Thy hills around keep ward on high,  
 Meseems they say, "On us rely,  
     O turquoise rare—our sacred charge ;  
 We shall present a stubborn targe  
 And all thy jealous foes defy,  
                     O placid lake!"

J. H. S.

## GANESSA THE GOD

BESIDE the dancing of the eastern waves,  
 Straight-facing towards the rising sun, arose  
 Ganessa's temple, where the weary god  
 Sat ever listless gazing down the East,  
 Watching new days arise from paths of Time,  
 All changeful, bringing change to changing worlds,  
 Himself alone unchang'd, dull, pondering  
 Upon the unsolved mysteries that dawn'd  
 From out the cradle of the morn of days.  
 And round about him, jingled charm of prayer  
 Rose mutter'd meaningless from Brahmans blind,  
 Whose eyes turn'd backward to the old dead days,  
 Seeing no dawn of newer faith arise;  
 While dancing girls around the old god's throne  
 Wav'd woven arms and lissome bodies sway'd  
 To weird low music through dim vaulted aisles;  
 But on them all the god's eye lifeless fell,  
 He heard no charm of woven prayer nor dance,  
 But gaz'd for ever down the weary East.

H. W. GREEN.

## THE TAJ AT AGRA

A DREAM in marble—beauteous as a dream !  
 The dream of lovers, whose rich fancies gild  
 The happy future that they look to build  
 Radiant with hope and true love's golden gleam !

Pause, thou who gazest where the moon-rays stream  
 On marble gate and dome and minaret:  
 Or where the living fountains sparkle yet,

And dance in brilliance with the noon-day beam.  
What mean these cool retreats, these gardens fair,  
This glory by the banks of Jumna's tide?

Here is the passion of a heart laid bare,  
Knowing love's worth, that naught was worth beside.  
And here too breathes, perchance, a calmer air,  
Of love resign'd, expectant, sanctified.

BEL.

## THE TAMIL MAID

WHERE through the jungle's shade  
Men's feet a path have made,  
Comes a tall Tamil maid  
Sauntering slow!

In her red *Sele* dressed  
Lightly the grass she pressed,  
And the glad leaves caressed  
Each little toe.

Twined is her long black hair  
On neck and shoulders bare;  
Her ears and ankles rare  
Gaily bedight.

Sunlight her bosom warms  
Glancing athwart her charms;  
Bangles upon her arms  
Shine silver-bright.

Brown are her lovely eyes,  
Lit with a sweet surprise,  
Deep as the shadow lies  
Under the sea.

Teeth like the dews of morn  
Blithely her lips adorn,  
Lips with a look half scorn,  
Peerless and free.

E. C. DUMBLETON.

## A SANSKRIT STANZA

LOVED Lotus-blooms, all white and red,  
 On silv'ry streams a lustre shed;  
 And in their beauty, dear, I trace  
 The image of thy lovely face.

In Lotus-cups of azure hue,  
 I see thine eyes, bright, beauteous, blue;  
 Thy teeth displayed in laughter light  
 Excel the fragrant jasmine white.

Forth shoot the leaf-buds, ruby red,  
 On velvet verdure grace to shed:  
 But these despair when thou art nigh—  
 Thy lips are of a richer dye.

The perfumed champac, I declare,  
 Can scarcely with thy charms compare;  
 Brahma gave thee these gifts, I own,  
 But why made he thy heart of stone?

S. HELEN GOONETILLAKE.

## KRÂMAT

A LONG-DRAWN moan, much like a scream  
 At close; then hark!  
 The hum and hiss of unseen wingèd things  
 In forests dark.

Dull music, varied by the cry  
 Of nightingale  
 So called, her whistling shrieks with ghastly laugh  
 In sinking scale.

No fear smote Syed upon the way  
 For things like these;  
 His watch-dog following trembled as he heard  
 The rustling trees.

Out sprang, with eyes like burning lamps,  
 And seized the prey  
 A tiger, sparing Syed, whom nature loved  
 Nor would betray.

For he no bird or beast e'er vexed,  
 Nor did of old  
 Sleman,<sup>1</sup> God's prophet, better understand  
 What their speech told.

And ever the scornful song of that  
 Sad nightingale,  
 Which screams of broken lives, told him at last  
 Good must prevail,

For mockery was oftentimes the death  
 Of evil things,  
 Shaking from roof to base the House of Vain  
 Imaginings.

So now Seyd called; from jungle depths,  
 In his lord's name,  
 The tiger, bidden lay his booty down,  
 Submissive came.<sup>2</sup>

## MALACCA

"History is the realisation of the deeper idea."—HEGEL.

CITY which calls up thoughts of Western lands,  
 Of feudal castles on a German steep,  
 And red-roofed villages on sandy coasts,  
 Not dreamless is thy sleep.

The thoughts of many men have passed away,  
 Who lived and died by thy deserted beach,  
 But faith and love appearing on the earth  
 Destruction cannot reach.

<sup>1</sup> Soloman, called Sleman or Suleiman by the Malays. Mohammedan legends represent him as "having heard secrets whenever he walked in his garden."

<sup>2</sup> This the Malays believe to have been an actual fact; an instance of the special gift which is represented by one of the meanings of the word Krâmat, and which they suppose certain fairies to possess.

Long since there fell the empire centred here  
 In car-borne warriors from Hindustan;  
 Now of their pageants and their fights no trace  
 Remains upon the plain "plan."

But on the hill-tops stand from roofless walls,<sup>1</sup>  
 Memorials of a nation from the West,  
 Which came long since thy borders to subdue  
 And then to give them rest.

The vision of that nation haunteth thee  
 Carven in stone of thy cathedral wall,  
 The incarnation of the strongest thought,  
 "Peace and good-will to all."

R. GREENTREE.

### THE WEST INDIES

In waters of purple and gold  
 Lie the islands beloved of the sun,  
 And he touches them one by one,  
 As the beads of a rosary told.  
 When the glow of the dawn has begun,  
 And when to Eternity's fold  
 Time gathers the day that is done.

No rosary! Isles of the West,  
 Isles Antillean agleam,  
 But a necklace strung out on the breast  
 Of the sea breathing low in a dream,  
 In the trance of a passionate rest,  
 A rainbow afloat in its stream.

### THE JOYS OF JAMAICA

EMPRESS of all the Spanish main,  
 And Queen of Antillean isles,  
 What rival may dispute thy reign?  
 What traveller resist thy smiles?

<sup>1</sup> A Portuguese cathedral on which is an inscription to Xavier.

By rivers sway the fern and palm  
In winding valleys richly set,  
While muffled in majestic calm  
The forests stand unravished yet.

Here soars the massive mountain height,  
The torrent foams along the glen,  
There sweep and fade in golden light  
Wide palms with sustenance for men.

And over and around all these  
The buoyant trade wind softly blows,  
It bears the balm of southern seas,  
Yet cool its bracing current flows.

Heaven palpitates alive with stars,  
Or moonlight holds the earth in trance,  
Our soul resents its prison bars,  
Our heart yet hungers for romance.

H. S. BUNBURY.

## SONGS OF KINGSTON CITY

### THE MOTHERS OF THE CITY

WHAT is the noise that shuffles  
On the roads that lead to the town,  
While the city slumbers deeply,  
While the hours lie dumbly down?

When the gas-lamps talk together  
As they sentry the empty street,  
And the silence barely quivers  
To the passing of dead men's feet.

Oh, who are the weary pilgrims  
That caravan now on the way?  
'Tis the burdened market women  
With their hampered donkeys grey.

Through the dim wan mists of the morning,  
They come who have travelled far,  
On the long white roads that glimmer  
To the light of the Morning Star.

On their feet is the mud of the roadway,  
Their frocks with the dust is soiled,  
Big baskets wrinkle their foreheads,  
From afar have their footsteps toiled.

They have dug for the yam and the yampie,  
They have gravelled potato hills,  
They have delved the red clay where the spider  
His fangs with his venom fills.

And the hot noon sun has dazed them  
As they wrought on the steep hill-side,  
And marshalled their rows of scallion  
Or scattered the red peas wide.

To their hoe-beat sprang the echoes  
Where the dark woods round them swept;  
And the blows of their wielded cutlass  
Stirred the air where the ages slept.

The red fire spears have helped them  
Drive the tangle from the earth,  
As they nursed her in her labour  
For the crop-time's coming birth.

They rose while the land lay sleeping  
In the silvery moonlight drest,  
And their shoulders bowed to the burden  
As they tramped to the mountain crest;

As they trudged again to the valley,  
As they toiled by the swampland's edge,  
Where the frog to the lizard mutters  
In the ways of a rank green sedge.

And they heard where the road was slipping  
The rattle of landslides go,

And the thud of the ripened mango  
In the far dark fields below.

To cherish her son does a mother  
Give the milk of her life-pulse born;  
These come as the city mothers,  
Mud-daubed in the ghost-grey morn.

To pour for the city hunger  
The milk from the country's breast,  
Like a mother that toils and labours  
That her baby may feed and rest.

They come through the mist of morning,  
With the black road mud on their feet,  
Some trod where wild hill streams thunder,  
And some where sea-surges beat.

Through the grey morn come the mothers  
Of the city, travelled far,  
By the long white roads that glimmer  
To the light of the Morning Star.

T. REDCAM.

## THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH

WHEN something leaves one's life—the heavy scent  
Of southern flowers, weighted down by dew;  
The sensuous sway of bending palms—the arch  
Of noonday skies, one broad expanse of blue;

The simple joy of living, unperplexed  
By life's rough battle in the world's mad glare;  
The low, soft sound of mountain streams, instead  
Of horns and fifes and noisy trumpets' blare—

Then comes the stronger, fiercer joy of work—  
Hard fight and struggle 'gainst a powerful foe;  
The hail—the driving sleet—the piercing cold—  
The winter's chilling ice and blinding snow.



The bitter tonic of the northern winds  
 Is kinder than the flowers' sweet perfume;  
 And gentler than the southern light and warmth  
 Is all the cold, the darkness, and the gloom.

### THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH

Ан, something subtly sweet has left one's life  
 When these encircling mountains fade from view,  
 And all the palm-lined shore seems strange and new  
 As outbound ship glides far upon the blue.

The deep, bewildering scent of Southern flowers,  
 The freshness of green palms that ever sway,  
 The dazzling blue of skies at height of day—  
 Something has gone, when these are gone away.

The song of mountain springs is rudely hushed  
 By martial tones more harsh than trumpets' blare;  
 A lingering fragrance of the flowers fair  
 Is crushed by the sharp, cruel Northern air.

Life seems a tract of moorland bleak and grey,  
 With no gleam of the South's rich red and gold;  
 Sharp, piercing winds the trembling limbs enfold,  
 And all is outer darkness, gloom, and cold.

"TROPICA."

### KILLIN' NANNY

Two little pickny is watchin',  
 While a goat is led to deat';  
 Dey are little ones of two years,  
 An' know naught of badness yet.

De goat is bawlin' fe mussy,<sup>1</sup>  
 An' de children watch de sight  
 As de butcher re'ch <sup>2</sup> his sharp knife,  
 An' tab<sup>3</sup> wid all his might.

<sup>1</sup> Mercy

<sup>2</sup> Reaches.

<sup>3</sup> Stabs.

Dey see de red blood flowin';  
 An' one chil' trimble an' hide  
 His face in de mudder's bosom,  
 While t'udder look on wide-eyed.

De tears is fallin' down hotly  
 From him on de mudder's knee;  
 De udder wid joy is starin',  
 An' clappin' his han's wid glee.

When dey had forgotten Nanny,  
 Grown men I see dem again;  
 An' de forehead of de laugher  
 Was brand<sup>1</sup> wid de mark of Cain.

## CUDJOE FRESH FROM DE LECTURE

'Top *one* minute, Cous' Jarge, an' sit do'n 'pon de grass,  
 An' mek a<sup>2</sup> tell you 'bout de news I hear at las',  
 How de buccra te-day tek time an' bēgin teach  
 All of us dat was deh<sup>3</sup> in a clear open speech.

You miss somet'ing fe true, but a wi' mek you know,  
 As much as how a can, how de business a go:  
 Him tell us 'bout we self, an' mek we fresh<sup>4</sup> again,  
 An' talk about de wul' from commencement to en'.

Me look 'pon me black 'kin, an' so me head grow big,  
 Aldough me heaby han' dem hab fe plug<sup>5</sup> an' dig;  
 For ebery single man, no car'<sup>6</sup> about dem rank,  
 Him bring us ebery one an' put 'pon de same plank.

Say, parson do de same? Yes, in a diff'ren' way,  
 For parson tell us how de whole o' we are clay;  
 An' lookin' close at t'ings, we hab to pray quite hard  
 Fe swaller wha' him say an' don't t'ink bad o' Gahd.

<sup>1</sup> Branded.

<sup>2</sup> Make I=let me.

<sup>3</sup> There.

<sup>4</sup> Over: meaning, "He gave us a new view of our origin, and explained that we did not come from Adam and Eve, but by evolution."

<sup>5</sup> Plough.

<sup>6</sup> Care: no matter what their rank.

## 358 Cudjoe Fresh from de Lecture

But dis man tell us 'traight 'bout how de whole t'ing came,  
An' show us widout doubt how Gahd was not fe blame;  
How change cause ebery't'ing fe mix up 'pon de eart',  
An' dat most hardship come t'rough accident o' birt'.

Him show us all a sort<sup>1</sup> o' funny 'keleton,  
Wid names I won't remember under dis ya sun;  
Animals queer to deat',<sup>2</sup> dem bone, teet', an' headskull,  
All dem so dat did live in a de ole-time wul'.

No 'cos we get cuss mek fe we 'kin come so,  
But fe all t'ings come 'quare, same so it was to go:<sup>3</sup>  
Seems our lan'<sup>4</sup> must ha' been a bery low-do'n place,  
Mek it tek such long time in tu'ning out a race.

Yes, from monkey we spring: I believe ebery wud;  
It long time better dan f'go say we come from mud:  
No need me keep back part, me hab not' in' fe gain;  
It's ebery man dat born—de buccra mek it plain.

It really strange how some o' de lan' dem advance;  
Man power in some ways is nummo soso chance;<sup>5</sup>  
But suppose ebery't'ing could tu'n right upside down,  
Den p'raps we'd be on top an' givin' some one houn'.<sup>6</sup>

Yes, Cous' Jarge, slabery hot fe dem dat gone befo':  
We gettin' better times, for those days we no know;<sup>7</sup>  
But I t'ink it do good, tek we from Africa  
An' lan' us in a blessed place as dis a ya.<sup>8</sup>

Talk 'bouten Africa, we would be deh till now,  
Maybe same half-naked—all day dribe buccra cow,  
An' tearin' t'rough de bush wid all de monkey dem,  
Wile an' uncibilise',<sup>9</sup> an' neber comin' tame.

<sup>1</sup> All sorts.

<sup>2</sup> The queerest animals.

<sup>3</sup> It is not because we were cursed (Gen. ix. 25) that our skin is dark; but so that things might come square there had to be black and white.

<sup>4</sup> Africa.

<sup>5</sup> No more than pure chance.

<sup>6</sup> Hound: equivalent to the English slang phrase "giving some one beans."

<sup>7</sup> Do not know: have no experience of.

<sup>8</sup> This here.

<sup>9</sup> Wild and uncivilised.

I lef' quite 'way from wha' we be'n deh talk about,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet still a coundn' help—de wuds come to me mout';  
 Just like how yeas' get strong an' sometimes fly de cark,  
 Same way me feelings grow, so I was boun' fe talk.

Yet both horse partly <sup>2</sup> runnin' in de selfsame gallop,  
 For it is nearly so de way de buccra pull up:  
 Him say, how de wul' stan', dat right will neber be,  
 But wrong will eber gwon <sup>3</sup> till dis wul' en' fe we.

CLAUDE MCKAY.

<sup>1</sup> I have run right away from what we were talking about.

<sup>2</sup> Almost.

<sup>3</sup> Go on.







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